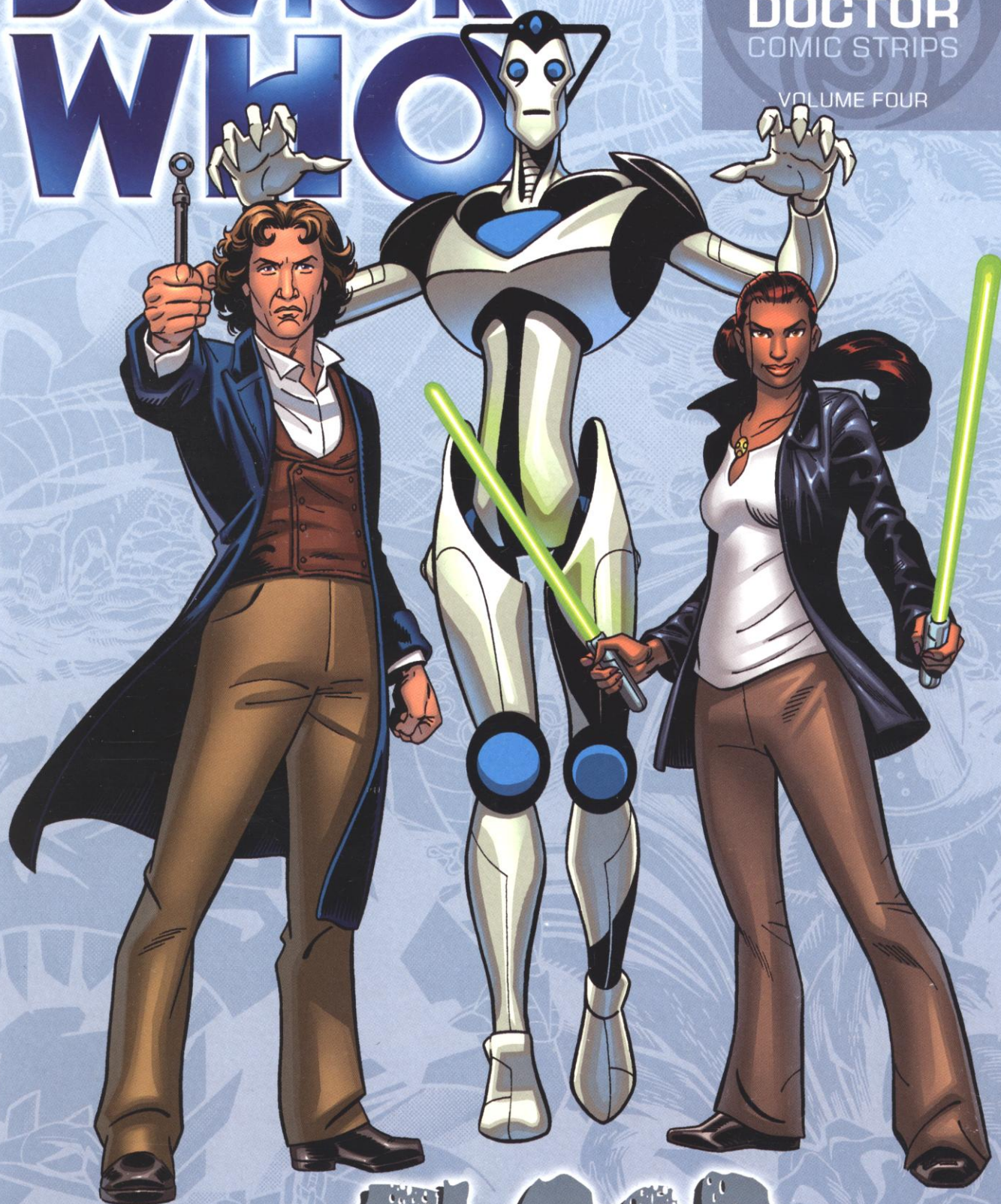


DOCTOR WHO

THE COMPLETE
**EIGHTH
DOCTOR**
COMIC STRIPS

VOLUME FOUR



THE FLOOD

A **Panini Books** GRAPHIC NOVEL

the FLOOD

COLLECTED COMIC STRIPS
FROM THE PAGES OF

**DOCTOR
WHO**
M A G A Z I N E

panini BOOKS

DOCTOR WHO

THE FLOOD

A **panini BOOKS** GRAPHIC NOVEL

Project editor
CLAYTON HICKMAN

Consultant
SCOTT GRAY

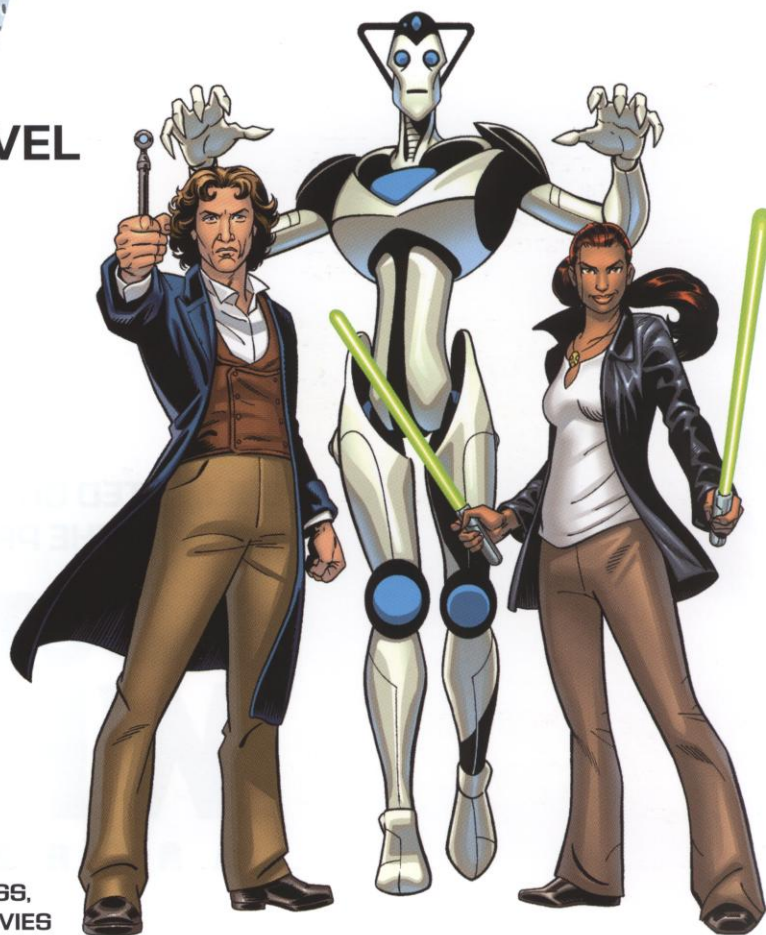
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Where Nobody Knows Your Name

6

Story **SCOTT GRAY**
Pencils, Colours & Lettering **ROGER LANGRIDGE**
Inks **DAVID A. ROACH** Editor **CLAYTON HICKMAN**

Originally printed in **DWM #329**

THE NIGHTMARE GAME

13

Story **GARETH ROBERTS** Pencils **MIKE COLLINS**
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Lettering **ROGER LANGRIDGE**
Editors **CLAYTON HICKMAN** and **SCOTT GRAY**
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THE POWER OF THOUERIS!

35

Story **SCOTT GRAY**
Art & Colours **ADRIAN SALMON**
Lettering **ROGER LANGRIDGE** Editor **CLAYTON HICKMAN**

Originally printed in **DWM #333**

The Curious Tale of Spring-Heeled Jack

42

Story **SCOTT GRAY** Pencils **ANTHONY WILLIAMS**
Inks **DAVID A. ROACH** Colours **ADRIAN SALMON**
Lettering **ROGER LANGRIDGE** Editor **CLAYTON HICKMAN**

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The Land of Happy Endings

64

Story **SCOTT GRAY** Pencils **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
Inks **FAZ CHOUDHURY** (1-6) **DAVID A. ROACH** (7)
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Lettering **ROGER LANGRIDGE** Editor **CLAYTON HICKMAN**
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BAD BLOOD

71

Story **SCOTT GRAY** Pencils **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
Inks **DAVID A. ROACH** Colours **ADRIAN SALMON**
Lettering **ROGER LANGRIDGE** Editor **CLAYTON HICKMAN**

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SINS OF THE FATHERS

107

Story **SCOTT GRAY** Art **JOHN ROSS**
Colours **ADRIAN SALMON** Lettering **ROGER LANGRIDGE**
Editor **CLAYTON HICKMAN**

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THE FLOOD

129

Story **SCOTT GRAY** Pencils **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
Inks **DAVID A. ROACH** Colours **ADRIAN SALMON**
Lettering **ROGER LANGRIDGE** Editor **CLAYTON HICKMAN**

Originally printed in **DWM #346 - 353**

RENALDO! GET YER STAINLESS STEEL BUTT OVER HERE!

Knows

STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCIL ART, COLOURING & LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN

GO RUST
YERSELF.

THE NAME'S **BISH**, THIS IS MY JOINT. YOU SHOULD KNOW WE GOT A STRICT POLICY HERE: NO **LONG FACES** ALLOWED...

SO WHAT'S THE MATTER? C'MON, IT'S A UNIVERSAL LAW: YOU CAN TELL YOUR BARTENDER ANYTHING.

JOB GETTING YOU DOWN?



MY JOB...?

YES, I THINK THAT'S IT. I'M HAVING TROUBLE WITH MY JOB.

I'M SUPPOSED TO HELP PEOPLE, YOU SEE...



A SOCIAL WORKER, HUH?

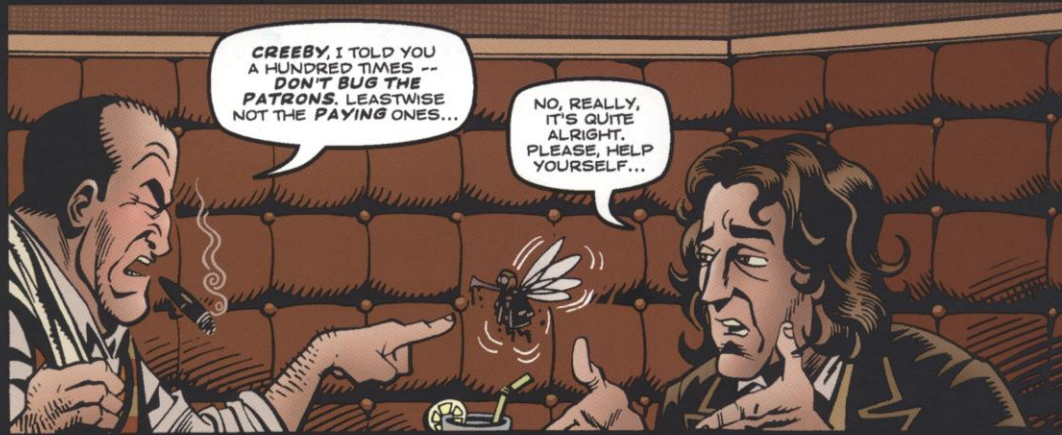
SOMETHING LIKE THAT, I'M THE D-

HELLO, KIND ZZIR! GREETINGZZZ!



OH, GOOD EVENING...

MIGHT AN ELDERLY WAR VETERAN TROUBLE YOU FOR A ZZMAALLL ZZIP OF YOUR FINE BEVERAGE?



CREEBY, I TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES -- **DON'T BUG THE PATRONS.** LEASTWISE NOT THE PAYING ONES...

NO, REALLY, IT'S QUITE ALRIGHT. PLEASE, HELP YOURSELF...



AH, THANK YOU, ZZIR!



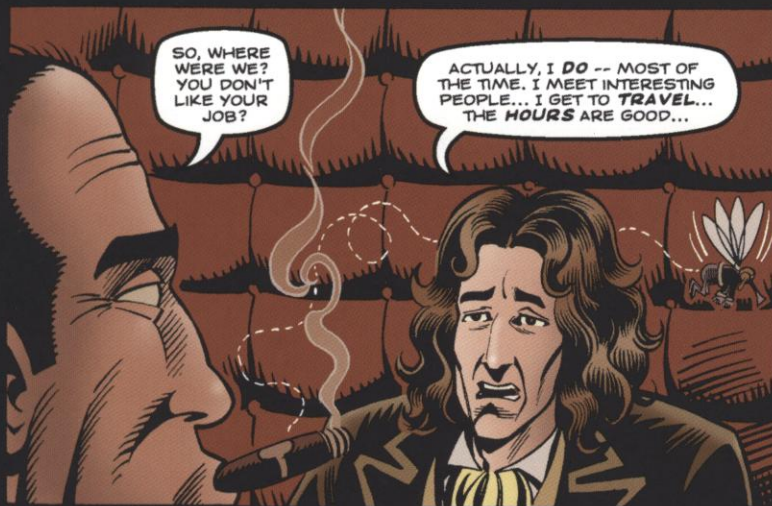
SSCHLLUUPPPP!!



PTUUAAH!

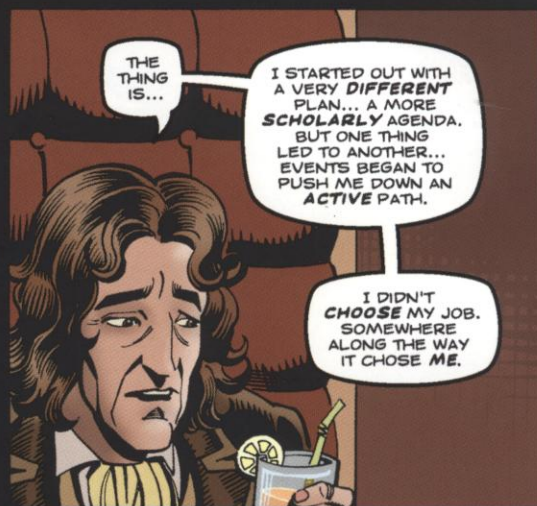
BLAZZT YOUR EYEZZ, ZZIR! ARE YOU TRYING TO POIZZIN ME?

IT'ZZ NON-ALCOHOLIC!



SO, WHERE WERE WE? YOU DON'T LIKE YOUR JOB?

ACTUALLY, I *DO* -- MOST OF THE TIME. I MEET INTERESTING PEOPLE... I GET TO *TRAVEL*... THE *HOURS* ARE GOOD...



THE THING IS...

I STARTED OUT WITH A VERY *DIFFERENT* PLAN... A MORE *SCHOLARLY* AGENDA. BUT ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER... EVENTS BEGAN TO PUSH ME DOWN AN *ACTIVE* PATH.

I DIDN'T *CHOOSE* MY JOB. SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY IT *CHOSE* ME.



I'VE BEEN WONDER--

EY!

OUT O' M'WAY, PAL!

BISH! THERE'S *NAE* SOAP IN THE LOO! 'M GOIN' T'REPORT Y' TO THE :HIC: HEALTH AUTHOTORIRIES!



AN' WHAT'R YOU LOOKIN' AT? EY? EY?

UH... IS THIS A PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTION...?

ARE Y'EXTRACTIN' THE *WEE-WEE*, LADDIE? Y'WANT ME TO SQUASH Y'LITTLE *HED*?



CAN IT, JOKK! YOU KNOW THE RULES -- I RUN A NICE QUIET LITTLE ESTABLISHMENT...

YOU START ANYTHING IN HERE, YOU FINISH IT *OUTSIDE*. WITH ME.



AHH... I DINNAE MEAN T'CAUSE A *FUSS*, BISH...

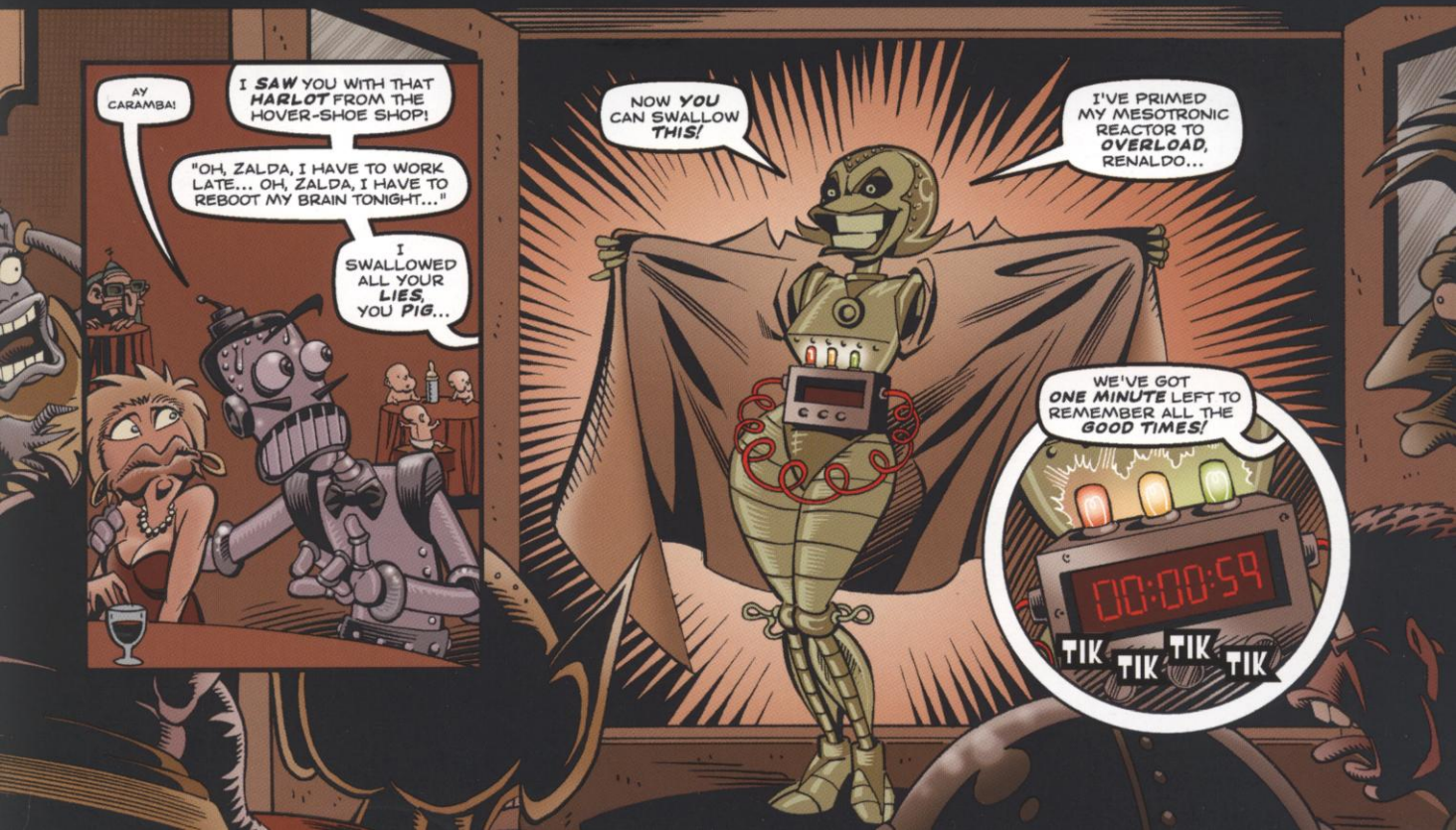
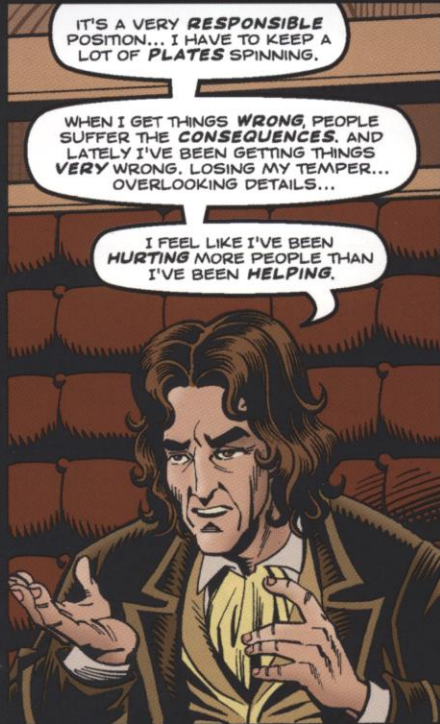
'M JUST *BRASSED OFF*... THERE'S *NAE* *WORK* F'R ME... AN'... AN' HILDY'S TALKIN' ABOUT GOIN' BACK TO HER *MAM*...

YOU GOT ENOUGH MAZUMAS FOR THE SHUTTLE?

AH... WELL...

GO ON *HOME*, JOKK. THINGS'LL LOOK BETTER IN THE MORNING.

HERE. TAKE IT EASY, PAL.











DOCTOR WHO AND THE NIGHTMARE GAME





TELL ME, HAVE YOU SEEN **STRANGE LIGHTS** IN THE SKY RECENTLY? **FREAK METEOR STORMS?** **FEARSOME METALLIC CREATURES** KILLING EVERYONE IN THEIR PATH? ANYTHING **UNUSUAL** AT ALL?

ONLY THAT DELCHESTER UNITED'S GONE RIGHT OFF THE BOIL. WE WAS DOIN' **GREAT** AT THE START OF THE SEASON...

"... WE WAS IN WITH A CHANCE OF THE **CUP** FOR THE FIRST TIME IN **YEARS**...

AND THAT MAKES IT **THREE** FOR DELCHESTER!

BUTCH IS UN-STOBBABLE!

THIS IS DELCHESTER'S BEST SEASON SINCE 1953!



"THEN, JUST AFTER CHRISTMAS, THE CLUB GOT **BOUGHT UP**...

SAYS HERE THAT THESE TWO CHANCERS MADE AN OFFER THE OWNERS **COULDN'T** REFUSE!



"IF Y'ASK ME, THERE'S SUMMINK **ODD** ABOUT **THEM TWO**...

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO WELCOME **THE SHAKESPEARE BROTHERS!**

THANKS BOBBY. WE'RE SURE WE CAN TAKE DELCHESTER UNITED TO **EVEN GREATER HEIGHTS**.

WHATEVER IT TAKES. WE HAVE A NUMBER OF EXCITING NEW **TRAINING TECHNIQUES** PLANNED...



"BUT FROM THEN ON, THE TEAM STARTED PLAYING **WORSE**...

OOH, THAT'S A POOR SHOWING FROM DELCHESTER... **STEVE GRAY** OF BELTHORPE'S GOT THE BALL FROM **KEVIN COLLINS**...



"AND **WORSE!**"

THEY'RE PLAYING LIKE A BUNCH OF **JESSIES!**

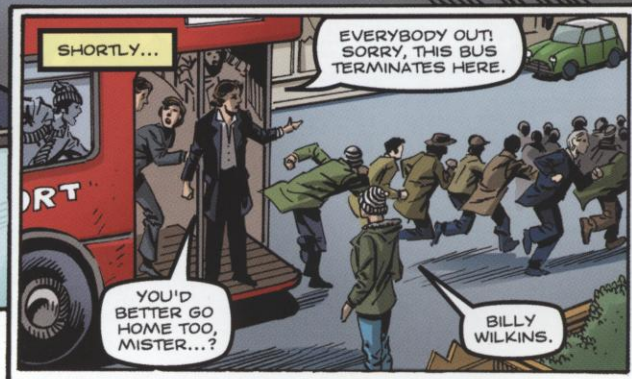
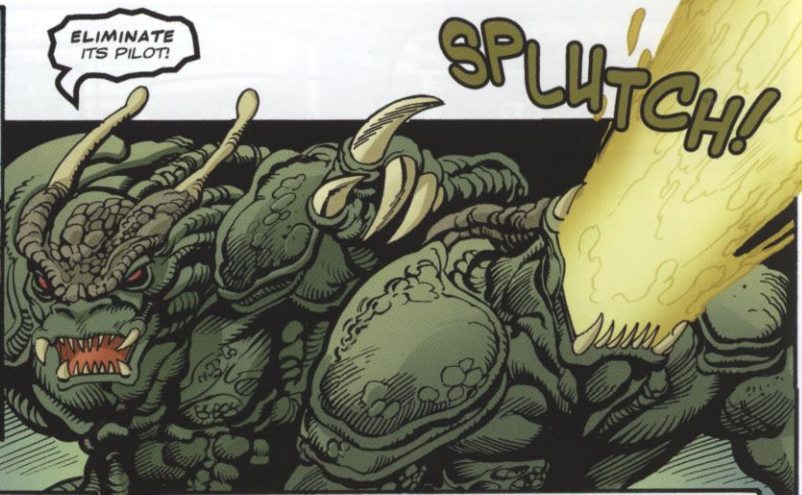
AND THAT MAKES IT **SIX-NIL** TO BELTHORPE... **WHAT ARE DELCHESTER PLAYING AT?**



NOBODY CAN FIGURE OUT HOW THEY TURNED SO **BAD** SO QUICK.

PERHAPS IT'S CONNECTED TO THE **VORTEX BEAM** THAT KNOCKED ME OFF-COURSE? I THINK I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE **GROUND**...





'ERE, WHAT IF THEM MONSTERS ATTACK YOU AGAIN?

DON'T WORRY, BILLY - JUST EAT YOUR GREENS, WASH BEHIND YOUR EARS AND I'LL DEAL WITH THESE CREATURES!

THE SHAKESPEARE BROTHERS, EH? WHOEVER THEY ARE, A VORTEX BEAM CAN BE VERY DANGEROUS. IT COULD DESTROY THE EARTH!

AND THEN WHERE WOULD I GET ANY DECENT SOCKS?

TAXI!

WE PLAYED TERRIBLE TODAY, **BLACKSTONE!** THESE EXTRA TRAINING SESSIONS OF YOURS ARE WEARING THE BOYS OUT!

I'M ONLY DOING WHAT THE NEW OWNERS WANT, STOBBS. HADN'T YOU BETTER BE GOING HOME?

YOU'RE NOT TRAINING THEM AGAIN TONIGHT? LOOK AT 'EM!

YOU SHOULD NOT QUESTION.

BACK AT THE GROUND...

NO, STOBBS! YOU DO NOT REQUIRE SPECIAL TRAINING! YOU MUST LEAVE!

THEM SHAKESPEARE BROTHERS - THEY'RE TEARING THE TEAM APART! GOTTA FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON...

THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH, I'M GONNA STAY ON, SEE WHAT YOU'RE PUTTING THE LADS THROUGH!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE NEW OWNERS...

THE **MORGS** HAVE NOT YET RETURNED, MILO... WAS IT WISE TO RELEASE THEM?

IMPERATIVE, FRANK. THIS DEVICE IS SOME KIND OF **TELEPORTER**... THE ALIEN THAT EMERGED MUST BE AN AGENT OF THE **GALACTIC POLICE!**

YOU THINK THEY'RE ON TO US?



THE OPERATION HERE IS ALMOST OVER. THE NUKARYOTE IS CLOSE TO ACTIVATION.

THIS IS OUR LAST HOPE. AND **NOTHING** CAN BE ALLOWED TO STOP US!



RIGHT, LADS. TIME TO BEGIN TONIGHT'S TRAINING...



YOU KNOW YOUR TASKS. PERFORM THEM!

IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE BEEN **HYPNOTIZED**. WHAT IS THAT **THING**?



JUST WHAT I WAS WONDERING...

HERE - YOU'RE THAT -

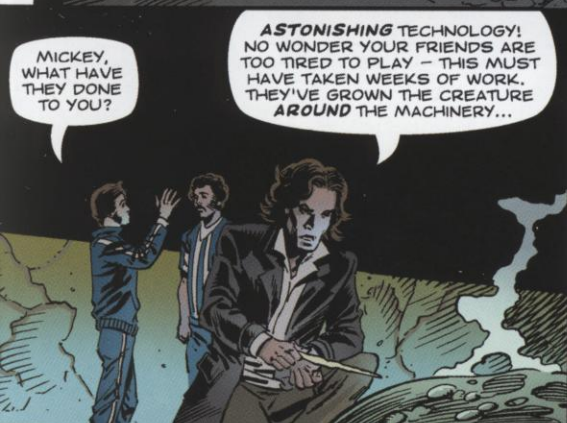
NUTJOB FROM THE PHONE BOX, YES. BUT YOU CAN CALL ME THE **DOCTOR**, MR STOBBS. LET'S GET AFTER THEM...



I'VE NEVER BEEN ALLOWED TO STAY ON...

YOUR MIND IS PROBABLY TOO **STU-** I MEAN, **STRONG** TO BE CONDITIONED.

BUT THERE'S NOTHING DOWN HERE - JUST THE CHANGING ROOMS AND A COUPLE OF EMPTY STORE ROOMS...



THE NIGHTMARE GAME

1977. THE DOCTOR'S SCORED AN OWN GOAL IN THE DELCHESTER UNITED GROUND...

THAT CREATURE'S GOT THE DOC ON THE MENU - AND THERE'S **NOTHIN'** I CAN DO!

I CAN ASSURE YOU, I'LL MAKE A VERY **UNAPPETISING** SNACK. THERE'S NO MEAT ON ME... OH DEAR...

MUST BE **SOMETHING** HERE I CAN USE...

A-HA!

HAVE A CHOMP ON THESE!

STORY: GARETH ROBERTS PENCILS: MIKE COLLINS
INKS: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURS: DYLAN TEAGUE
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITORS: CLAYTON HICKMAN & SCOTT GRAY

OOFF!

WHAT DID YOU DO?

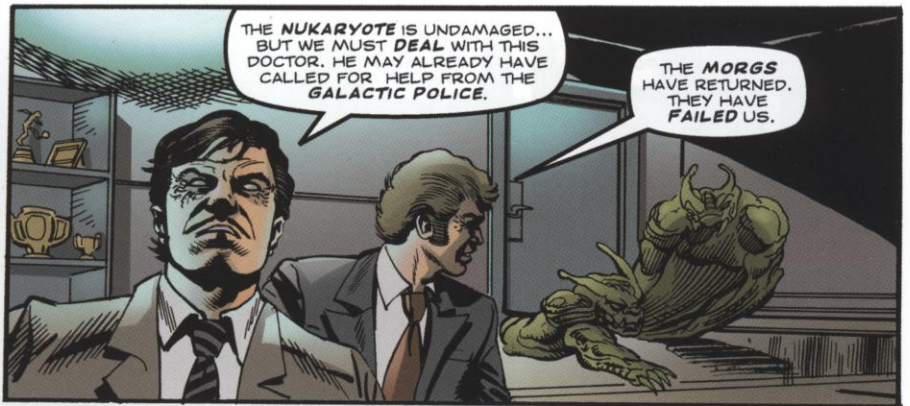
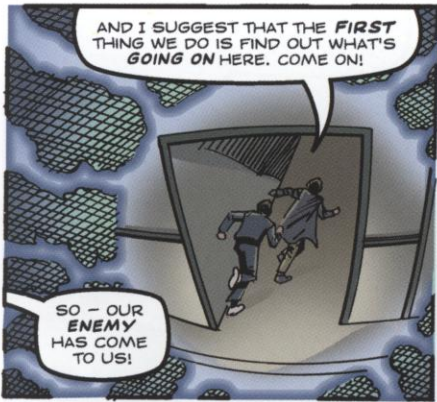
EE-URK!!

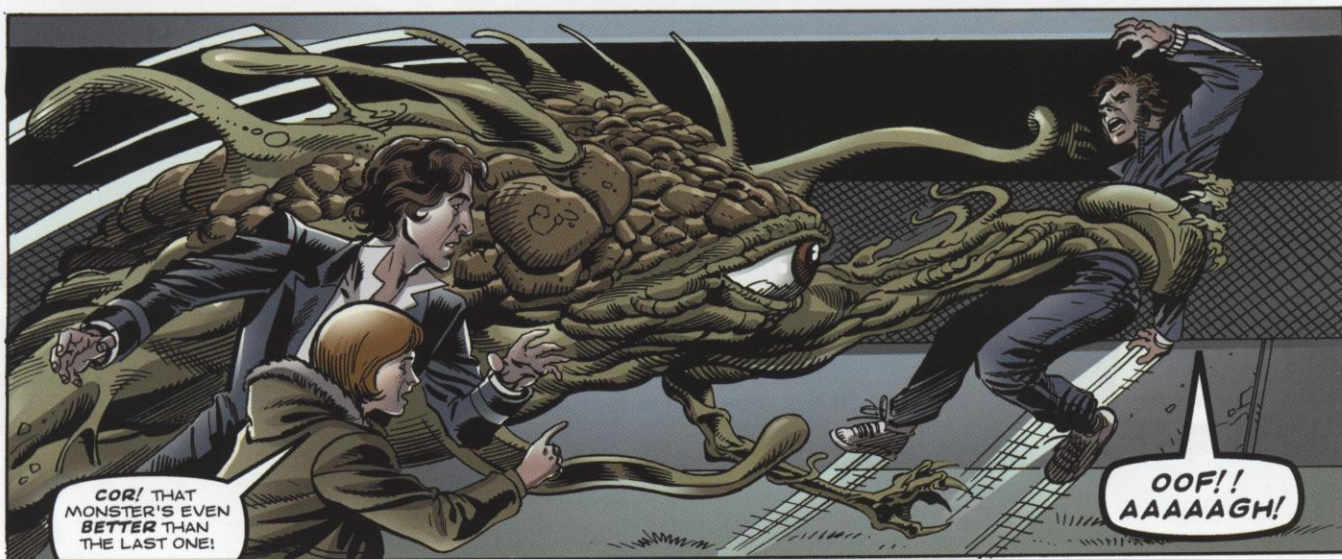
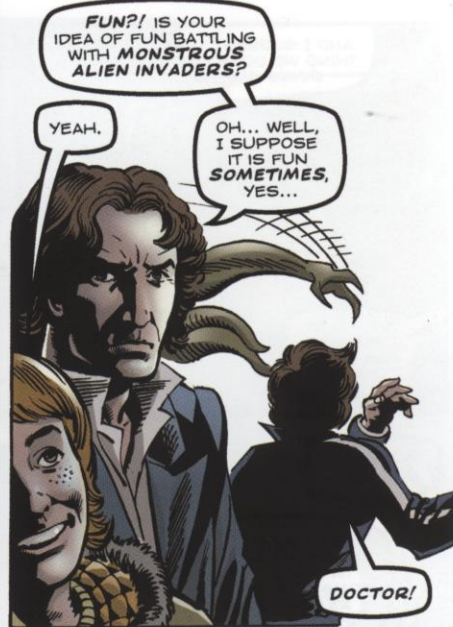
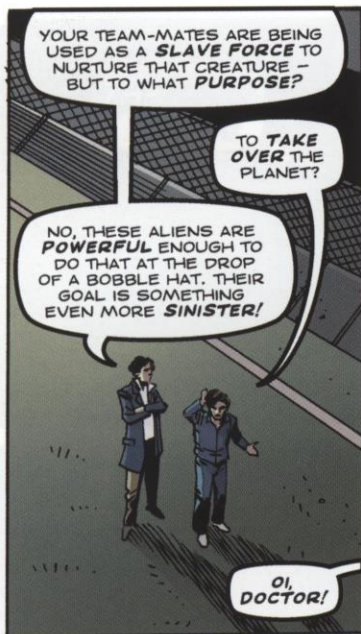
IT'S A **BIO-CONSTRUCT**, DESIGNED TO ABSORB ORGANIC TISSUES FOR ENERGY.

I GAMBLERED THAT HIGHLY SALTED, PROCESSED **POTATO CRISPS** WOULD INTERFERE WITH ITS FUNCTIONING...

IT MUST BE FROM **OUTER SPACE!** WE'VE GOTTA KILL IT!

DO YOU MIND, MR STOBBS? SOME OF THE **VERY BEST** PEOPLE ARE FROM OUTER SPACE!







DON'T THINK **RUNNING'S** GONNA DO MUCH **GOOD**, DOC... IT'S GOIN' FASTER THAN **GEORGIE** BEST!

DO SUMMAT!



WELL, I DO HAVE **ONE** WEAPON - MY **BRAIN**. PERHAPS I CAN MAKE IT SEE **REASON?**



UH, GOOD EVENING. NOW I KNOW YOU CAN **HEAR** ME. AND I WANT TO **HELP** YOU -

NOPE, THAT DIDN'T WORK EITHER, DID IT? QUICK - IN HERE!

SPIDER-MAN WOULD'VE FINISHED IT OFF BY NOW!



ER - NOW, LET'S SEE - **FOOTBALL RATTLES** - PERHAPS IT DOESN'T LIKE **NOISE?** - NO...

HOW ABOUT USING THESE **NETS** TO TRAP IT? NO, UNLIKELY...

'ERE, DOCTOR! HOW ABOUT - **THIS!!!**



"ONE OF THE CREATURES WAS DIFFERENT TO THE OTHERS. VASTLY MORE INTELLIGENT."

"IT ABSORBED THE OTHERS - GREW STRONGER, EVER MORE POWERFUL, IMMORTAL..."

"MILLENNIA PASSED. THE PRIME MORG ADAPTED ITSELF. IT LEARN'T TO TRAVEL IN SPACE, AND ABSORBED MANY OTHER PLANETS - AND THEIR PEOPLES."

KK-GHAAZZZ!

NOTHING'S STOPPING IT!

AAHIEEE!!!

"ONE OF THE CREATURES WAS DIFFERENT TO THE OTHERS. VASTLY MORE INTELLIGENT."

"IT ABSORBED THE OTHERS - GREW STRONGER, EVER MORE POWERFUL, IMMORTAL..."

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KK-GHAAZZZ!

NOTHING'S STOPPING IT!

AAHIEEE!!!

I SEE! YOU WANT TO - OW! - TAKE OVER THE **UNIVERSE**.

OF COURSE NOT. THAT WOULD BE **SILLY**.

OH. WE SHALL **ABSORB** THE UNIVERSE.

AND NOW YOU'VE - OW! - COME FOR EARTH... WITH THAT CREATURE IN THE BASEMENT.

NO, DOCTOR. EARTH IS AN IRRELEVANCE - MERELY FERTILE BREEDING GROUND.

WE ADOPTED THESE ABSURD GUISES AND USED

AND NOW YOU'VE - OW! - COME FOR EARTH... WITH THAT CREATURE IN THE BASEMENT.

NO, DOCTOR. EARTH IS AN IRRELEVANCE - MERELY FERTILE BREEDING GROUND.

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A **SEED** OF THE MORG WAS **PLANTED** HERE CENTURIES AGO - THE **NUKARYOTE**. NOW, WITH THE AID OF OUR VORTEX BEAM, WE HAVE RETURNED TO CLAIM IT.

WE ADOPTED THESE ABSURD **GUISES** AND USED THE HUMANS TO MAINTAIN AND NURTURE THE CREATURE IN THE LAST STAGES OF ITS **GESTATION!** AND NOW, BEFORE YOUR AGENTS CAN ARRIVE...

A **SEED** OF THE MORG WAS **PLANTED** HERE CENTURIES AGO - THE **NUKARYOTE**. NOW, WITH THE AID OF OUR VORTEX BEAM, WE HAVE RETURNED TO CLAIM IT.

WE ADOPTED THESE ABSURD **GUISES** AND USED THE HUMANS TO MAINTAIN AND NURTURE THE CREATURE IN THE LAST STAGES OF ITS **GESTATION!** AND NOW, BEFORE YOUR AGENTS CAN ARRIVE...

[illegible][illegible]

'ERE, WHAT'S GOIN' ON? THE WHOLE GROUND'S SHAKING!!

IT'S A BLEEDIN' EARTHQUAKE!

KRISTI!

MMMMMMMMMM!

'ERE, WHAT'S GOIN' ON? THE WHOLE GROUND'S SHAKING!!

IT'S A BLEEDIN' EARTHQUAKE!

KRISTI!

MMMMMMMMMM!

"I - OW! - DON'T HAVE AN AGENT!"

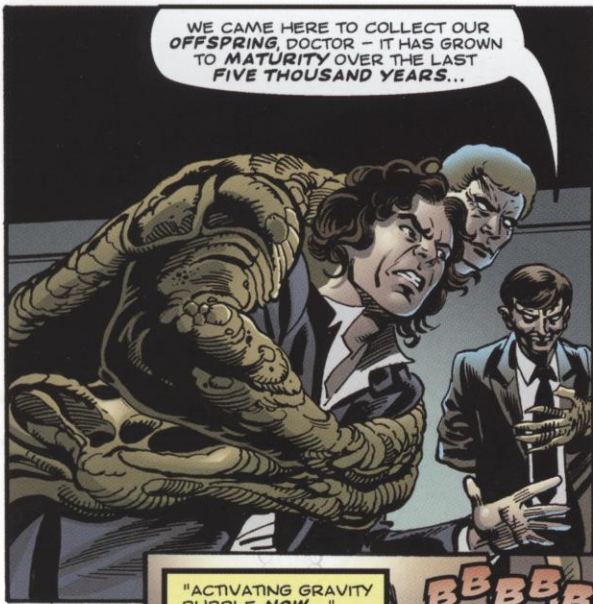
"...IT IS TIME TO ACTIVATE IT!"

'ERE, WHAT'S GOIN' ON? THE WHOLE GROUND'S SHAKING!!

IT'S A BLEEDIN' EARTHQUAKE!

KRIST!

BBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMMMM!



WE CAME HERE TO COLLECT OUR OFFSPRING, DOCTOR - IT HAS GROWN TO MATURITY OVER THE LAST FIVE THOUSAND YEARS...



ISN'T IT - OW! - A BIT SMALL TO DO ALL THAT?

THE SAVIOUR OF OUR ENTIRE RACE!



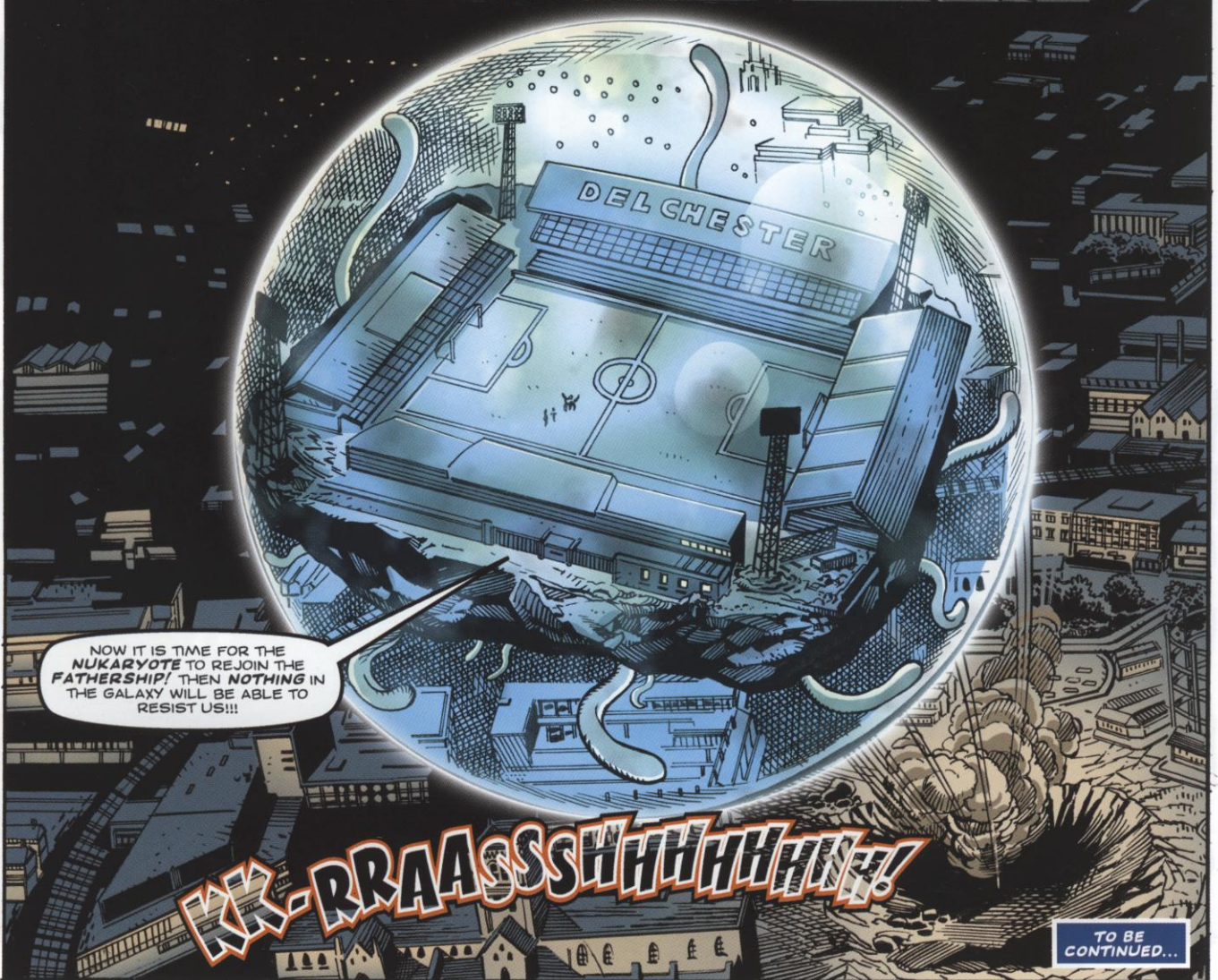
YOU SAW ONLY THE TINIEST FRACTION...



"ACTIVATING GRAVITY BUBBLE NOW..."



BBBBBBRRRRMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!



NOW IT IS TIME FOR THE NUKARYOTE TO REJOIN THE FATHERSHIP! THEN NOTHING IN THE GALAXY WILL BE ABLE TO RESIST US!!!

ZZ-RRAASSSHHHHHHHH!

TO BE CONTINUED...

THE NIGHTMARE GAME

EARTH, 1977 - AND THE DOCTOR'S TAKING A RIDE ON A FLYING FOOTBALL GROUND!

OH DEAR, OH DEAR...

THE NUKARYOTE IS REBORN!

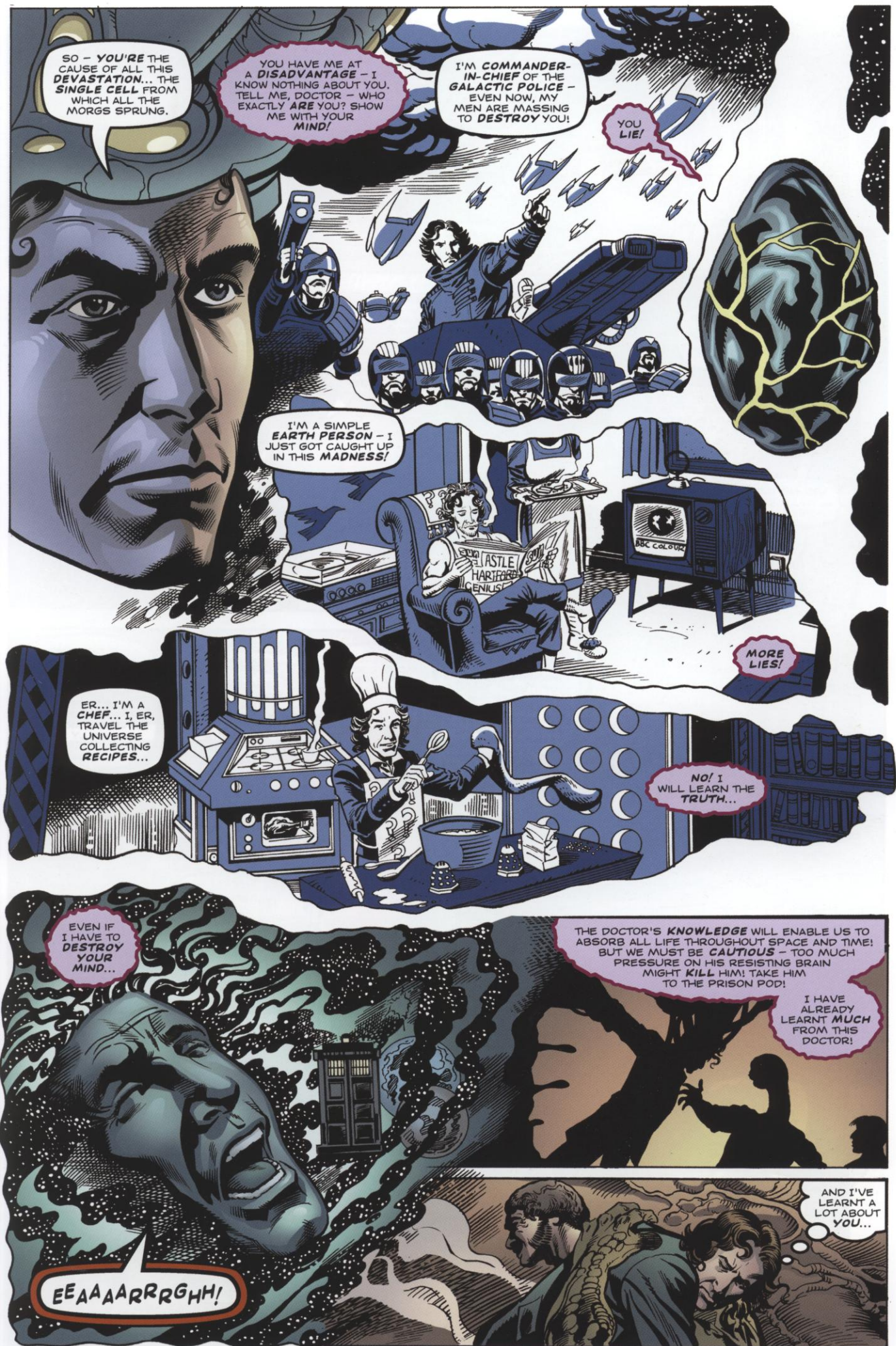
A PERFECT COPY OF ITS FATHER. FRESH, YOUNG STRENGTH FOR US TO DRAW UPON AT LONG LAST!

POOR OLD THING - BUT I SUPPOSE EVEN IN THE GALACTIC CONQUEST BUSINESS, DAD HAS TO LEARN WHEN TO LET GO...

WOW! WE'RE IN OUTER SPACE! WAIT 'TIL I TELL THAT SHOW-OFF CHRIS DUNKLEY IN 3B ABOUT THIS - IT BEATS HIM AND HIS FLIPPIN' RALEIGH GRIFTER!

STORY: GARETH ROBERTS PENCILS: MIKE COLLINS INKS: DAVID A. ROACH
COLOURS: DYLAN TEAGUE LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITORS: CLAYTON HICKMAN & SCOTT GRAY





SO - YOU'RE THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS DEVASTATION... THE SINGLE CELL FROM WHICH ALL THE MORGS SPRUNG.

YOU HAVE ME AT A DISADVANTAGE - I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT YOU. TELL ME, DOCTOR - WHO EXACTLY ARE YOU? SHOW ME WITH YOUR MIND!

I'M COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GALACTIC POLICE - EVEN NOW, MY MEN ARE MASSING TO DESTROY YOU!

YOU LIE!

I'M A SIMPLE EARTH PERSON - I JUST GOT CAUGHT UP IN THIS MADNESS!

ER... I'M A CHEF... I, ER, TRAVEL THE UNIVERSE COLLECTING RECIPES...

NO! I WILL LEARN THE TRUTH...

MORE LIES!

EVEN IF I HAVE TO DESTROY YOUR MIND...

THE DOCTOR'S KNOWLEDGE WILL ENABLE US TO ABSORB ALL LIFE THROUGHOUT SPACE AND TIME! BUT WE MUST BE CAUTIOUS - TOO MUCH PRESSURE ON HIS RESISTING BRAIN MIGHT KILL HIM! TAKE HIM TO THE PRISON POD!

I HAVE ALREADY LEARNED MUCH FROM THIS DOCTOR!

EEAAAARRRGHH!

AND I'VE LEARNED A LOT ABOUT YOU...



OOF! I
FEEL LIKE
A SACK OF
POTATOES...

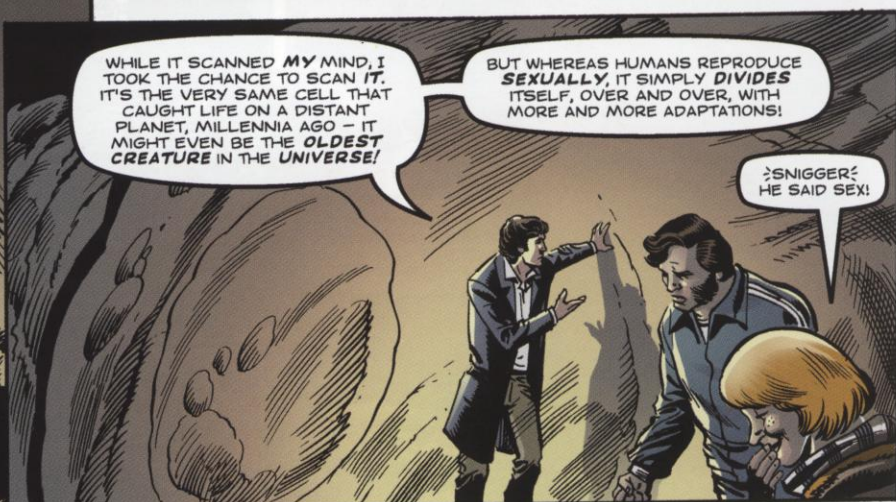
HEY! WHAT'S GOING
ON? WHEN ARE YOU
GONNA *DO* SOMETHIN'?



I'VE BEEN *CONVERSING*
WITH THE PRIME-MORG -
THE CENTRE OF THE
ENTIRE *MORG-ANISM* -
IT'S FASCINATING...

GREAT. SO IT'S
GOBBLED US UP,
SENT US SHOOTING
OFF INTO SPACE, AND
YOU'VE BEEN HAVING A
COSY *CHAT* WITH IT?

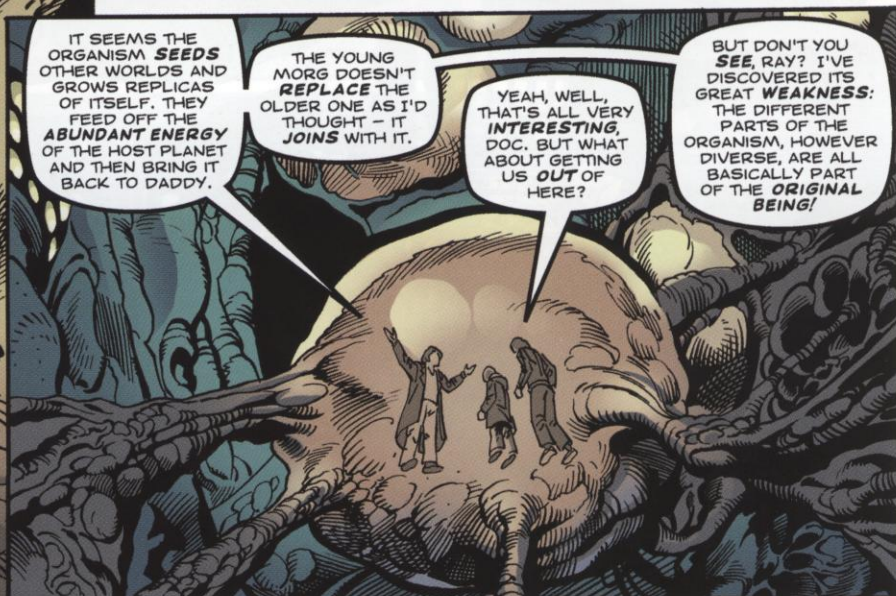
NO, NO, RAY,
YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND...



WHILE IT SCANNED *MY* MIND, I
TOOK THE CHANCE TO SCAN *IT*.
IT'S THE VERY SAME CELL THAT
CAUGHT LIFE ON A DISTANT
PLANET, MILLENNIA AGO - IT
MIGHT EVEN BE THE *OLDEST*
CREATURE IN THE *UNIVERSE!*

BUT WHEREAS HUMANS REPRODUCE
SEXUALLY, IT SIMPLY *DIVIDES*
ITSELF, OVER AND OVER, WITH
MORE AND MORE ADAPTATIONS!

^SNIGGER?
HE SAID SEX!



IT SEEMS THE
ORGANISM *SEEDS*
OTHER WORLDS AND
GROWS REPLICAS
OF ITSELF. THEY
FEED OFF THE
ABUNDANT ENERGY
OF THE HOST PLANET
AND THEN BRING IT
BACK TO DADDY.

THE YOUNG
MORG DOESN'T
REPLACE THE
OLDER ONE AS I'D
THOUGHT - IT
JOINS WITH IT.

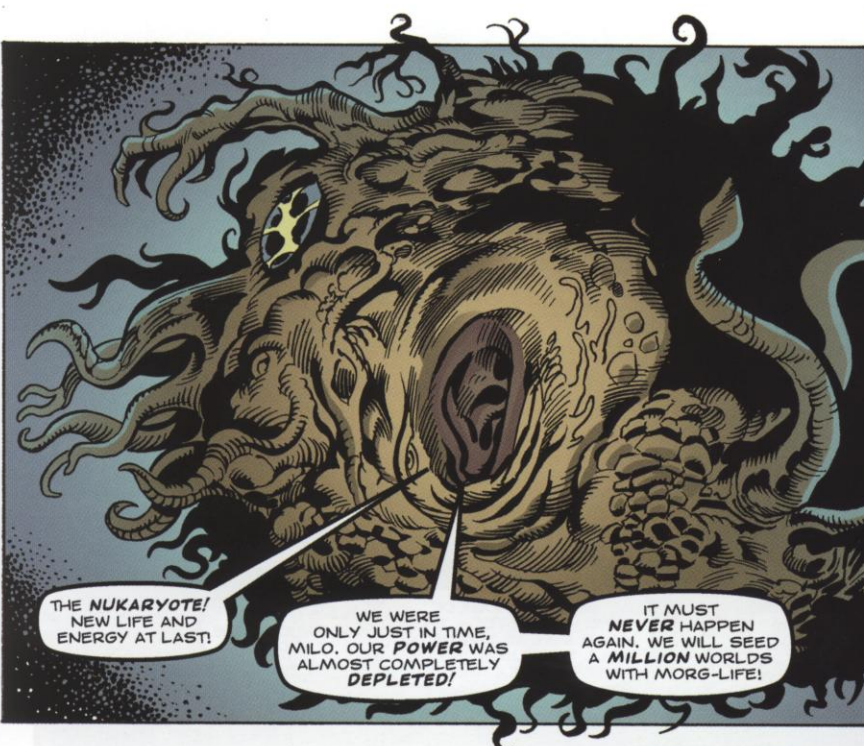
YEAH, WELL,
THAT'S ALL VERY
INTERESTING,
DOC, BUT WHAT
ABOUT GETTING
US *OUT* OF
HERE?

BUT DON'T YOU
SEE, RAY? I'VE
DISCOVERED ITS
GREAT *WEAKNESS*:
THE DIFFERENT
PARTS OF THE
ORGANISM, HOWEVER
DIVERSE, ARE ALL
BASICALLY PART
OF THE *ORIGINAL*
BEING!



ALL WE
HAVE TO DO
IS *DEAL* WITH
THAT ORIGINAL
BEING...

IT'S BEEN A
VERY *SUCCESSFUL*
LITTLE ORGANISM -
BUT I'M AFRAID
ITS TIME IS *OVER*...



THE NUKARYOTE!
NEW LIFE AND
ENERGY AT LAST!

WE WERE
ONLY JUST IN TIME,
MILO. OUR **POWER** WAS
ALMOST COMPLETELY
DEPLETED!

IT MUST
NEVER HAPPEN
AGAIN. WE WILL SEED
A **MILLION** WORLDS
WITH MORG-LIFE!



HOW ARE
WE GONNA
PULL THIS
OFF, DOC?

WE'LL USE MY
TRADEMARK
STRATEGY.

WHAT'S
THAT,
THEN?

MAKE IT
UP AS
YOU GO
ALONG!



THE HUMANS
ARE **UNIMPORTANT.**
ABSORB THEIR
TISSUES!!

YOU'D BETTER
MAKE SOMETHING UP
SOON, DOC!



NOT TO
WORRY - I
THINK I'VE
GOT...



...THE GERM
OF AN IDEA!

NOOOOOO!!!!



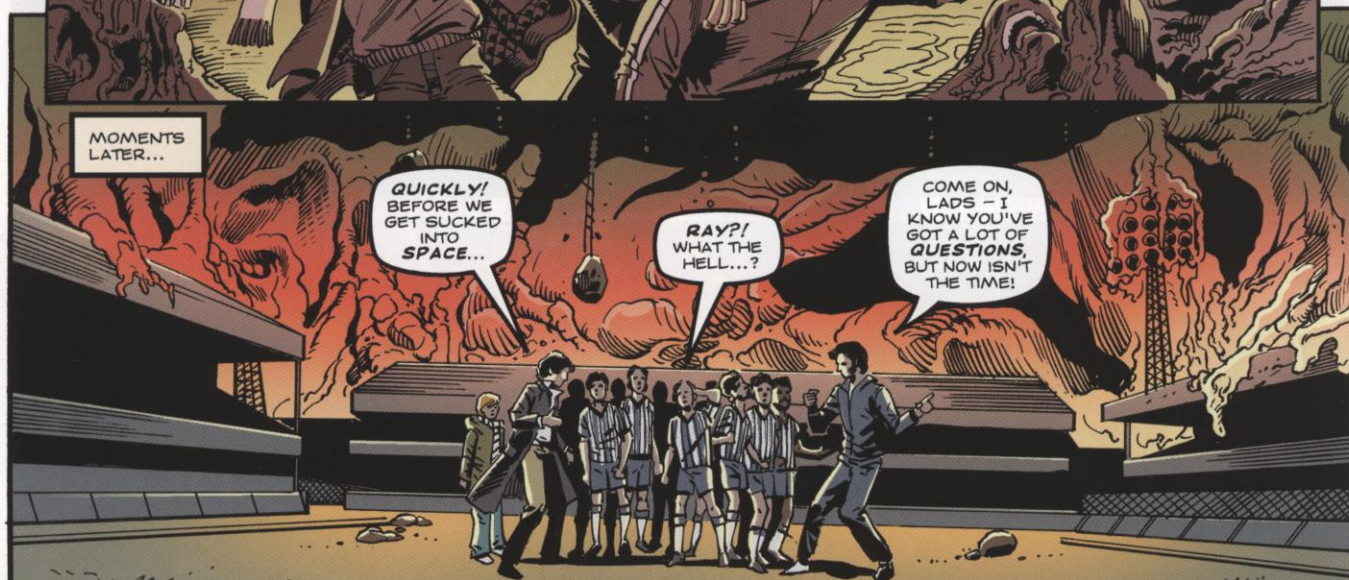
**STOP
THEM!!!**

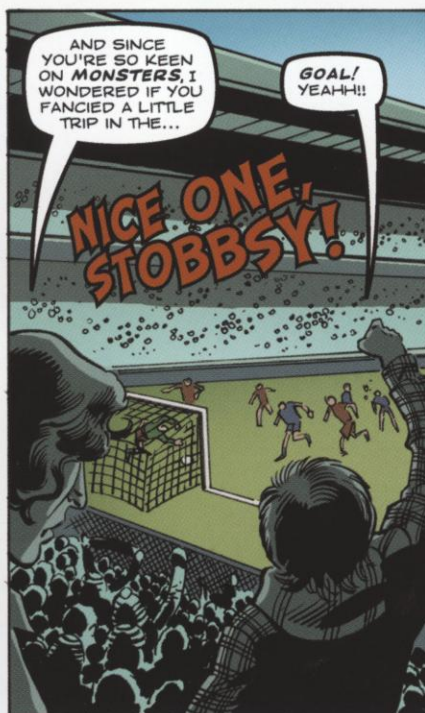
TO ME,
DOCTOR!

I ONLY
WOUNDED IT -
AIM FOR THE
CENTRE OF
THE NODULE!



HERE
GOES -
OOF!





JOIN THE DOCTOR FOR A BRAND-NEW ADVENTURE NEXT ISSUE, CHUMS!



EGYPT, QUITE A WHILE AGO...

...TELL ME MORE OF THIS "CONGO", DOCTOR...

BEAUTIFUL STRETCH OF WATER. I WENT RAFTING DOWN IT WITH LIVINGSTONE ONCE... **SNAKES, RAPIDS, HEAD-HUNTERS...** VERY RELAXING...

I DEFINITELY PREFER THE NILE, THOUGH...

WHY'S THAT?

WITH NO NEED TO HUNT, YOUR PEOPLE HAVE HAD THE TIME TO DEVELOP **AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, ASTRONOMY...**

YOU'VE EVEN INVENTED **HOLIDAYS...** ALWAYS A SIGN OF AN ADVANCED CIVILISATION...

IT'S YOUR PLANET'S **GREATEST RIVER, EDIPHIS!** IT PROVIDES EGYPT WITH AN ABUNDANCE OF **CROPS, LIVESTOCK, FISHING...**

WELL, I'M A GREAT BELIEVER IN A **CIVILISED LIFESTYLE**, DOCTOR, BUT MOST OF THE WEALTHY TYPES WHO FANCY A **RIVER TOUR** HAVE BOATS OF THEIR OWN. WHERE ARE YOU FROM, AGAIN?

GALLIFREY...

THAT'S NEAR **ASSYRIA**, ISN'T IT?

COSMICALLY SPEAKING? YES...

HEY, NOW, **THAT'S** INTERESTING... LOCAL WILDLIFE?

HMMM... LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING **BIG** UNDER THE SURFACE...

YES...

I THINK YOU **COULD** SAY THAT.

BUB-BUB-BUB-BUB

SSWWSSSHHH!

WELL, MORTALS?
I HAVE BEEN BATHING
IN THE COOL DEPTHS,
AWAITING MY
TRIBUTE...

WHERE IS IT?
DO NOT DELAY
MY REPAST, OR
YOU SHALL
FACE...

THE POWER OF THOUERIS!

STORY: SCOTT GRAY ART & COLOURS: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN

I... AHHH...

FORGIVE ME,
OH M-MIGHTY
THOUERIS... I AM
ONLY A HUMBLE
TRADER... ALL I
HAVE ABOARD
MY BOAT IS
SOME OIL AND
CLOTH...

WHAT?

PAH!

TURN YOUR PUNY CRAFT
AROUND, GNAT! GO FORTH
AND FIND ME OXEN! BRING
ME FLESH FOR MY BELLY!

AND SPREAD THE WORD
OF MY WONDROUS RETURN!

BEGONE!

Y-YES,
GREAT
THOUERIS!
AT ONCE!

DOCTOR, HELP
ME PUT THE
BOAT ABOUT!
QUICKLY!

ALRIGHT, EDIPHIS --
WE'LL EXERCISE A
LITTLE **DISCRETION** FOR
NOW, BUT WE'RE NOT
GOING FAR...

NO GOD'S
SPOILING MY
HOLIDAY...

THAT NIGHT...

MY CHILDREN...

TOO LONG HAVE I BEEN AWAY FROM THIS LAND... YOU HAVE BEEN LOST WITHOUT ME... BUT NOW I HAVE RETURNED TO GIVE YOU NEW PURPOSE...

NO DOUBT YOU WISH TO GIVE THANKS FOR MY DIVINE PROTECTORSHIP...

BUT KNOW THIS: MY WORD IS LAW...

WWHHH--?!

AND THOSE WHO DARE QUESTION IT SHALL FEEL MY HOLY WRATH!

THE NILE IS THE WELLSPRING OF ALL LIFE IN THIS LAND...

I AM THE GODDESS OF FERTILITY. IT IS MY DOMAIN...

SPLASHH!

ZZZZZZZZ

AND ALL ITS CREATURES ARE MINE TO COMMAND!

ZAKAZZZ!

AAIEEEEE!!!

LOOK WELL, MY PEOPLE, AND LEARN...

ASPLASHH!



HAIL THOUERIS!

PRaise THOUERIS!

W-WE ARE YOUR SERVANTS!

YOU'RE THE BEST GOD EVER!



THIS IS APPALLING... COME ON, HOLIDAY'S POSTPONED. LET'S GET TO WORK...

UH... WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU MEAN?

WE'RE GOING TO CHOP THIS GRANDE DAME DOWN TO SIZE, OF COURSE...

NO WE'RE NOT!

YES WE ARE...

NO WE'RE NOT! DOCTOR, I AM NOT GOING TO ATTACK A GOD! IT'S SUICIDAL! AND STUPID! AND... AND SACRILEGIOUS!



RELAX, EDIPHIS -- THOUERIS ISN'T A GOD, SHE'S JUST A DEMENTED ALIEN WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR. WE'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE...

I DON'T CARE! SHE'S BIG AND SHE CAN GLOW AND THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH FOR ME!

LOOK, CONSIDER THIS SITUATION FROM A CIVILISED PERSPECTIVE...



HOW MUCH TRADING ARE YOU GOING TO GET DONE WITH A FORTY-FOOT HIPPO BLOCKING THE RIVER...?



YES... YES... THIS IS HOW IT SHOULD BE...

PRaise THE MIGHTY ONE!

GIVE THANKS TO THE GREAT THOUERIS!



YES! ALL HAIL THE BIG PSYCHOTIC RIVER HORSE!

COME ON, THOUERIS! I KNOW YOU OSIRIANS COULD NEVER RESIST A GOOD WORSHIP, BUT PICKING ON A POOR LITTLE FISHING VILLAGE? THAT'S JUST A BIT TRAGIC, ISN'T IT...?

EH? WHO DARES...?



WHO ARE YOU, LITTLE MAN? WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF MY PEOPLE?

WELL, LET'S *SEE*: THEY WERE A BUNCH OF JUMPED-UP *WOULD-BE* DEITIES FROM THE PLANET PHAESTER OSIRIS...

THEY LIKED TO PARADE AROUND THIS REGION IN BIG *CAPES* AND *COLLARS*...

OH, AND THEY WERE ALL ORDERED TO *LEAVE* THIS WORLD BY THEIR LEADER, *HORUS*, A FEW THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

WHAT HAPPENED? START PINING FOR THE *SPOTLIGHT*?



LET'S FACE IT, THOUERIS, AS *GODS* GO, YOU WERE ONLY *C-LIST* TO *BEGIN* WITH. *THESE* DAYS, YOU'D BE LUCKY TO RATE A "WHATEVER HAPPENED TO..."? "SCROLL..."

JUST GO HOME. I REALLY CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH YOU...



RRARRRH!



TH-SHAKKK!

TOUCHED A *NERVE*, HAVE WE?

EXCELLENT!



YES, SOME *EXERCISE*! VERY GOOD IDEA! I MEAN, I WASN'T GOING TO SAY ANYTHING, BUT...

YOU WANTED "FLESH FOR YOUR BELLY"? TRUST ME, IT'S GOT PLENTY *ALREADY*...

RRARRRAHH!



I THINK YOU
JUST SAID THAT.

SORRY IF THE GROUND'S
A LITTLE SLIPPERY.
WE SPILLED SOME OIL...



THPLLSHH!

WHOOPS!
DID IT AGAIN!

EEUULGHH!



PTU!!

MIND IF I
GET THIS
APPRAISED?

CH-CHKK!

EDIPHIS!
NOW!



OH MIGHTY RA,
FORGIVE ME...

HAH! YOU
THINK THIS
WILL HARM
ME, DOG?

FWOOOSSH!!

NO -- BUT IT
SHOULD MAKE
YOU LOSE
YOUR GRIP...



...AND PUT
YOU BACK IN
YOUR 'DOMAIN'.

SSH-PLSSH!



LET'S SEE,
LET'S SEE... TRANS-
EMPATHIC CONTROL
CRYSTAL...

DOCTOR...?

NOW, DON'T TELL
ME, I KNOW HOW THIS
WORKS, JUST GIVE
ME A SECOND...

DOCTOR...!



OH, WAIT... IT LOOKS LIKE OUR FRIENDS DOWN BELOW DON'T NEED ANY PROMPTING...

GRKKK-KKKK



WH-WHAT--?!

NO! STOP THIS!
I AM A GOD!
YOU ARE -
GGAHHH! - MY
SUBJECTS!

I AM -
AAAHHH! - I AM
IMMORTAL!

SP-PLASHH!



AAAKKK!!!



HOORAY
END

THE NEXT
DAY...

DOCTOR, EXPLAIN TO ME AGAIN
WHY WE HAVEN'T CONDEMNED
OURSELVES TO ETERNAL TORTURE
IN THE UNDERWORLD...?

DON'T WORRY,
EDIPHS... THOUERIS WAS
JUST A FAT LADY WHO'D
MISSED HER CUE TO
SING...

YOU SEE, SOME PEOPLE CAN'T
HELP BELIEVING THEIR OWN
PUBLICITY... THEY DON'T SEE THEIR
LIMITATIONS UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE...



THAT'S WHAT
YOU GET
FOR LIVING
IN DENIAL.

THE
END

The Curious Tale of Spring-Heeled Jack

Chapter One



STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: ANTHONY WILLIAMS
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURING: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANBRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN



MMM,
DELICIOUS!

OFF
SOMEWHERE
NICE
TONIGHT,
ARE WE,
SIR...?

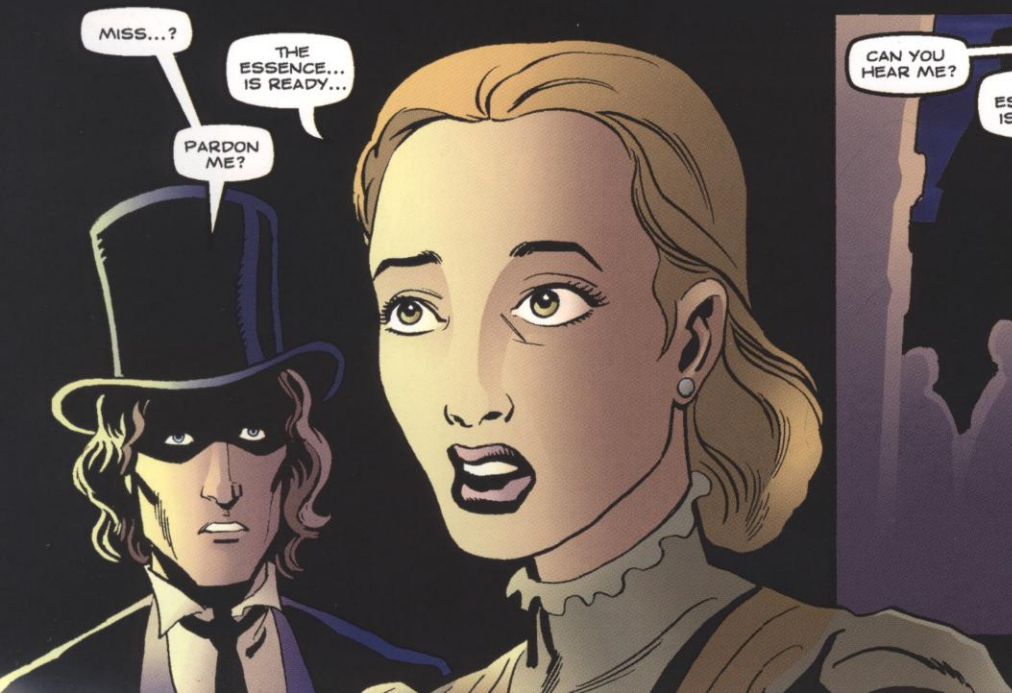
WELL, I WAS
HOPING TO SEE LES
HUGUENOTS, BUT IT'S
SOLD OUT. THINK
I'LL JUST HAVE A
WANDER INSTEAD...



SO,
1840...

IT'S A MAGICAL TIME, THE
BIRTH OF THE VICTORIAN
AGE... GASLIGHT HAS GIVEN
LONDON THE CHANCE TO
DEVELOP A NIGHT-LIFE
AT LAST...

THERE'LL BE
DANCING AT
CREMORNE
GARDENS TONIGHT...
FIREWORKS WILL
BE FLYING IN
VAUXHALL PARK...



MISS...?

THE
ESSENCE...
IS READY...

PARDON
ME?



CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

THE
ESSENCE...
IS READY...

YES, SO YOU
SAID... WHICH
PARTICULAR
"ESSENCE" WOULD
THAT BE, IF YOU
DON'T MIND MY
ASKING...?

HELLO...?

ANYONE
HOME...?

HA-HA-
HAH-
HA-HAH-
HAH!

THE MARKET
DOORS SWING
WIDE!
**CAVEAT
EMPTOR!**

WE HAVE WARES
TO **SELL**, OH YES
WE **DO**, BUT WHO
SHALL MEET OUR
PRICE?

IT'S
HIM!

**RUN
FOR YOUR
LIVES!**

PAY NO HEED!
PAY NO PIPER! PAY
NO RESPECTS!

SKRASH!

NNAAAH!

K-KRSSH!

OH! BUT WHAT
A PRETTY WEE
PEACH, SO
SOFT AND
SO SCENTED!
SHALL WE BUY
HER FOR OUR
SUPPER?

AAAAHHH!

LET'S NOT
AND SAY
WE DID.

KRASSH!

HMMM?

**HAH-HAH! A
BOLD KNIGHT
APPEARS! THE
FAIR LADY'S
HONOUR IS
SAVED!**

YES!

FWOKK!

UUNGH!

SUCH
CHIVALRY!

EH? WHAT'S THIS? OUR
LITTLE NOSE IS ALL
A-TWITCHING!

DON'T... GKKK... LOOK
AT ME... I HAD A BATH
THIS MORNING...

SNIFF-SNIFF-SNIFF



THERE'S THE BLIGHTER!

LET'S BRING 'IM DOWN, LADS!

AVAST! JACK'S SUITORS HAVE PURSUED HIM! WHAT DEVOTION!

HE'LL HAVE TO REWARD THEM...



...BY BLOWING THEM A KISS!

FWSHHHHH!

NAAAHH!

GET DOWN!



I'LL GET HIM!

K-CHOW! K-CHOW!

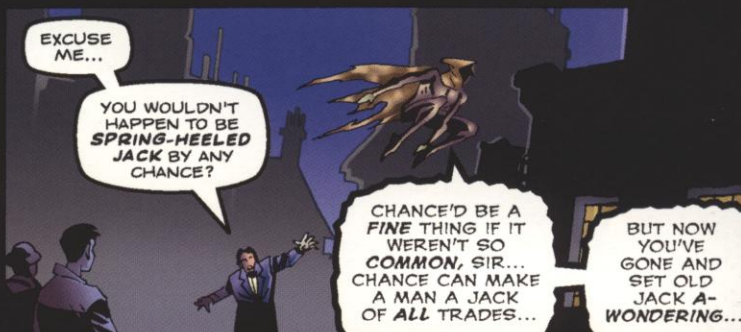
HAH-HAH-HAH! OH, SWEET LITTLE BLUE BOTTLE, SHALL WE WALTZ BENEATH THE STARS?



ALAS, NO! THE MUSIC DIES SO QUICKLY!

CHOKK!

WOAAHH!



EXCUSE ME...

YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO BE **SPRING-HEEL** JACK BY ANY CHANCE?

CHANCE'D BE A FINE THING IF IT WEREN'T SO COMMON, SIR... CHANCE CAN MAKE A MAN A JACK OF ALL TRADES...

BUT NOW YOU'VE GONE AND SET OLD JACK A-WONDERING...



...ABOUT YOUR TRADE.

WAIT!



HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH!



BATES! YOU HALFWIT, WHO TOLD YOU TO START SHOOTING?

OWW! SORRY, SIR...

FIRST DECENT CHANCE WE'VE HAD TO CATCH THAT LUNATIC IN MONTHS, AND YOU HAVE TO TURN COVENT GARDEN INTO BLOODY AFGHANISTAN!

THWAK!

INSPECTOR ARNOLD PORTER, SCOTLAND YARD, WHO ARE YOU?

THE DOCTOR. HE REALLY CAN MOVE, CAN'T HE...?

AYE, I'M TOLD YOU WAS CAUSING A FUSS EVEN BEFORE JACK SHOWED HIS FACE...



NO, THAT AIN'T TRUE!

AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE?

PENNY CHAPMAN, OF 29 LATHAM LANE! THIS GENTLEMAN WAS HELPING ME, I REMEMBER NOW!

THEN YOU'VE HAD A NARROW ESCAPE, GIRL... THERE'S NOTHING JACK LIKES BETTER THAN A DEFENCELESS LITTLE POPPET...



THE INSPECTOR'S RIGHT, MISS! THAT JACK, HE ACCOSTS YOUNG LADIES, AND HE TEARS THEIR BLOUSES, AND HE EXPOSES THEIR UNDERGARMENTS, AND HE -

SHUT UP, BATES...



I'VE BEEN ABROAD FOR SOME TIME, BUT I'VE KEPT UP WITH THE NEWSPAPERS -- JACK'S BEEN APPEARING IN LONDON FOR THREE YEARS NOW, HASN'T HE?

AYE, BLEEDING PUBLIC NUISANCE. WHEN I CATCH HIM HE'LL WISH HE'D STAYED IN HIS RUDDY CAGE. I PROMISE YOU, DOCTOR, HE'S A MARKED MAN.

ASSUMING HE'S A MAN AT ALL...



ARE YOU FEELING BETTER NOW, PENNY?

YES, THANK YOU, SIR... IT'S A QUEER THING -- I'VE BEEN IN A DREAMY OLD STATE THESE PAST FEW DAYS, BUT SEEING THAT HORRIBLE MAN WOKE ME UP GOOD AND PROPER...

BEEN DOING A SPOT OF SLEEPWALKING?



OH, SPARE ME! YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THOSE DAFT BEGGARS WHO THINKS HE'S THE DEVIL?

NOT EXACTLY.

HE'S A FREAK IS WHAT HE IS, ESCAPED FROM SOME CIRCUS! THAT'S HOW HE CAN HOP ABOUT AND BREATHE FIRE...

YES, THAT MUST BE IT...



YES, SIR!
HOW DID
YOU KNOW?

JUST CALL
ME "DOCTOR",
PENNY. I
RECOGNISE
THE **SIGNS**.

COME ON,
LET'S SLIP AWAY
BEFORE INSPECTOR
PORTER FINDS HIS
NOTEBOOK...



SHORTLY...

...THANK YOU FOR SEEING
ME **HOME**, DOCTOR. I'VE **LOVED**
HEARING ABOUT YOUR TRAVELS...
EGYPT SOUNDS EVER
SO MARVELLOUS!

SOME OF THE
WILDLIFE WASN'T
TOO FRIENDLY, BUT
IT WAS NICE...

DO YOU
LIVE WITH
YOUR **FAMILY**,
PENNY?

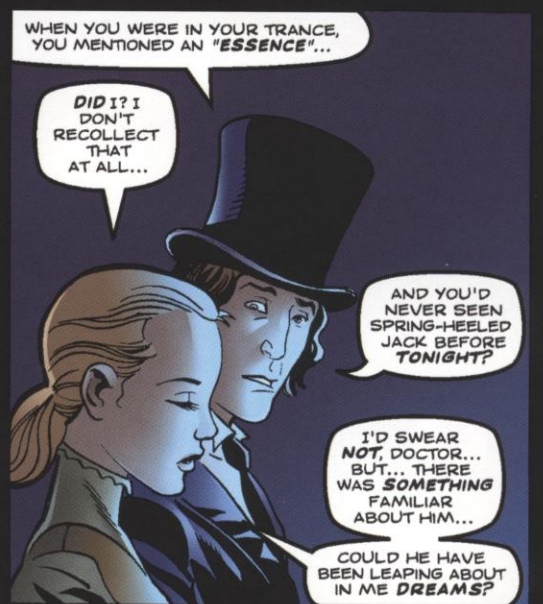


OH, NO -- I GREW UP ON A
FARM DOWN IN **ESSEX**. ME
DAD WAS ME ONLY FAMILY...

WHEN HE PASSED
ON A FEW YEARS
AGO, I SAID TO
MESELF, "PENNY"
I SAID, "YOU
SHOULD SEE A BIT
OF THE WORLD --
GO TO **LONDON**!"

HAS IT
BEEN
WHAT YOU
WERE
HOPING
FOR?

WELL, IT
AIN'T BEEN
DULL, THAT'S
FOR SURE!



WHEN YOU WERE IN YOUR TRANCE,
YOU MENTIONED AN "**ESSENCE**"...

DID I? I
DON'T
RECOLLECT
THAT
AT ALL...

AND YOU'D
NEVER SEEN
SPRING-HEELED
JACK BEFORE
TONIGHT?

I'D SWEAR
NOT, DOCTOR...
BUT... THERE
WAS **SOMETHING**
FAMILIAR
ABOUT HIM...

COULD HE HAVE
BEEN LEAPING ABOUT
IN ME **DREAMS**?



POSSIBLY... GET A
GOOD NIGHT'S **REST**,
PENNY, AND I'LL CALL ON
YOU **TOMORROW**. I THINK
I CAN HELP YOU WITH
YOUR SLEEPWALKING...

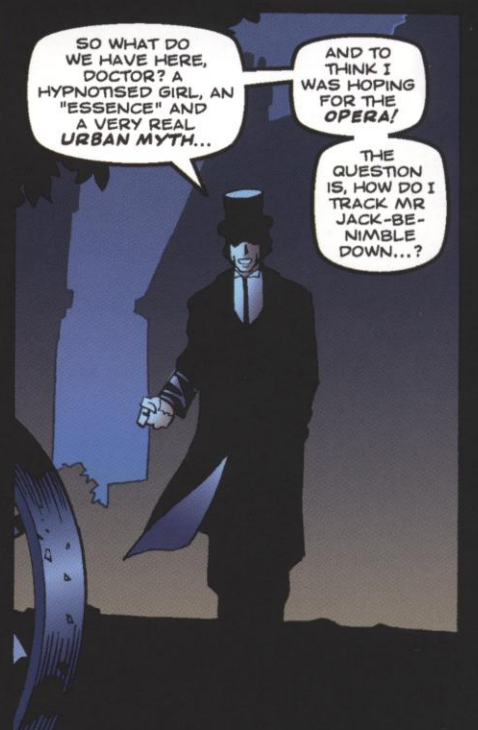
OH! TH-THANK
YOU, DOCTOR,
YOU'RE AWFULLY
KIND...

GOODNIGHT...



OH, PENNY, WHAT A **NIGHT**!
BANGINGS AND FLASHINGS
AND CRASHINGS...

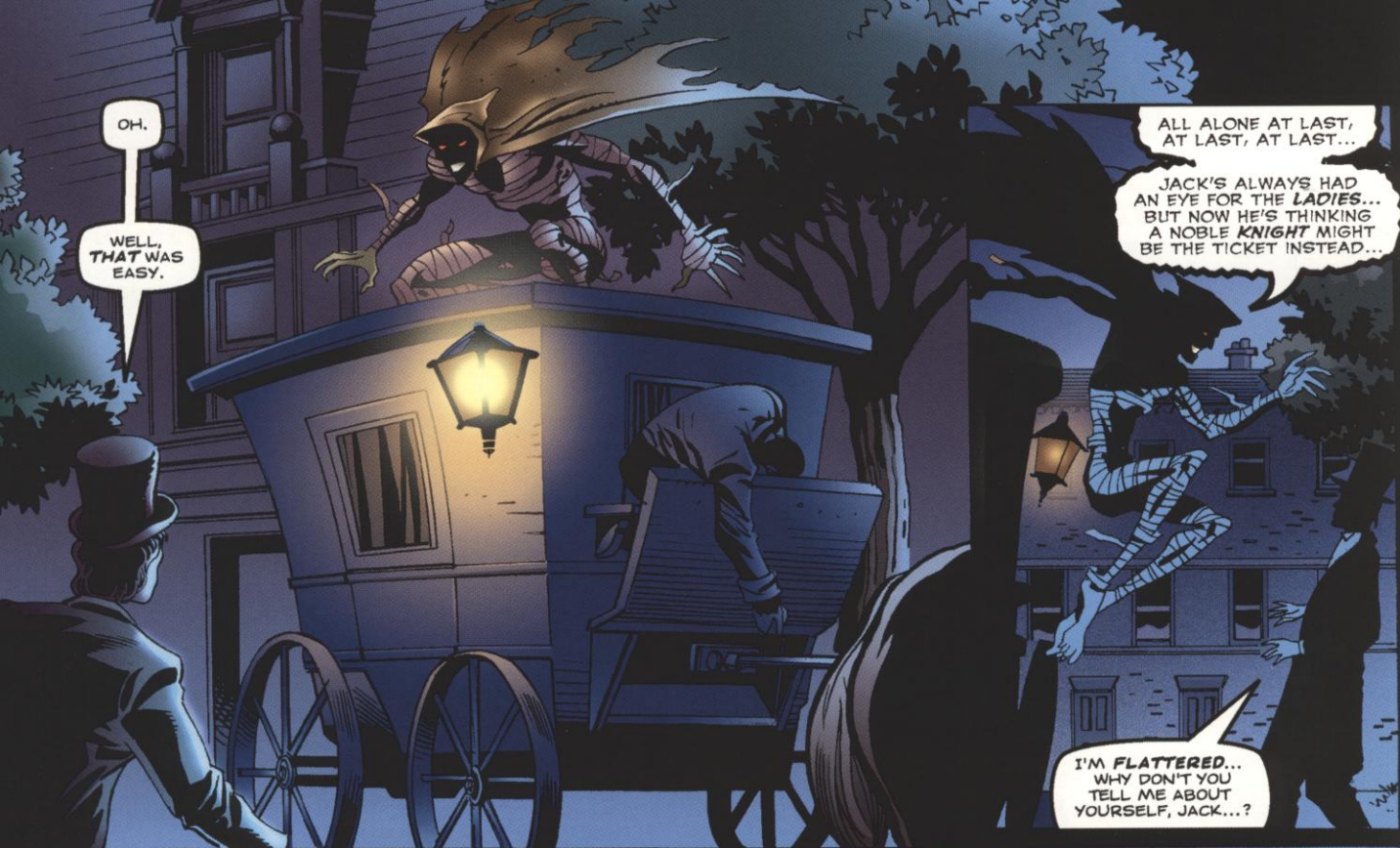
AND A PROPER GENTLEMAN --
A PROPER **HANDSOME**
GENTLEMAN -- CALLING ON ME!



SO WHAT DO
WE HAVE HERE,
DOCTOR? A
HYPNOTISED GIRL, AN
"**ESSENCE**" AND
A VERY REAL
URBAN MYTH...

AND TO
THINK I
WAS HOPING
FOR THE
OPERA!

THE
QUESTION
IS, HOW DO I
TRACK MR
JACK-BE-
NIMBLE
DOWN...?



OH.

WELL,
THAT WAS
EASY.

ALL ALONE AT LAST,
AT LAST, AT LAST...

JACK'S ALWAYS HAD
AN EYE FOR THE *LADIES*...
BUT NOW HE'S THINKING
A NOBLE *KNIGHT* MIGHT
BE THE TICKET INSTEAD...

I'M *FLATTERED*...
WHY DON'T YOU
TELL ME ABOUT
YOURSELF, JACK...?

JACK CAN SMELL
THE *DUST* IN THE
KNIGHT'S *HAIR*...
THE *SOIL* ON
HIS *SHOES*... HE'S
WALKED A *LONG*,
LONG WAY,
HASN'T HE...?

I'M *WELL-
TRAVELLED*,
YES... SO
ARE YOU, I'D
WAGER...



OH
YES.

THE KNIGHT MUST
BE OH-SO *TIRE*D
AFTER HIS JOURNEY...

KINDLY JACK
ONLY WANTS
TO HELP
HIM *REST*...



...IN
PEACE.

FFWSCHHHH!!

AAAGHHH!!!

TO BE
CONTINUED...

JACK'S PULLING
BACK THE CURTAINS,
HE'S PEEKING THROUGH
THE WINDOW...

WHAT'S THE
NAUGHTY KNIGHT
GOT TUCKED
AWAY UNDER THE
COVERS...?

The Curious Tale of Spring-Heeled Jack

Chapter Two

AAIAHH!

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: ANTHONY WILLIAMS
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURING: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN

AH-HAH-HAH!
A DULL GREY WORLD
IN A BOTTLE HE
COULDN'T WAIT
TO BREAK...

A BOX OF
DELIGHTS, ITS
HEART SO WARM
AND PURE...

A PRECIOUS
LITTLE FLOWER...
SO DEAR YET
SO FAR AWAY...

NO... I
WON'T BE
VIOLATED...
LIKE THIS...

THIS...
PROBE OF
YOURS...
IS A
TWO-WAY
STREET...

...SO LET'S
TAKE A
WALK DOWN
YOUR
MEMORY
LANE.

FFWWSSSH!

GGNNGGHH!

A THOUSAND
SKIES AFLAME...
LIT BY WAR...

MANY MORE
OF YOUR KIND...
SCREAMING...
DYING...

A SYMBOL...
OF HATRED...



OH, NO!
NO!

DOCTOR!



THAT THING MUST'VE
FOLLOWED US
FROM COVENT
GARDEN! MOVE
YOURSELF, GIRL!

HAH-
HA-
HAH!
ENOUGH!

WHAT A MERRY TUNE THE KNIGHT
HAS PLAYED! DOES HE HAVE **THE**
ESSENCE? JACK DOESN'T KNOW!
JACK'S HEAD IS ALL A-SPIN!



YOUR
HEAD'S
BEEN
SPINNING...
FOR A LONG
TIME...
HASN'T
IT, JACK...?



YOU GET
AWAY FROM HIM,
YOU FILTHY SWINE!
NOW!

OH-HO! **THE PEACH**
RETURNS! LUCKY,
LUCKY JACK! HE'S
GOT ANOTHER
CHANCE TO
SAMPLE HER...

I AIN'T NO **PEACH**, YOU SMELLY
OLD GOBLIN, I'M **PENNY CHAPMAN**!
I COULD SHOOT THE WHISKERS OFF
A FOX BY THE TIME I WAS **TEN**,
AND I AIN'T AFRAID OF **YOU**!



PENNY...
NO...

THE MAIDEN
SAVES THE
KNIGHT? THE
WORLD TURNS
'OPSY-TURVY!

WE KNOWS
OUR PLACE
AT LEAST...

CLEAR
OFF!

K-THUD!
K-THUD!

JACK'S YOUR HUMBLE
SERVANT, MILADY!
DISMISSED HE IS,
AND SO HE'LL GO...

...BUT RING
THE BELL AND
HE'LL COME
A-RUNNING!

HAH-HAH-
HAH-HAH!

DOCTOR...? HOLD ON, YOU AIN'T
EVEN BURNT!

FLAME... WASN'T
PHYSICAL... IT WAS A
TYPE OF PSYCHIC
CONDUIT...

JACK WAS SEARCHING MY
MIND... IN A PARTICULARLY
BRUTAL WAY...

THANK YOU
FOR YOUR
HELP,
PENNY.
WHERE
DID YOU
GET THAT
GUN?

IT'S ME LANDLADY'S --
SHE KEEPS IT HANDY IN
CASE THERE'S ANY
STRIFE FROM THE LOCAL
BLUDGERS!

I'LL BET
YOU NEVER
MISS RENT
DAY...

THE DRIVER'S STILL ALIVE --
JACK JUST KNOCKED HIM
UNCONSCIOUS. INTERESTING...
I'LL LET HIM REST IN THE
CARRIAGE.

I HAVE TO GET
GOING, PENNY. THE
GAME'S AFOOT, TO
COIN A PHRASE...

YOU AIN'T GOING NOWHERE
WITHOUT ME, DOCTOR. I'M AS
MUCH MIXED UP IN ALL THIS
PALAVER AS YOU, AND I'M
AIMING TO FIND OUT WHY!

I DO ADMIRE
AN ENQUIRING
MIND...

ALRIGHT,
CLIMB IN!



SOON...

HERE WE ARE... WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND... THIS IS WHERE YOU LIVE?

IN A... BOX?



YOU'RE PULLING MY LEG.

I WOULDN'T DARE! LADIES FIRST...



OH MY SWEET LORD!

IT'S -- IT'S LIKE KEEPING SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL IN A CUPBOARD!

YOU KNOW, THAT'S THE BEST ANALOGY I'VE HEARD IN YEARS!

WELCOME TO THE TARDIS, PENNY. DO YOU LIKE HER?



OH, DOCTOR... IT'S THE MOST MARVELLOUS THING I'VE EVER SEEN! HOW DO YOU DO IT? YOU SHOULD BE ON THE STAGE!

I DID A COUPLE OF NIGHTS AT THE PALLADIUM WITH A TALKING DOG ONCE, BUT THE CRITICS KILLED US...

AND NOW, FOR MY NEXT TRICK...



CRUIKEY!

ELECTRONIC IMPULSES SHOULD BE NON-EXISTENT IN 1840'S LONDON... IF THERE'S ANY ANACHRONISTIC TECHNOLOGY AT WORK, THE TARDIS CAN DETECT IT...



A-HA! YES... IT'S BEEN SHIELDED, BUT THE OLD GIRL CAN STILL PINPOINT IT... FENTIMAN'S ROAD, IN LAMBETH...

I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON THERE...



BUT... DOCTOR... THAT'S THE ADDRESS FOR THE BLACKTHORNE GASWORKS...

THAT'S WHERE I WORK!



I SWEAR, THAT JACK'S GOT THE LUCK OF THE DEVIL...

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE **SPRINGS** IN HIS **BOOTS**, I'D HAVE HAD HIM TONIGHT!

BUT INSPECTOR PORTER, SIR, HE WASN'T WEARING ANY--

SHUT UP, BATES.



HE THINKS HE'S SO BLEEDING CLEVER, BUT TIMES ARE CHANGING, SEE?

LONDON'S ALL LIT UP NOW... THE RATS CAN'T DUCK AND DIVE IN THE SHADOWS NO MORE! THE NIGHT BELONGS TO THE LAW...



JUST YOU WAIT, LAD...

SOON THERE'LL BE NOWHERE TO HIDE.

ZZST
ZZST



SO THIS IS **BLACKTHORNE GASWORKS**... QUITE THE INDUSTRIAL AGE TRIUMPH...

I'VE GOT A KEY FOR THE **KITCHENS**, DOCTOR -- WE CAN GET IN ROUND THE BACK...



YOU WORK HERE?

BREEP-BREEP-BREEP

FOR THREE YEARS... HOPE I'VE STILL GOT A JOB COME MONDAY...

THE TRACER'S GOT A READING... WE'VE GOT TO GO **DEEPER**...



THE SIGNAL'S **STRONG** -- WE'RE ALMOST THERE...

I'VE NEVER BEEN DOWN HERE BEFORE... I DON'T RECKON NO ONE'S USED THIS PART OF THE FACTORY FOR AGES...

BREEP-BREEP-BREEP

I DOUBT THAT...



IT'S BEHIND THIS DOOR...

PADLOCKED. NEVER MIND, I SPOTTED A CROWBAR UP THE CORRIDOR. I'LL JUST BE A...

PENNY?



PENNY, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

HERE WE GO AGAIN...

THE ESSENCE...



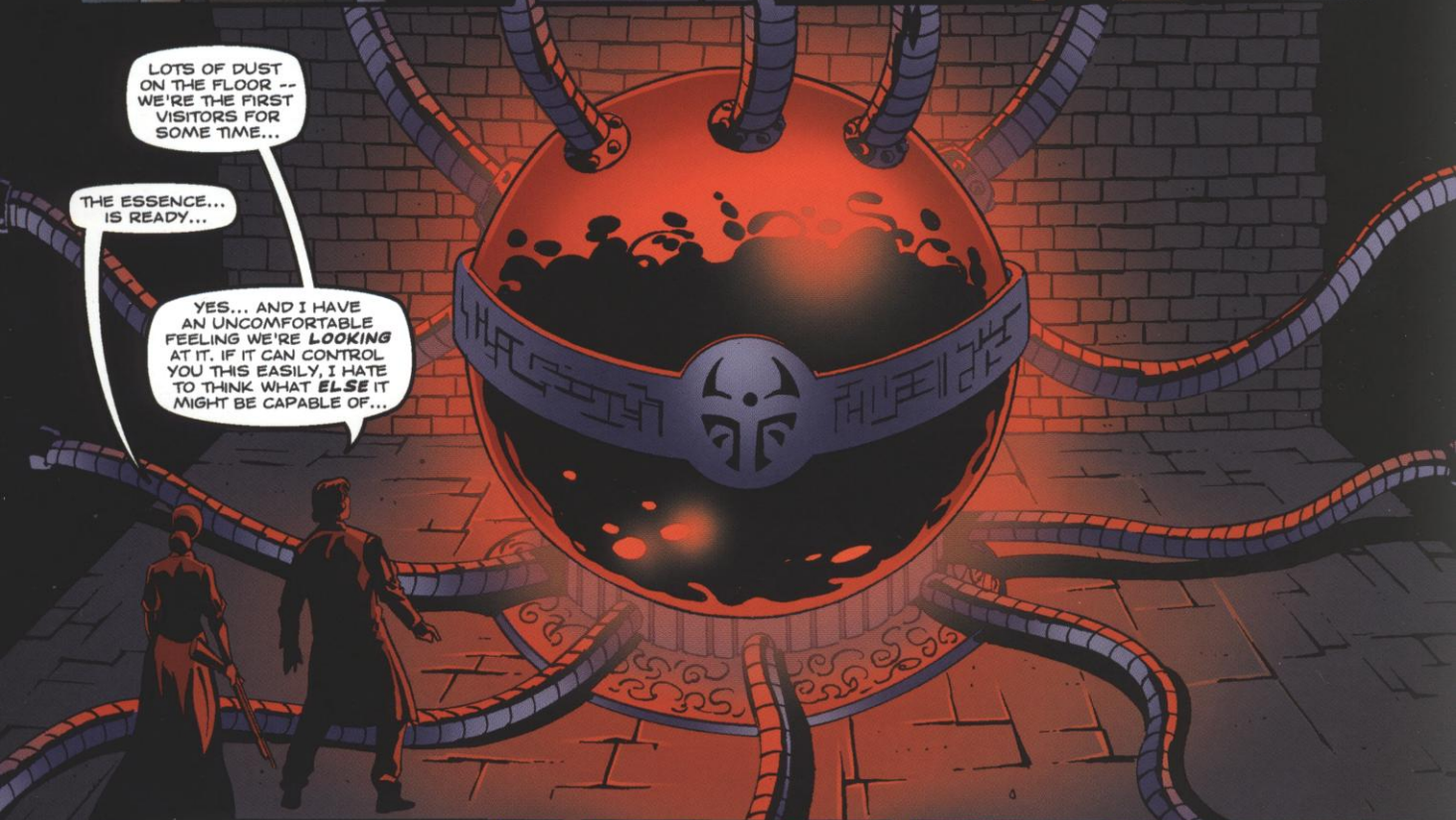
VREEP



OPEN SESAME... I'M STARTING TO THINK YOU HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE, PENNY...

THE ESSENCE...

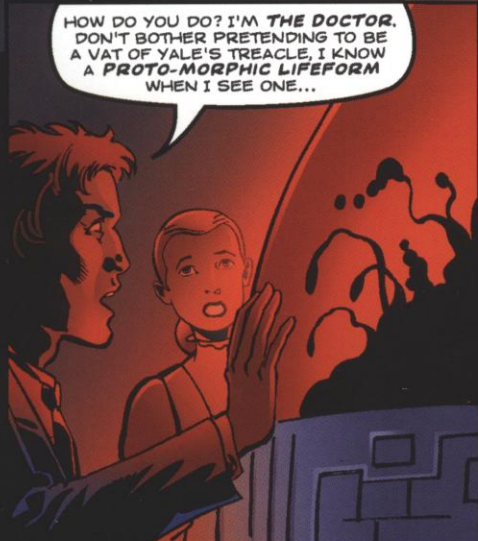
EVEN IF YOU DON'T RECALL IT.



LOTS OF DUST ON THE FLOOR -- WE'RE THE FIRST VISITORS FOR SOME TIME...

THE ESSENCE... IS READY...

YES... AND I HAVE AN UNCOMFORTABLE FEELING WE'RE **LOOKING** AT IT. IF IT CAN CONTROL YOU THIS EASILY, I HATE TO THINK WHAT **ELSE** IT MIGHT BE CAPABLE OF...



HOW DO YOU DO? I'M **THE DOCTOR**. DON'T BOTHER PRETENDING TO BE A VAT OF YALE'S TREACLE, I KNOW A **PROTO-MORPHIC LIFEFORM** WHEN I SEE ONE...



...SO WHY NOT **INTRODUCE** YOURSELF, HMM?



NNIAHH!

PENNY!

I -- REMEMBER! I REMEMBER!

THE **PYRODINES!** TH-THEY'RE COMING...



"...THEY'RE COMING NOW!"

SIR... CAN YOU SMELL SOMETHING ODD...?

THERE'S A FISHMONGERS UP THE ROAD, BUT --

HANG ON A MO... YOU'RE RIGHT...



CH-KREEESH!

CH-KREEESH!

SAINTS ALIVE, IT'S A GAS LEAK! EVERYBODY TAKE COVER!



FWWSSSHH!



FREEEE...

FREEEE...

FREEEEE...

TO BE CONCLUDED...

FREEEEE...

The Curious Tale of Spring-Heeled Jack

Chapter Three

AAHHH!

INSPECTOR,
WH-WHAT
ARE THEY?!

I...
I...

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: ANTHONY WILLIAMS
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURING: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN

GET BACK!

BATES,
DON'T!
JUST RUN
FOR IT,
LAD!

SSSSOFFTTT...

K-CHOW!
K-CHOW!

NAAIIIEE!

OH SWEET
JESUS, NO!

RUN,
EVERYBODY!

RUN!

THE BLACKTHORNE GASWORKS...

THE PYRODINES...
TH-HEY'RE HERE... THE
ESSENCE HAS GIVEN
THEM FORM... I
REMEMBER NOW...

PENNY, IT'S
ALRIGHT, TRY TO
KEEP CALM...

NO... NO,
DOCTOR... YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

THWSSSHH

THWAK

I REMEMBER EVERYTHING.

NNNGHH!

PENNY, LISTEN TO ME! THE CREATURES THAT CREATED THIS "ESSENCE" ARE CONTROLLING YOU! CONCENTRATE! FIGHT THEM!

MY NAME IS MORJANUS.

LET'S TAKE A WALK UP TO THE ROOF, SHALL WE? I'M RATHER KEEN TO SEE THE RESULTS OF ALL MY HARD WORK...

HOW SWEET. BUT I'M AFRAID THE ONLY PAWN LEFT ON THE BOARD IS YOU, DOCTOR.

WE HAVEN'T BEEN PROPERLY INTRODUCED...

LOVELY NIGHT, ISN'T IT? UNCOMMONLY WARM FOR THIS TIME OF YEAR...

IT SEEMED MORE PLEASANT WHEN WE ARRIVED...

CONGRATULATIONS, YOUR PERFORMANCE WAS IMPECCABLE. PENNY CHAPMAN, THE PLUCKY ESSEX FARM GIRL WITH A PENCHANT FOR FIREARMS -- I FELL FOR IT HOOK, LINE AND SINKER...

OH, IT WAS NO ACT, DOCTOR. I BELIEVED EVERY WORD I TOLD YOU...

WHAT...?

SELF-HYPNOSIS, THEN? YOU BRAINWASHED YOURSELF, CREATED AN ARTIFICIAL PERSONA, FAKE MEMORIES?

PRECISELY. MY REAL MIND WOULD HAVE STOOD OUT LIKE... HOW WOULD PENNY HAVE PUT IT? LIKE A "SORE THUMB" IN THIS CITY OF PRIMITIVES. JACK WOULD HAVE FOUND ME EASILY.

MY PEOPLE ARE ENGAGED IN A CONFLICT WITH HIS SPECIES. JACK IS A HUNTER. HE TRACKED ME TO EARTH, TRYING TO STOP MY MISSION...

LET ME GUESS... THE CREATION OF THE ESSENCE.

AH, BUT IT NEEDED TIME TO DEVELOP, TO MATURE, DIDN'T IT? SO YOU SET IT UP, ATTACHED IT TO THE CITY'S GAS SYSTEM, THEN HID YOURSELF AWAY, BEHIND PENNY'S SKIRTS...

AND TONIGHT IT WAS READY... TONIGHT YOU BEGAN TO WAKE UP...

OF COURSE! JACK'S A TELEPATH! YOU WERE SHIELDING YOURSELF FROM HIM, WEREN'T YOU?

AND JACK
ALMOST **CAUGHT**
ME -- BUT YOU
DISTRACTED HIM
SO **GALLANTLY**.

POOR, **POOR** JACK.
HE'S SPENT **THREE**
YEARS SEARCHING FOR
ME, SIFTING THROUGH
MILLIONS OF THESE
APE-MINDS... LITTLE
WONDER HE'S
GONE **INSANE**.

HE KEPT
ASSAULTING
YOUNG LADIES,
LOOKING
FOR **THIS**.

"YOU SEE, DOCTOR, I AM
USING THIS BACKWARD
LITTLE WORLD TO TEST
AN **EXPERIMENTAL**
WEAPON... SOMETHING
WHICH WILL TIP THE
BALANCE OF THE WAR IN
MY PEOPLE'S FAVOUR..."

"THE ESSENCE HAS
CREATED A GASEOUS,
HIGHLY **COMBUSTIBLE**
LIFEFORM. I CALL THEM
'**PYRODINES**'. THEY ARE
IMMUNE TO ANY
PSYCHIC ATTACK..."

"AND THEY ARE GOING TO
BURN THIS WRETCHED
CITY TO THE **GROUND**."

WELL DONE, MORJANUS.
AS VILLAINOUS GLOATING
GOES, THAT WAS VERY
CONCISE. EIGHT
OUT OF TEN!

YOU MIGHT WANT
TO DROP THE
CHESS ANALOGY,
THOUGH, THAT'S
BEEN DONE TO DEATH...

**CLAP-CLAP-
CLAP-CLAP**

THANK YOU,
DOCTOR, I'LL BEAR
THAT IN MIND.

NOW THEN, SPEAKING OF
DEATH, I SEE NO REASON
TO POSTPONE **YOURS** --

WHAT--?

**KLIK=
KLIK=
KLIK**

LOOKING FOR
THESE? I PINCHED
THEM BACK IN
THE **TARDIS**.

I'VE BEEN DOING THIS
SORT OF THING FOR A
WHILE NOW. I WASN'T
ABOUT TO WALK INTO THE
LION'S DEN WITH A **MIND-**
CONTROLLED GIRL
TOTING A **LOADED**
RIFLE...

HOW
CLEVER
OF YOU,
DOCTOR. BUT
AS YOU CAN
SEE...

AH...

I HAVE
A MORE
SOPHISTICATED
WEAPON TO
HAND.

WHERE
WOULD YOU
LIKE ME TO
SEND YOUR
ASHES?

MISSSTRESSS...

**THE
WSS
SHHH**

HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH!

THE PEACH HAS
RIPENED, BUT
NOW TASTES SO
BITTER! STILL, OLD
JACK WON'T SPIT
HER OUT...

HE'LL PEEL
HER SKIN
AND SLICE
HER UP FOR
SUPPER!

JACK, TRY
TO KEEP
THAT THING
BUSY!

DON'T BOTHER, YOU DERANGED FREAK -- THE
PYRODINES HAVE ONLY A RUDIMENTARY
INTELLIGENCE, YOUR PSYCHIC FLAMES
ARE USELESS!

FWSSSHHHH!

THEN WE'LL DANCE
TILL DAWN AND
SCREAM FOR AN
ENCORE! JACK IS
NIMBLE, JACK IS
QUICK...

JACK WILL SNUFF
THE CANDLESTICK!

YOUR PRECIOUS ESSENCE HAS TO
BE DESTROYED, MORJANUS! AND
WITH YOUR GUARD DOG OCCUPIED,
THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN --

...STOP
ME.

WU-WU-WU!

I BEG TO
DIFFER.

FWAKK

GGGHH!

THE BLOOD OF A THOUSAND
WARRIOR GENERATIONS COURSES
THROUGH MY VEINS, DOCTOR -- I
CAN CRUSH YOUR FRAGILE BONES
LIKE DRIED TWIGS!

YOU KNOW
THE PROBLEM
WITH GOING
OVER THE TOP,
MORJANUS...?



IT'S SO EASY TO GO OFF THE EDGE.

WH-HH-?!



OW!

OW!

OW!



ALRIGHT...

I'M BECOMING QUITE **CROSS** NOW.



HAVE YOU ANY **IDEA** OF THE **SACRIFICES** I'VE MADE IN THE COURSE OF MY **DUTY**, DOCTOR? **CLEANING! COOKING! SEWING!**

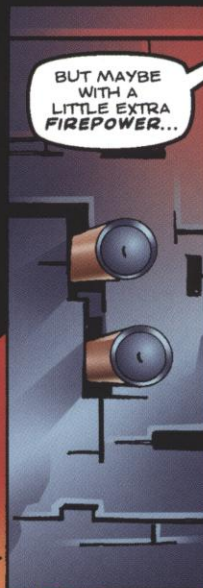
I WATCHED PENNY CHAPMAN CONDUCT HER PITIFUL LITTLE LIFE, SO **HAPPY** AND **CONTENTED**...

THE STUPID COW MADE ME **SICK!**



OH, **COME NOW!** DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE YOU CAN SHATTER THE CASING WITH A **CROWBAR**?

NORMALLY, **NO...**



BUT MAYBE WITH A LITTLE EXTRA **FIREPOWER...**



R-CHAMM



NO!

WORRIED? THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE! CONSIDERING ITS **PROPERTIES**, I'M PREPARED TO MAKE AN **EDUCATED GUESS** ABOUT THIS GOO...



IT'S HIGHLY FLAMMABLE!





SHE'S STILL ALIVE?

I'M **SURPRISED**. I THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE WANTED TO **FINISH HER...**

OWWWW...



DOCTOR...? WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON...?

WHAT WAS THAT BIG BANG...?

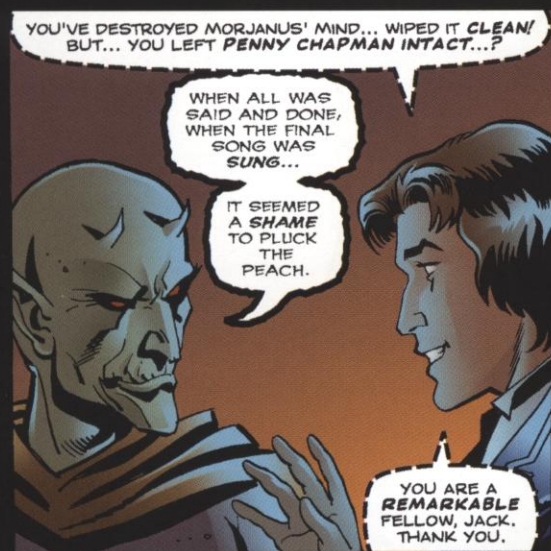


PENNY...?

IS THAT YOU...?

WELL, WHO DO YOU THINK IT IS, QUEEN VICTORIA...? COR, ME HEAD'S POUNDING...

JUST... JUST REST FOR A MINUTE...



YOU'VE DESTROYED MORJANUS' MIND... WIPED IT **CLEAN!** BUT... YOU LEFT **PENNY CHAPMAN INTACT...**?

WHEN ALL WAS SAID AND DONE, WHEN THE FINAL SONG WAS **SUNG...**

IT SEEMED A **SHAME** TO PLUCK THE PEACH.

YOU ARE A **REMARKABLE** FELLOW, JACK. THANK YOU.



JACK, **WAIT!** ARE YOU STRANDED HERE? I CAN GIVE YOU A LIFT **HOME!**

OH, AND THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE IT, NOBLE KNIGHT, BUT HOME IS **NO PLACE AT ALL NOW...**



SO JACK WILL STAY WHERE HE'S **NEEDED!**

HAH-HAH-HAH!



DOCTOR... WHAT HAPPENED...? WE FOUND THAT GLASS GLOBE... AND THERE WAS A BIG BLUE FLASH... AND...

I CAN'T REMEMBER...

TRUST ME, THAT'S FOR THE **BEST**. THE DANGER'S **OVER**, THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING.

YOU KNOW, PENNY, I HARDLY EVER OFFER PEOPLE **ADVICE**, BUT TODAY I'LL MAKE AN **EXCEPTION** -- I THINK YOU SHOULD TRY THE **COUNTRY LIFE** AGAIN. PUT ALL THIS NONSENSE **BEHIND** YOU. FIND YOURSELF A HAPPY, **NORMAL** PLACE.

LONDON CAN BE A VERY **DANGEROUS** TOWN...

"EVEN IF IT DOES HAVE ITS OWN **GUARDIAN DEMON**."



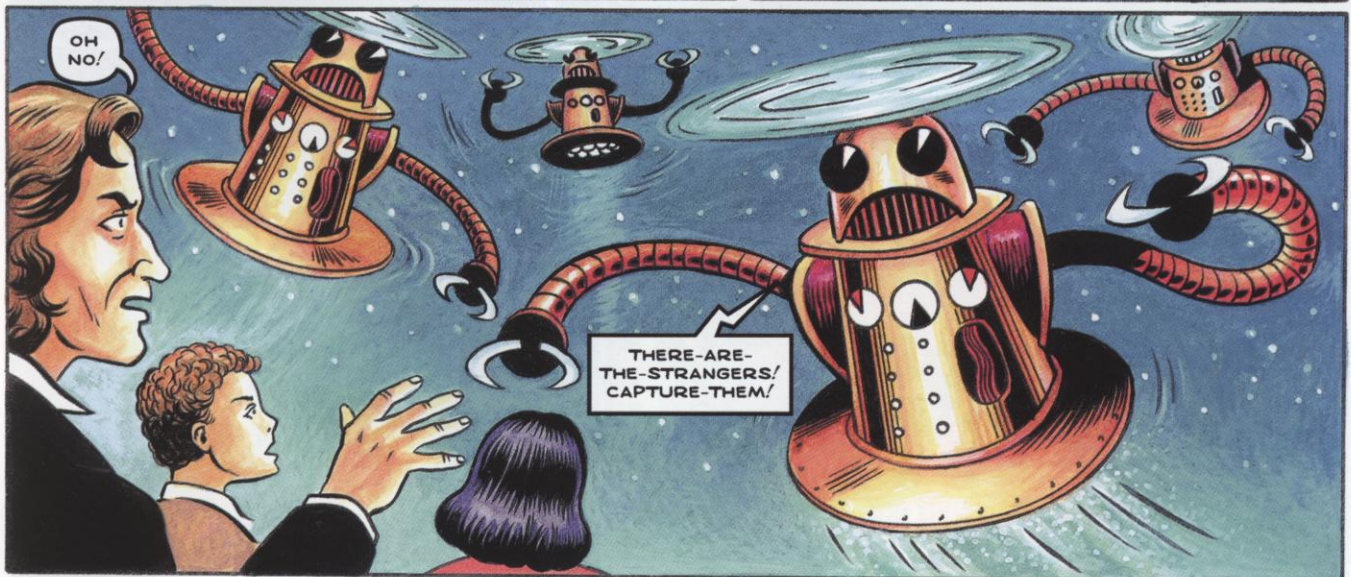
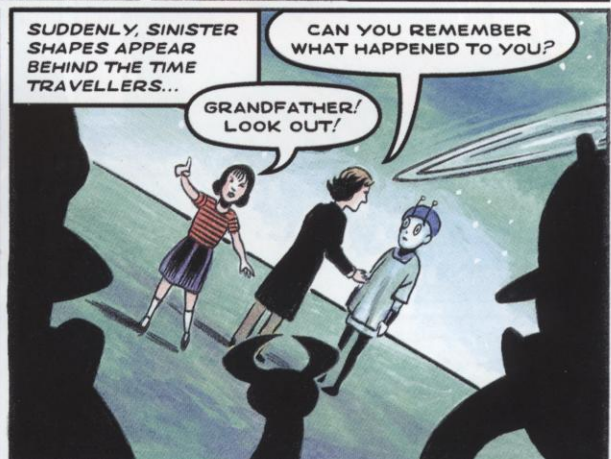
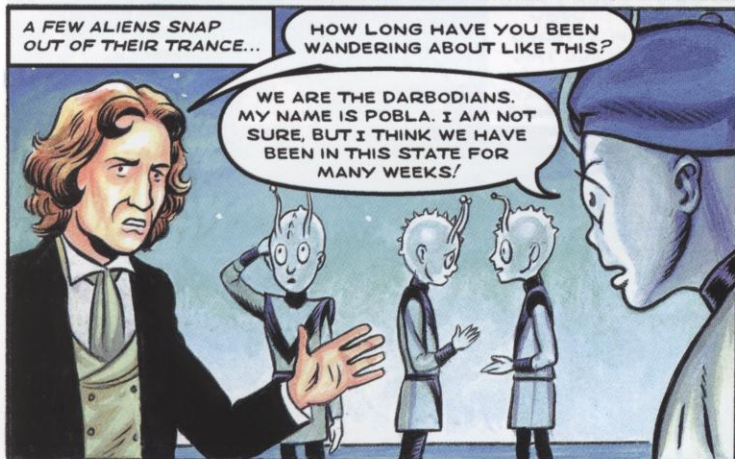
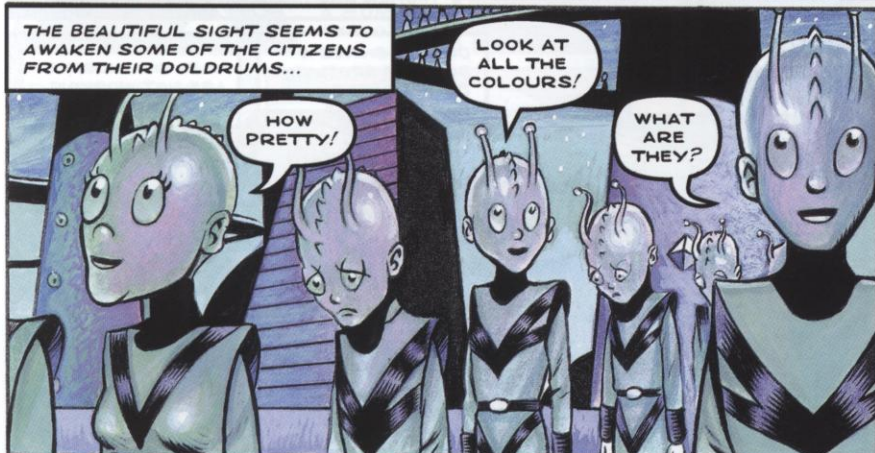
The end



DOCTOR WHO

DR Who and his grandchildren, John and Gillian, land on a strange alien planet in their amazing time machine, the Tardis...







HELP,
GRANDFATHER!
HELP!

BLAZES/
ONE OF THEM
HAS GOT
GILLIAN!



OH NO, THIS IS
A REAL PICKLE
I'M IN! I'M GOING
HIGHER AND HIGHER!



ANOTHER ROBOT
TRIES TO GRAB
JOHN, BUT...

THIS ROCK
WILL PUT YOU OUT
OF ACTION, YOU
NASTY TINHEAD!

SQQUAARK!



CAPTURE-THE-
OLD-ONE!

I'M AFRAID
I DON'T FEEL
VERY
FLATTERED
BY ALL THIS
ATTENTION! I
BELIEVE I HAVE
SOMETHING IN
MY BAG WHICH
MAY HELP...



DR WHO SHINES A
BLINDING SPOTLIGHT
ON THE ROBOTS...

OUR-VISUALISERS-
ARE-NOT-WORKING...
SQUAARK!

SHARE THE
LIMELIGHT, MY
METAL FRIENDS!
HA HA HA!



THE ROBOTS LOSE
CONTROL, AND...

THAT'S
PUT AN
END TO
THEM!



BUT WHAT
ABOUT GILLIAN,
GRANDFATHER?

WE'LL FOLLOW
AND RESCUE
HER, JOHN,
NEVER FEAR!

I KNOW THIS
CITY WELL -
PLEASE LET
ME HELP!



THANK YOU, POBLA! LET'S GET GOING - THERE ISN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!

THE TRAIL LEADS TO A LARGE BUILDING...



WHAT A FUNNY PLACE! IT LOOKS LIKE A BIG TELEVISION!

THIS IS DARBODIA'S PARLIAMENT HOUSE! WHAT COULD THOSE ROBOTS BE DOING IN THERE?

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

THE TRAVELLERS CAUTIOUSLY ENTER...



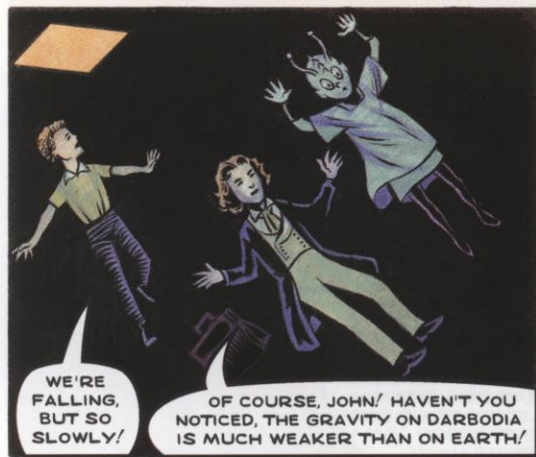
BE CAREFUL! DANGER COULD BE LURKING AROUND EVERY CORNER!

A TRAP DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS!



LOOK OUT!

WAAAH!



WE'RE FALLING, BUT SO SLOWLY!

OF COURSE, JOHN! HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED, THE GRAVITY ON DARBODIA IS MUCH WEAKER THAN ON EARTH!

THE LONG DROP FINALLY ENDS...



OOOF!

IT'S TOO DARK TO SEE ANYTHING! NOW, WHERE DID I PUT MY SPECIAL MATCHES?

DR WHO LIGHTS A MATCH, AND...



OH CRUMBS!

IT SEEMS WE'RE NOT AS ALONE AS I'D HOPED!

OH DEAR!



EEP-
EEP!

EEP-
EEP!

EEP-
EEP!

WAIT! WE'RE IN NO
DANGER FROM THESE
CREATURES! THEY
ARE FIGMENTS!

FIGMENTS?
WHAT ARE THEY?



FIGMENTS ARE FRIENDLY CREATURES OF
IMAGINATION! THEY ARE MADE OUT OF
THOUGHT AND GIVE ALL DARBODIANS
THEIR DREAMS!

EEP-
EEP!

I SEE! THOSE ROBOTS
MUST HAVE CAPTURED THEM AND
LOCKED THEM UP IN HERE! BUT WHY?



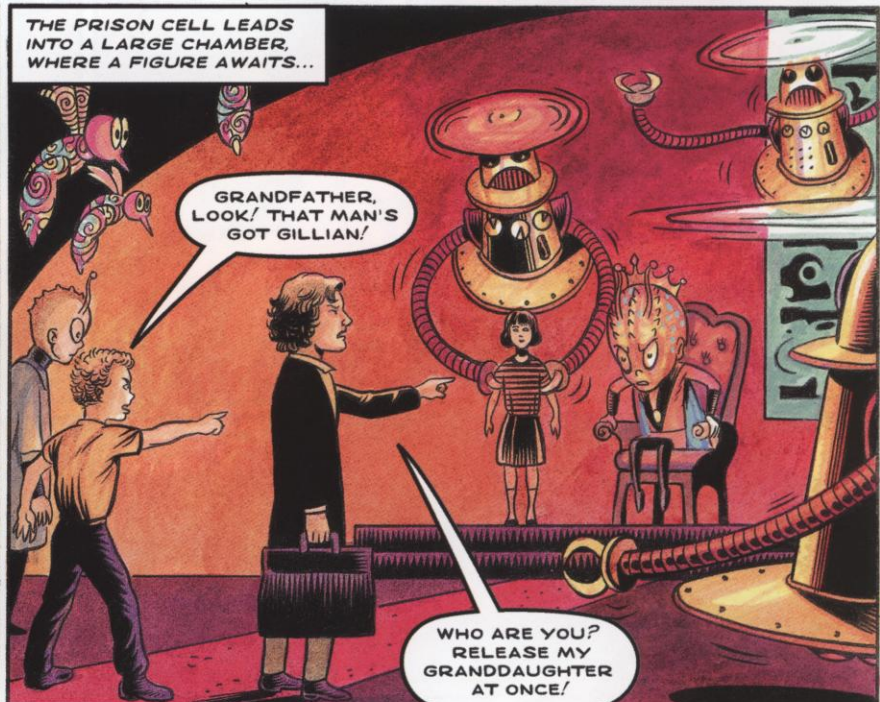
NEVER MIND THAT,
GRANDFATHER, WE
HAVE TO RESCUE
GILLIAN!

OF COURSE,
JOHN, OF
COURSE! I HAVE
SOMETHING HERE
WHICH WILL
HELP US!



YOU THINK OF
EVERYTHING,
GRANDFATHER!

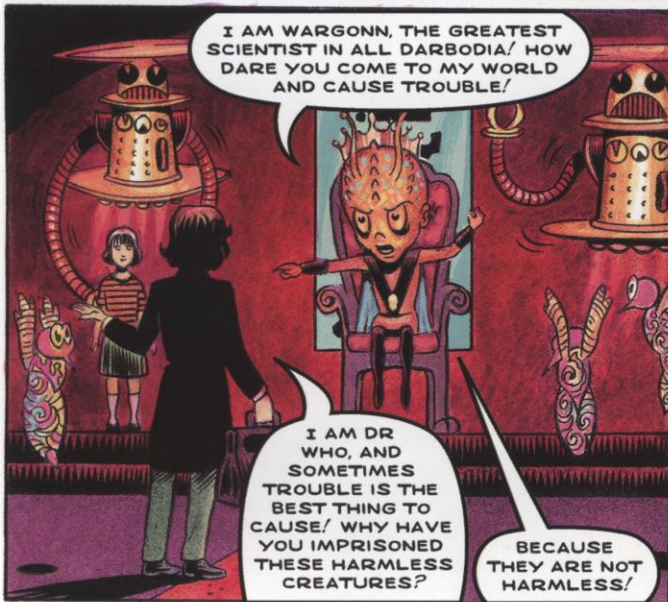
THIS ACETYLENE
TORCH WILL BURN
THROUGH THAT
LOCK IN NO
TIME!



THE PRISON CELL LEADS
INTO A LARGE CHAMBER,
WHERE A FIGURE AWAITS...

GRANDFATHER,
LOOK! THAT MAN'S
GOT GILLIAN!

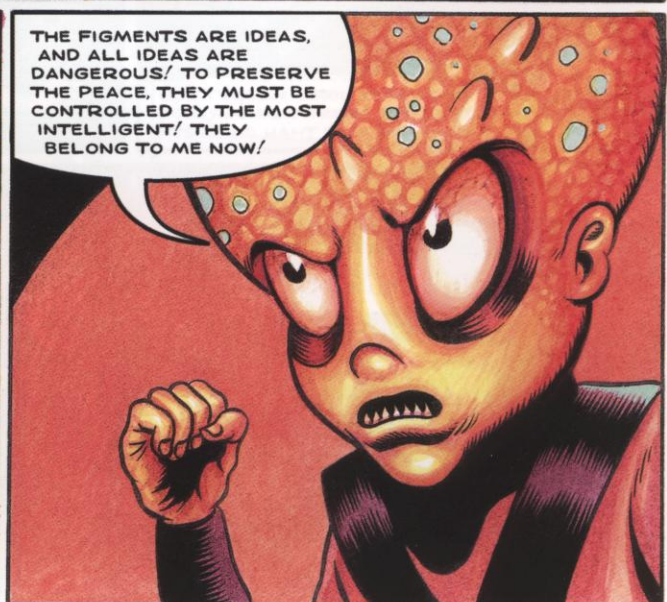
WHO ARE YOU?
RELEASE MY
GRANDDAUGHTER
AT ONCE!



I AM WARGONN, THE GREATEST
SCIENTIST IN ALL DARBODIA! HOW
DARE YOU COME TO MY WORLD
AND CAUSE TROUBLE!

I AM DR
WHO, AND
SOMETIMES
TROUBLE IS THE
BEST THING TO
CAUSE! WHY HAVE
YOU IMPRISONED
THESE HARMLESS
CREATURES?

BECAUSE
THEY ARE NOT
HARMLESS!



THE FIGMENTS ARE IDEAS,
AND ALL IDEAS ARE
DANGEROUS! TO PRESERVE
THE PEACE, THEY MUST BE
CONTROLLED BY THE MOST
INTELLIGENT! THEY
BELONG TO ME NOW!



YOUR BAG INTERESTS ME - HOW DO YOU CARRY SO MANY THINGS INSIDE IT? GIVE IT TO ME!

YOU ARE A VERY RUDE FELLOW, AREN'T YOU? VERY WELL, TAKE IT!



WARGONN LOOKS GREEDILY INSIDE DR WHO'S BAG...

I SHALL LEARN ITS SECRETS! NOBODY IS MORE CLEVER THAN I!



JOHN SUDDENLY RUSHES AT WARGONN...

TAKE A CLOSER LOOK, YOU ROTTER!

WHAT -?!



WARGONN TUMBLES DOWN INTO DR WHO'S BAG...



HA HA HA! YOU SEE, WARGONN, MY BAG IS BIGGER ON THE INSIDE THAN IT IS ON THE OUTSIDE -- JUST LIKE THE TARDIS! NOW SURRENDER OR I'LL LEAVE YOU LOCKED IN THERE FOREVER!

NO! NO! I GIVE UP! DON'T LEAVE ME IN HERE!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

EEP-EEP!

EEP-EEP!

EEP-EEP!

ATTENTION, DARBODIA, THIS IS DR WHO! YOUR FIGMENTS ARE NOW RETURNING TO YOU -- TRY TO TAKE BETTER CARE OF THEM IN FUTURE!



SOON...

OUR THANKS TO YOU ALL! DARBODIA IS A HAPPY PLACE AGAIN!

WE WERE GLAD TO HELP, POBLA! ALWAYS REMEMBER TO HANG ON TO YOUR DREAMS! GOODBYE!

BAH!



LATER, IN THE TARDIS...

WELL, WE'RE OFF AGAIN! GOLLY, I WONDER WHERE WE'LL END UP NEXT?

LOOK, JOHN! I THINK GRANDFATHER'S CATCHING UP ON HIS OWN DREAMS! HA HA HA!

ZZZZZZ...

AND DR WHO'S DREAM
LASTS A LONG TIME...

BUT WHEN HE WAKES
UP, HE FINDS THAT
HE IS ALL ALONE.

HE'S SORRY TO LEAVE HIS
GRANDCHILDREN. HE VISITS
THEM AS OFTEN AS HE CAN,
BUT HE CAN NEVER STAY
FOR LONG.

HE LIKES JOHN AND GILLIAN'S WORLD
VERY MUCH. VILLAINS ARE NAUGHTY,
NOT EVIL. PEOPLE NEVER DIE AND
PROMISES ARE NEVER BROKEN.

IT'S A PLACE WHERE
ALL THE ENDINGS
ARE HAPPY ONES.

THEIR WORLD AND HIS MAY
NEVER MEET FOR GOOD...

BUT HE'LL KEEP
TRYING TO MAKE
IT HAPPEN.

The Land of Happy Endings

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: FAZ CHOUDHURY (1-6), DAVID A. ROACH (7)
COLOURS: DARYL JOYCE (1-6), ADRIAN SALMON (7)
LETTERING: ROGER LANSRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE WORK OF NEVILLE MANN

DAKOTA, 1875.

BAD BLOOD

PART ONE

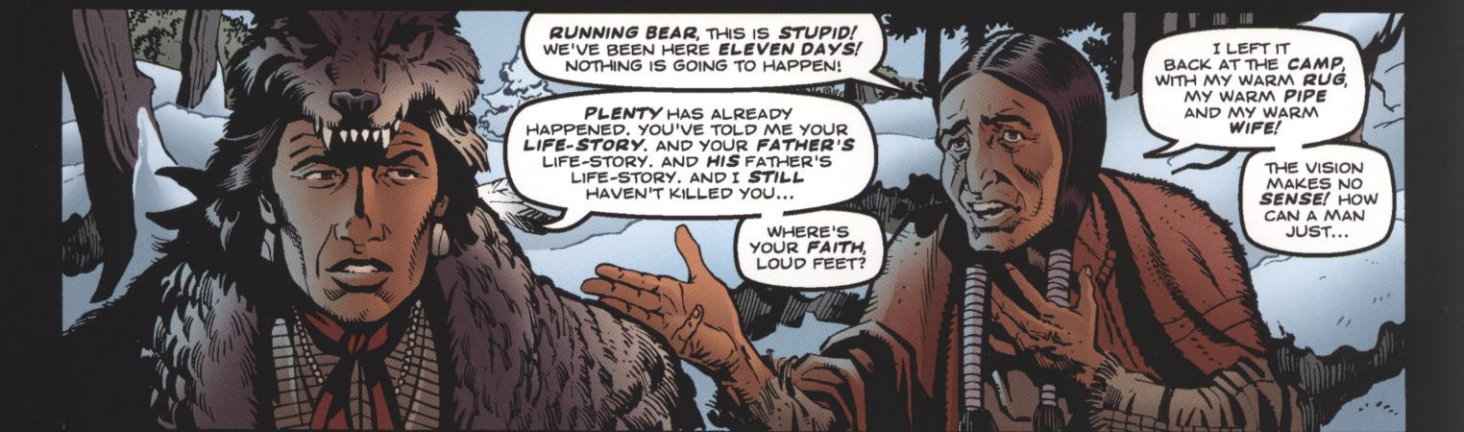
STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURS: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN





OW! I THINK MY BONES ARE CRACKING...

I'LL HELP THEM IF YOU DON'T STOP MOANING...



RUNNING BEAR, THIS IS STUPID! WE'VE BEEN HERE ELEVEN DAYS! NOTHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN!

PLENTY HAS ALREADY HAPPENED. YOU'VE TOLD ME YOUR LIFE-STORY, AND YOUR FATHER'S LIFE-STORY, AND HIS FATHER'S LIFE-STORY, AND I STILL HAVEN'T KILLED YOU...

WHERE'S YOUR FAITH, LOUD FEET?

I LEFT IT BACK AT THE CAMP, WITH MY WARM RUG, MY WARM PIPE AND MY WARM WIFE!

THE VISION MAKES NO SENSE! HOW CAN A MAN JUST...



JUST...

APPEAR... FROM THE AIR...

VWORP-VWORP

WELL, I APPRECIATE THE SCENERY, OLD GIRL, BUT YOU'VE TAKEN US A LITTLE OFF-COURSE, HAVEN'T YOU? THIS IS HARDLY HAVANA...

NEVER MIND, YOU'VE GIVEN ME A CHANCE TO TRY OUT THE HAT SAM CLEMENS GAVE ME...

UH-OH.

AH... GOOD AFTERNOON! I'M THE DOCTOR! SORRY IF I'M TRESPASSING, I WAS JUST STROLLING BY AND THOUGHT I'D GET SOME MOUNTAIN AIR, CLIMB A TREE, MAYBE BUILD A SNOWMAN...

PLEASE DON'T TAKE OFFENCE, MY SCALP AND I HAVE GROWN VERY ATTACHED OVER THE YEARS...



HE'S WHITE! THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT, CAN IT?

SHUT UP, HOG-BREATH.

GREETINGS, DOCTOR, WELCOME TO THE BLACK HILLS. I AM RUNNING BEAR OF THE LAKOTA SIOUX. I HAVE A GOOD HORSE READY FOR YOU...

YOU HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

I HAVE...?



LOVELY PLACE YOU HAVE HERE, RUNNING BEAR...

IT IS A **SACRED** PLACE, DOCTOR. WE ARE TRYING TO **KEEP** IT SO...

FORGIVE THE CHILDREN THEIR **STARES** -- THEY'VE SEEN FEW WHITE MEN THIS CLOSE.

AND FEWER STILL **UNARMED** AND **SMILING**, I SUPPOSE...?

YES...



PAPA! PAPA!

HO, LITTLE CUB, YOU'LL SOON BE STRONG ENOUGH TO LIFT ME! HAVE YOU BEEN OBEYING YOUR MOTHER WHILE I'VE BEEN AWAY?

SOMETIMES!



LOUD FEET RODE AHEAD TO **ANNOUNCE** YOU, DOCTOR. OUR **CHIEFTAIN** HAS BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING YOU.

HIS NAME IS **TATANKA YOTANKA**...



"BUT YOU WILL KNOW HIM BETTER AS **SITTING BULL**."



AH... **THERE** YOU ARE.

GOOD AFTERNOON...

OH, **SORRY**, I'M FORGETTING MY **ETIQUETTE**...



HOW!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

UH...

ARE YOU ASKING ME HOW I KNEW YOU WOULD COME?

NO... I WAS...

YES! HOW DID YOU KNOW I WOULD COME?



A BIRD TOLD ME.

A LITTLE ONE?

NO, A BIG ONE.

AH, I SEE...

ACTUALLY, I DON'T. PLEASE CARRY ON...

TWELVE NIGHTS AGO I HAD A VISION. A **GOLDEN EAGLE** FLEW TO MY ARM. HE TOLD ME THAT A **MAN** WOULD SOON COME, WALKING OUT OF THE AIR BY THE **LAUGHING WATERFALL**.

THE EAGLE SAID HE WOULD HAVE **GREAT KNOWLEDGE** AND BE A **FRIEND** TO THE **LAKOTA**...

THE **BLACK HILLS** ARE THE **LAKOTA'S HOME**. OUR HEARTS ARE GIVEN STRENGTH BY THE **SPIRITS** THAT DWELL HERE.

A **TREATY** WAS SIGNED WITH THE **GREAT FATHER** IN **WASHINGTON**. THESE HILLS WERE **PROMISED** TO US.

BUT ONE YEAR AGO **SOLDIERS** CAME. THEY FOUND **GOLD** HERE...

NOW **MINERS** HAVE FOLLOWED. **THOUSANDS** OF THEM. THEY SWARM LIKE **FIRE ANTS**, AND THE **SOLDIERS** DO **NOTHING**.

THEY THINK THIS LAND IS **NEW**, **DOCTOR**, BUT IT IS **NOT**. IT IS OLDER THAN THE **SEA**, EVEN OLDER THAN THE **SKY**. AND IT MUST NOT BE **WOUNDED** IN THIS WAY.

THERE ARE **GREAT POWERS** HERE. THEY ARE GROWING **ANGRY**...

SPIRITUAL MATTERS REALLY AREN'T MY **FORTÉ**, SITTING **BULL**. I'M NOT SURE HOW I CAN HELP YOU...

YOU MAY SURPRISE YOURSELF.

MY **CHIEFTAIN!**

THIS MORNING I WAS WATCHING THE **MINING TOWN** NEAR THE **WEST RIDGE**, THE ONE CALLED **LINCOLN**...

THERE WAS NO **SMOKE**, OR **SOUND**, OR **MOVEMENT** IN THE **STREET**... THE TOWN LIES **DEAD!**

IT HAS **BEGUN**... I MUST **SEE** THIS...

RUNNING BEAR, ORDER THE **BRAVES** TO **READY** THEIR HORSES...

SITTING **BULL**, IF THE **LAKOTA** RIDE INTO THE TOWN IN **FORCE**, YOU COULD CAUSE A **GREAT PANIC**. TAKING A **SMALL GROUP** TO INVESTIGATE MIGHT BE A **WISER OPTION**...

SEE, DOCTOR? YOU'RE **HELPING ALREADY**. WILL YOU **JOIN US**?

WELL... YES, OF **COURSE**...

NEVER MAKE A **LIAR** OUT OF A **GOLDEN EAGLE**. THAT'S MY **MOTTO**...





LATER...

THE RIDE WAS LONG... THE SUN'S LIGHT IS ALMOST GONE...

NOT MUCH POINT IN EXPLORING A GHOST TOWN DURING THE DAY, RUNNING BEAR...

HELLO! IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, DON'T BE AFRAID, WE'VE COME TO HELP!

I CAN'T SEE ANYONE...



...ALIVE, THAT IS.

OH, VERY NASTY... HE'S BEEN CHEWED UP BY AN EXPERT. HIS INTERNAL ORGANS HAVE BEEN RIPPED OUT.

HE WAS A PRIEST?

JUDGING BY WHAT'S LEFT OF HIS CLOTHING, YES.

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND. BUT TREAD SOFTLY...



LOOKS LIKE CHRISTMAS HAS BEEN CANCELLED. MAYBE THE GRINCH IS ABOUT...

"THE GRINCH"?

RUDE GREEN FELLOW. NO, FORGET I SAID THAT, IT'S VERY UNLIKELY...

BUT SOMETHING DIDN'T THINK MUCH OF THIS PLACE...



RIDERS APPROACHING FROM THE SOUTH!



COMPANY ALREADY? LET'S TAKE A LOOK...

KREEEEEEK

WE ARE OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT! THIS AREA IS UNDER OUR JURISDICTION AND CONTROL!



KEEP YOUR GUNS SILENT AND LOWERED.

THERE IS STILL A TREATY -- WE WILL NOT BE THE ONES TO BREAK IT.

BUT --



SURRENDER YOUR WEAPONS!

I HAVE RECEIVED A REPORT OF A DISTURBANCE IN THIS TOWN -- I WARN YOU NOW, IF YOU HAVE BROUGHT ABOUT ANY INJURY TO THE MEN OF LINCOLN, YOU WILL FACE OUR FULL AND IMMEDIATE JUSTICE!



WE HAVE DONE NOTHING TO THIS PLACE.

SHUT Y' MOUTH, LONG- HAIR!



I'LL TELL YOU ONCE MORE, SURRENDER YOUR WEAPONS!

WE WILL NOT. I AM SITTING BULL, FIRST CHIEFTAIN OF THE LAKOTA.

I KNOW VERY WELL WHO YOU ARE. DO YOU KNOW ME?

THEN YOU KNOW I MEAN WHAT I SAY. I'M GIVING YOU UNTIL THE COUNT OF THREE...

YES.



WONDERFUL! LOOK, RUNNING BEAR, THE CAVALRY'S ARRIVED! AND IN THE NICK OF TIME, JUST LIKE IN THE FILMS! NOT THAT THERE ARE ANY FILMS YET OF COURSE, BUT TRUST ME, WHENEVER THEY TURN UP IN A FILM THEY LOOK JUST LIKE THIS!

I FEEL MUCH SAFER NOW, DON'T YOU?



GOOD EVENING! MY FRIENDS AND I AREN'T LOOKING FOR ANY TROUBLE -- WELL, ACTUALLY, THAT'S NOT TRUE, WE ARE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, BUT WE'RE NOT LOOKING TO CAUSE ANY, AND WE'VE JUST NOTICED SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING, THIS TOWN SEEMS TO HAVE MISPLACED ITS CITIZENS...

Y'KNOW, YOU LOOK AWFULLY FAMILIAR. HAVE YOU BEEN IN ANY FILMS?





I AM GENERAL
GEORGE ARMSTRONG
CUSTER, SIR, OF THE
UNITED STATES'
SEVENTH CAVALRY.

CEASE YOUR TOMFOOLERY. YOU WILL
EXPLAIN YOUR BUSINESS HERE NOW, OR AS GOD
IS MY WITNESS, I WILL END YOUR LIFE.



ARRROOOO!

AARRROO! AARRROO OOOOOO!

STEADY,
BOY,
STEADY!

WHAT IN
THE NAME
O' HADES IS
THAT SOUND?



AT A
ROUGH
GUESS...?

I'D SAY
IT'S THE
DINNER
BELL.

NEXT: LAST STAND

AAARRRROOO! AAARRRROOO!

OPEN
FIRE!

AAIIIEE!

BAD BLOOD

PART TWO

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURS: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANBRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN

K-CHOW!

K-CHOW!

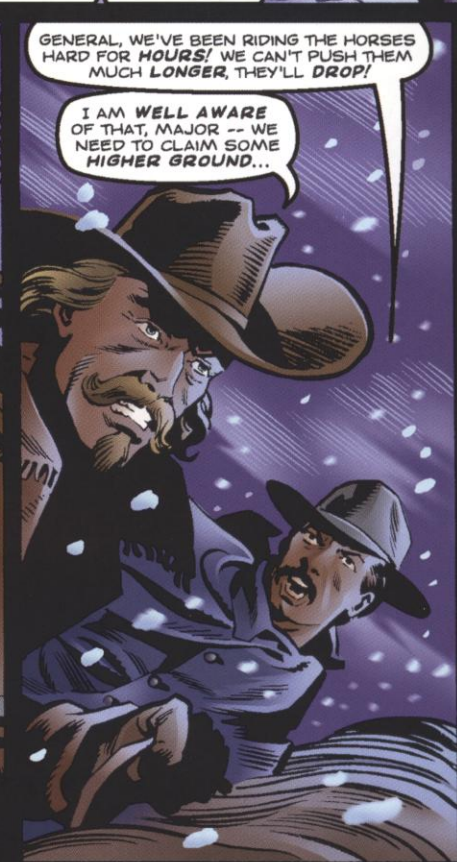
EEEAAA!

K-CHOW!

AARRGH!

THEY'RE
BEHIND US!
THEY'RE ON
THE ROOFS!

NNAARRHH!





NEVER FIGURED I'D BE SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER WITH INDIANS...

WE'RE JUST AS HAPPY ABOUT IT AS YOU, SOLDIER-BOY...

I WANT LOOKOUTS POSTED AT TWENTY-FOOT INTERVALS!

GET SOME FIRES LIT! SEE TO THE WOUNDED!



TH-THIS HURTS, ABE... MY LEG FEELS LIKE IT'S BURNING UP...

YOU GOT OFF REAL EASY, PETE, THOSE CRITTERS JUST GAVE YOU A FEW SCRATCHES. I'LL CLEAN YOU UP AND YOU'LL BE RIGHT AS RAIN...



ALRIGHT, SOMEBODY HAD BEST START PROVIDING ME WITH SOME ANSWERS! WHAT IN THE NAME OF CREATION ARE THOSE ANIMALS?

THE LAKOTA HAVE KNOWN OF THEM FOR GENERATIONS, YELLOW-HAIR. THEY ARE ELDER SPIRITS FAR OLDER THAN MAN. WHEN THEY HUNT, THEY SEARCH FOR HUMAN FLESH...

THEY ARE CALLED THE WINDIGO.



ARE YOU SO CERTAIN, RUNNING BEAR?

BUT -- THEIR MANNER -- THEY ARE JUST AS THE STORIES DESCRIBE THEM...

THE TRUE WINDIGO CAN FREEZE A MAN WHERE HE STANDS WITH ITS SCREAM. THESE BEASTS HOWL FOR OUR BLOOD BUT OUR LEGS MOVED QUICKLY ENOUGH, HEY?



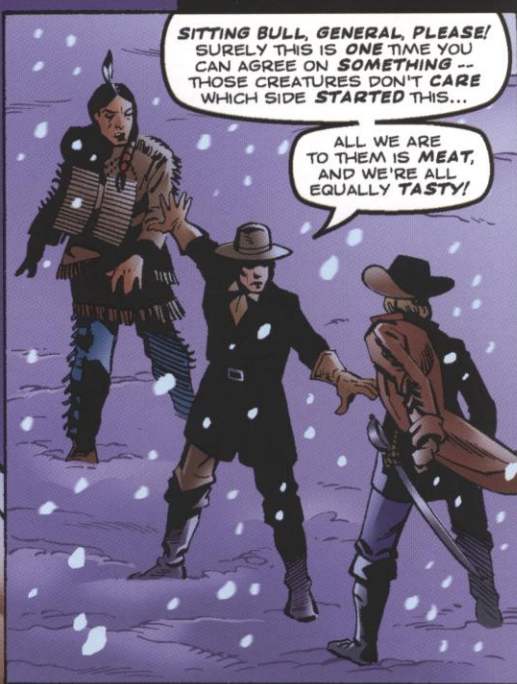
BUT WHATEVER THEIR NATURE, ONE THING IS CLEAR...

THIS IS YOUR DOING, "GREAT GENERAL." -- YOU FOUND THE GOLD. YOU LED THE MINERS HERE. YOU ANGERED THE SPIRITS WITHIN THESE HILLS!

I HAVE NO INTEREST IN YOUR SUPERSTITIOUS BABBLINGS!

MY PEOPLE HAVE SUFFERED YOUR GREED LONG ENOUGH!

I WILL NOT BE INSULTED BY AN IGNORANT NATIVE!



SITTING BULL, GENERAL, PLEASE! SURELY THIS IS ONE TIME YOU CAN AGREE ON SOMETHING -- THOSE CREATURES DON'T CARE WHICH SIDE STARTED THIS...

ALL WE ARE TO THEM IS MEAT, AND WE'RE ALL EQUALLY TASTY!



STEADY
THERE, PETE...

AARRRHHH!

PETE!!!

AARRROOOO!

EVERYONE,
GET BACK!

NO!
NO!



AARRRR--

SHHLKK!

LORD HAVE
MERCY UPON
YOUR SOUL...



A SHAPE-CHANGING
SPIRIT ENTERED
HIS BODY...

MORE LIKELY A
DOSE OF DNA
RESEQUENCING,
AND AT A
SPECTACULAR
RATE, HIS ENTIRE
BODY'S GENETIC
CODE WAS
REWRITTEN IN
SECONDS...

DON'T TOUCH
THE BLOOD, IT
COULD BE
DANGEROUS.

BUT...
IF IT'S A
CONTAGION,
THEN THAT
COULD
MEAN...

OH NO...



THE WINDIGOS
DIDN'T KILL
THE LINCOLN
MINERS...

THEY ARE
THE LINCOLN
MINERS.

THAT -- THAT'S PREPOSTEROUS! I'VE NEVER HEARD SUCH NON--

GENERAL, I KNOW THIS IS A LOT TO ABSORB BUT PLEASE WORK WITH ME! YOU SAW THAT MAN CHANGE!

"OUR HEAD-START ISN'T GOING TO LAST MUCH LONGER."

LIGHT! YES... WE HAVE TO HOLD THEM OFF UNTIL DAYBREAK. WE'LL NEED LOTS OF FLASH-CHARGES -- GUNPOWDER MIXED WITH IRON FILINGS, COMPACTED INTO SMALL CONTAINERS.

THE WINDIGOS STAYED UNDERCOVER UNTIL NIGHTFALL. LOOK AT THE SHAPE OF THEIR EYES, THE STRUCTURE OF THE CORNEA -- THEY'RE NOCTURNAL.

NOW, WHAT DO NIGHT-ANIMALS RETREAT FROM...?

GET YOUR MEN WORKING QUICKLY, GENERAL...

SOON...

ENEMY SIGHTED!

WE'RE READY, SIR...

ON MY ORDER, CORPORAL...



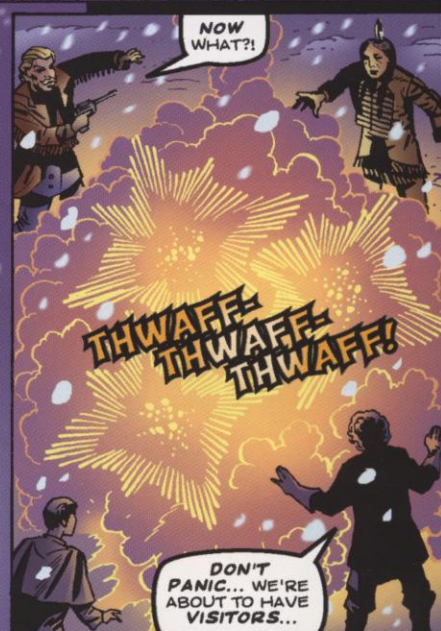
NOW!



IT'S WORKIN'! THEY'RE ALL PULLIN' BACK! WA-HOOO!

CELEBRATE LATER! DON'T STOP, READY ANOTHER CHARGE! WE NEED MORE LIGHT!





FRIENDLY
ONES, I
THINK...

OH, COULD THERE
BE ANY **DOUBT**, MY
COMRADE? YOU
WOULD ME!

GREETINGS TO YOU, DENIZENS OF 1875! WHAT A PROUD
YEAR OF **CULTURAL CONQUEST** AND **SCIENTIFIC
PROGRESSION**! TO PARTAKE OF SUCH **HISTORICAL
SPLENDOR** IS A **SINGULAR HONOUR**!

CHECK OUT THE
INDIANS, UNCLE!
CAN WE MAKE THEM
DO A **RAINDANCE**?

HUSH, MY
SWEET, DON'T
BE **VULGAR**.

JODAFRA...

DOCTOR! WHAT AN EXPECTED
SURPRISE! **DAME FORTUNE** HAS
BLESSED US WITH A JOYOUS
REUNION, AS I KNEW SHE WOULD!
YOU LOOK WELL!

AND
YOU LOOK...
PREPARED...

ALWAYS,
DEAR FELLOW,
ALWAYS...

HELLO, **DESTRII**. YOU'RE
FLESH AND BLOOD
AGAIN, I SEE...

ALL THE FLESH
YOU'LL EVER
NEED, DOC, IF
YOU CAN EVER
PLUCK UP THE
NERVE...

HEY,
WHERE'S
IZZY?

SHE'S
BACK
HOME NOW.

DUMPED
YOU AT
LAST, HUH?

GENTLEMEN, **GENTLEMEN!** THERE'S
NO NEED FOR **HOSTILITIES**! THAT
WOULD HARDLY BE **PRUDENT...** OR
GRACIOUS... OR WISE...

DO BELIEVE
ME WHEN I
TELL YOU...

I AM THE
ANSWER TO
ALL YOUR
PRAYERS...

NEXT: **DESTRII
RIDES AGAIN**

THE BLACK HILLS
OF DAKOTA, 1875...

HUZZAH! THE SALVATION HAS
PROVEN WORTHY OF HER NAME! HER
CANNONS HAVE SPOKEN, AND THE
FOUL BEASTS LIE DEAD...

BAD BLOOD

PART THREE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
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BACK OFF, TONTO.
UNCLE TALKS, YOU
LISTEN, SAVVY?

I AM COUNT JODAFRA OF THE HOUSE OF ENDOSKIA,
NOBLEST CHAPTER OF THE OBLIVION EMPIRE! MY
LOVELY NIECE DESTRIANATOS AND I NOTICED
YOUR PREDICAMENT AS WE WERE PASSING
THROUGH THE CHRONO-STREAM...

FEAR NOT, GENTLEMEN!
WHILE OUR COUNTENANCES
MAY SEEM STRANGE TO YOU,
WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS...
YOUR ALLIES...

AND
POSSIBLY YOUR
BENEFACTORS.

GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER! IT'S
A TREMENDOUS HONOUR, GENERAL!

YOU...
KNOW
ME...?

THE HERO OF
GETTYSBURG?
BUT OF COURSE!

I DO HOPE YOU'LL JOIN
THE DOCTOR AND I FOR A
SPOT OF SUPPER ABOARD
MY VESSEL.... WE HAVE
SO MUCH TO DISCUSS...

YOUR
INFESTATION
PROBLEM, FOR
EXAMPLE...

SITTING BULL, YOU'D BEST HEAD
HOME. I KNOW JODAFRA -- I
THINK I'D BETTER ACCEPT HIS
INVITATION...

MAJOR RENO, LEAD
THE MEN BACK TO
CAMP. I'M GOING TO
SPEAK WITH THIS...
PERSON...

GENERAL, YOU CAN'T
BE SERIOUS! Y-YOU
CAN'T LET THAT
CREATURE --

THAT "CREATURE" COMMANDS A
CRAFT THAT JUST DESTROYED AN
ENTIRE ARMY OF SAVAGE ANIMALS.
WE HAVE WITNESSED A FORM OF
FIREPOWER THAT DWARFS OUR
STRONGEST ARTILLERY...

HE'S
OFFERING
ME A
CHANCE TO
LOOK AT
IT...

ALRIGHT, BUT
WALK SLOWLY
WITH THIS
ONE...

HE TALKS
LIKE A SNAKE
OIL PEDDLER.



COME! A WARM FIRE AND FINE CONVERSATION AWAITS!

LET US AWAY!

THWAFF-THWAFF-THWAFF-THWAFF!

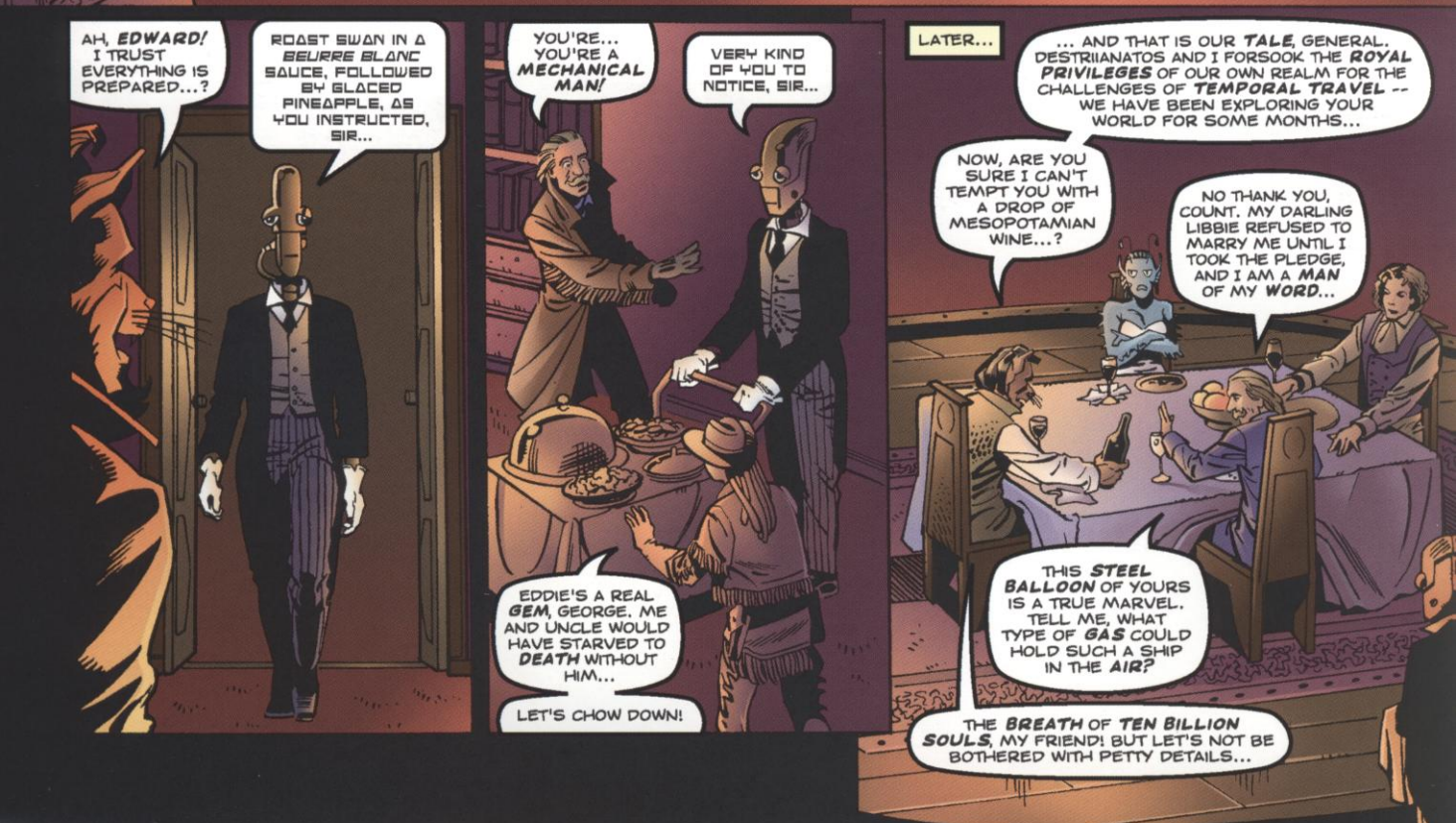


H-HOW DID...?

OUR HOST FANCIES HIMSELF SOMETHING OF A **MAGICIAN**, GENERAL. DON'T BOTHER ASKING...

NICE PLACE YOU HAVE HERE, JODAFRA. SO MUCH **BRASS** -- IT SUITS YOU...

WHY, THANK YOU, DOCTOR...



AH, EDWARD! I TRUST EVERYTHING IS PREPARED...?

ROAST SWAN IN A **SAUCE BLANC** SAUCE, FOLLOWED BY GLACED PINEAPPLE, AS YOU INSTRUCTED, SIR...

YOU'RE... YOU'RE A **MECHANICAL MAN**!

VERY KIND OF YOU TO NOTICE, SIR...

LATER...

... AND THAT IS OUR **TALE**, GENERAL. DESTRIANATOS AND I FORSOOK THE **ROYAL PRIVILEGES** OF OUR OWN REALM FOR THE CHALLENGES OF **TEMPORAL TRAVEL** -- WE HAVE BEEN EXPLORING YOUR WORLD FOR SOME MONTHS...

NOW, ARE YOU SURE I CAN'T TEMPT YOU WITH A DROP OF **MESOPOTAMIAN WINE**...?

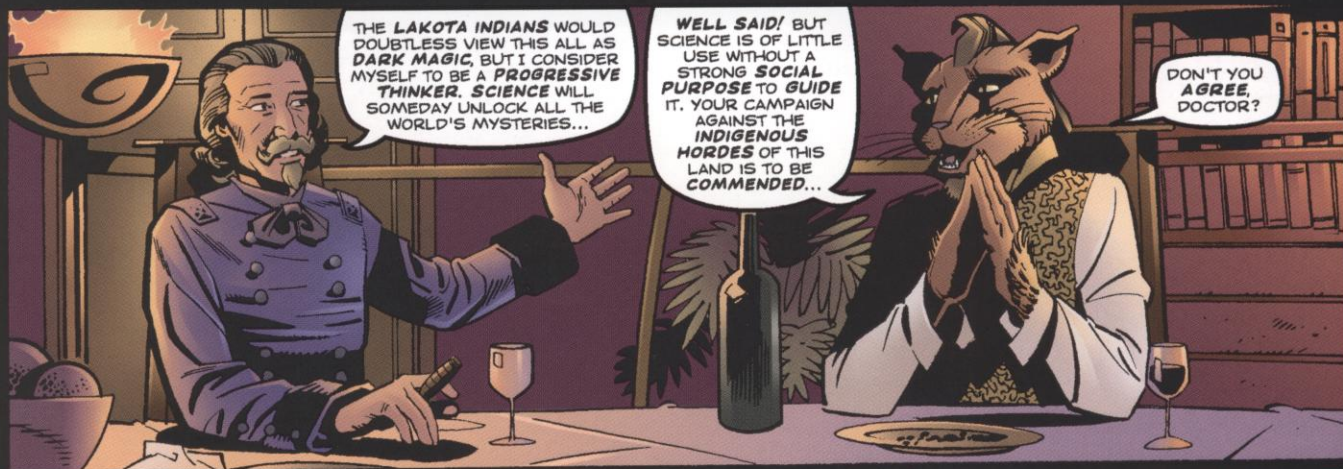
NO THANK YOU, COUNT. MY DARLING **LIBBIE** REFUSED TO MARRY ME UNTIL I TOOK THE PLEDGE, AND I AM A **MAN OF MY WORD**...

EDDIE'S A REAL **GEM**, GEORGE. ME AND UNCLE WOULD HAVE STARVED TO **DEATH** WITHOUT HIM...

LET'S CHOW DOWN!

THIS **STEEL BALLOON** OF YOURS IS A TRUE MARVEL. TELL ME, WHAT TYPE OF **GAS** COULD HOLD SUCH A SHIP IN THE AIR?

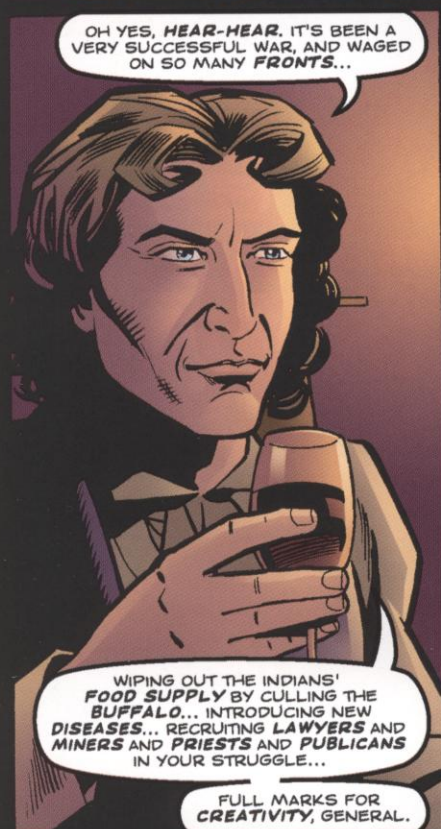
THE **BREATH** OF TEN BILLION SOULS, MY FRIEND! BUT LET'S NOT BE BOTHERED WITH PETTY DETAILS...



THE **LAKOTA INDIANS** WOULD DOUBTLESS VIEW THIS ALL AS **DARK MAGIC**, BUT I CONSIDER MYSELF TO BE A **PROGRESSIVE THINKER**. **SCIENCE** WILL SOMEDAY UNLOCK ALL THE WORLD'S MYSTERIES...

WELL SAID! BUT SCIENCE IS OF LITTLE USE WITHOUT A **STRONG SOCIAL PURPOSE** TO GUIDE IT. YOUR CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE **INDIGENOUS HORDES** OF THIS LAND IS TO BE **COMMENDED**...

DON'T YOU **AGREE**, DOCTOR?



OH YES, **HEAR-HEAR**. IT'S BEEN A VERY SUCCESSFUL WAR, AND WAGED ON SO MANY **FRONTS**...

WIPING OUT THE INDIANS' **FOOD SUPPLY** BY CULLING THE **BUFFALO**... INTRODUCING NEW **DISEASES**... RECRUITING **LAWYERS** AND **MINERS** AND **PRIESTS** AND **PUBLICANS** IN YOUR STRUGGLE...

FULL MARKS FOR **CREATIVITY**, GENERAL.



PERHAPS YOU'D PREFER THE WEST TO REMAIN **FIELDS**, DOCTOR?

IN ONE YEAR'S TIME, MY COUNTRY WILL BE A **CENTURY OLD**. WE HAVE A **MANIFEST DESTINY** -- A GOD-GIVEN **DUTY** -- TO PROMOTE OUR WAY OF LIFE TO MORE **PRIMITIVE** PEOPLES...

I BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF **EDUCATION**, OF **CIVILISATION**. INDIANS ARE **SIMPLE** CREATURES, BUT THEY ARE NOT WITHOUT A MEASURE OF **CUNNING**. WITH SUFFICIENT **SCHOOLING** THEY MAY YET FIND A **POSITION** IN OUR SOCIETY...



A **NOBLE GOAL** TO BE SURE, GENERAL!

AH! BUT IS IT THEIR **ENVIRONMENT** WHICH MARKS THEM AS **INFERIOR**, OR SOMETHING INHERENT IN THEIR **PHYSICALITIES**?

ARE THEY TRUE **MEN** OR LITTLE MORE THAN **ANIMALS**? WOULD AN **EDUCATED SAVAGE** BE A **BOON** OR A **MENACE**? WHAT AN INTRIGUING QUESTION!



WE'RE ALL PRODUCTS OF OUR ENVIRONMENT TO **SOME** EXTENT, JODAFRA. YOU AND DESTRII COME FROM A WORLD WHERE ANYONE BORN WITH THE WRONG **SURNAME** IS CONSIDERED "INFERIOR".

I WAS HOPING SOME **TRAVELLING** MIGHT HAVE OPENED YOUR EYES...

YADDA-YADDA-YADDA! CAN WE PLEASE TALK ABOUT SOMETHING **HALFWAY INTERESTING**?



THAT'S **ENOUGH**, DESTRIANATOS. IF YOU'RE **BORED**, PERHAPS YOU COULD ENTERTAIN THE DOCTOR FOR A TIME -- SHOW HIM MORE OF THE **SALVATION**...

YEAH! C'MON, DOC, LET'S BLOW THIS JOINT!



I'D RATHER STAY AND CONTIN-

UH-UH! LESS YADDA, MORE ACTION!



SO, AM I EXPECTED TO BELIEVE THAT OUR MEETING LIKE THIS IS JUST A COINCIDENCE?

IT'S FATE, DOC, ACCEPT IT! ISN'T THIS GREAT? WE'RE IN THE WILD WEST! WYATT EARP! CALAMITY JANE! HOSS CARTWRIGHT!

I'M LIVING THE DREAM AT LAST! THE FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS GET A HORSE -- A WHITE ONE, NATCH -- AND THEN I'LL LEARN TO THROW A LASSO...



STOP! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT DOES JODAFRA WANT?

JEEZ, SOMEBODY CALL THE DRAMA POLICE! WHY ARE YOU SO FIXED ON UNCLE?

YOU HAVEN'T EVEN SAID ONE WORD ABOUT MY OUTFIT! DO YOU KNOW HOW TOUGH IT IS TO FIND SEQUINS IN THIS CENTURY?



THIS ISN'T A FILM, DESTRII. JOHN WAYNE ISN'T GOING TO COME RIDING OVER THE HILL. REAL LIVES ARE AT STAKE...

WELL, SURE THEY ARE, DOC...

JUST NOT IMPORTANT ONES.



YOUR CANNONS, COUNT... WOULD YOU CARE TO TELL ME HOW THEY FUNCTION?

THINK OF A MAGNIFYING GLASS FOCUSING THE SUN'S RAYS ON AN INSECT PINNED TO THE GROUND... WRITHING AS IT BURNS... THINK OF THAT ON A FAR LARGER SCALE...

I SEE... YES... WITH POWER LIKE THAT, THE WEST COULD BE TAMED IN A MATTER OF MONTHS...



MY DEAR GENERAL, DON'T LIMIT YOUR HORIZONS! WHY BE CONTENT WITH THE WEST?

WITH POWER LIKE THAT, YOU COULD TAME AN ENTIRE WORLD...



FUNNY HOW JODAFRA DIDN'T SEEM TERRIBLY INTERESTED IN OUR ATTACKERS... HE BARELY REFERRED TO THEM DURING DINNER...

THE WINDIGOS ARE TOAST NOW, DOC, FORGET 'EM! LET'S TALK ABOUT US...



NOW, HOW DID YOU KNOW WHAT THEY WERE CALLED? I NEVER MENTIONED THEM BY NAME...

UHH...

SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD THAT LAST GLASS OF WINE, DESTRII -- VERY SLOPPY. UNCLE WON'T BE PLEASED...



HEY, WAIT! I - I MEAN, THERE'S NO RUSH --

NO, I THINK OUR SPARKLING TOUR OF THIS CORRIDOR IS OVER...

PARDON ME, EDWARD, I WANT TO SEE YOUR EMPLOYER.



THE COUNT HAS LEFT INSTRUCTIONS NOT TO BE DISTURBED, SIR.

I'M SURE. STEP ASIDE, PLEASE...



EITHER YOU **BACK UP**,
OR WE START PLAYING "MEET THE
ANCESTORS", SWEETIE.

YOUR
CALL.

KLIK



PLEASE **FORGIVE**
ME, MY FRIEND --
THE HOUR IS
LATE, AND I
FEAR I MUST BID
YOU A FOND
ADIEU...

I'M SURE YOU'RE ANXIOUS
TO RETURN TO YOUR **NEW**
FRIENDS. THE SALVATION
IS PASSING OVER THE
LAKOTA CAMP NOW.
WE'LL JUST DROP
YOU OFF, SHALL
WE...?



I WANT TO
TALK TO YOU,
JODAFRA. IN
PRIVATE!

ANOTHER TIME. **GENERAL**
CUSTER AND I HAVE SOME
TEDIOUS **BUSINESS MATTERS**
TO ATTEND TO TONIGHT...

YOUR
COAT,
SIR.

OH, AND
DOCTOR...?

MAY THE
BETTER
MAN WIN.



WONDERFUL. **JUST**
WHAT I NEEDED
TO HEAR...

DOCTOR! HAVE
YOU BEEN
HARMED?

THWAFF-THWAFF-THWAFF!



UNHARMED
BUT **ALARMED**.
RUNNING BEAR.
IT SEEMS
WE'RE IN A
CONTEST...

AND JODAFRA
AND **DESTRII**
COME FROM A
PLACE WHERE
LOSERS DON'T
LIVE TO SEE
ROUND TWO.



WE MUST CONSULT
THE **WAKAN TANKA**
FOR GUIDANCE.
COME, DOCTOR...

UM... AS I **SAID**,
SITTING BULL, THE
SPIRITUAL SIDE OF
THINGS ISN'T MY
STRONGEST SUIT --
LET ME KNOW WHAT
THEY SAY...

NO. WE
MUST JOURNEY
TOGETHER. **COME.**



RELAX YOUR MIND... LET YOUR SOUL GLIDE...

I'M REALLY NO GOOD AT THIS SORT OF -

SHHH.

BUT THERE'S SO MUCH TO -

SHHH!



THE SKY IS CALLING...



WE MUST ANSWER.

WE HAVE ENTERED THE SPIRIT STREAMS...

FANTASTIC! SOME FORM OF TELEPATHIC PROJECTION I EXPECT, POSSIBLY AMPLIFIED BY A CONCENTRATION OF PSYCHOACTIVE PARTICLES IN THE HILLS...

SIGH...

YOU USE LONG WORDS FOR SIMPLE TRUTHS.



SEE... THE WAKAN TANKA HAVE HEEDED MY PLEA...

GREETINGS TO YOU, SWIFT MESSENGER.

»SQUARRK« GREETINGS TO YOU, WAKING DREAMER. WE KNOW WHY YOU HAVE COME. YOU BRING THE TIME-WALKER WITH YOU...

UH... HELLO THERE! CAN YOU GIVE US ANY INFORMATION ON WHAT WE'RE FACING?



YOU DO BATTLE WITH AN OLD POISON. BUT IT IS FED BY A NEW ONE. THE SOIL IS ANGRY.

PURITY IS YOUR STRENGTH, BUT IT MAY ALSO BE THE KEY TO THE ENEMY'S VICTORY.



OUR
THANKS TO
YOU.

WAIT!



THAT'S IT? THAT'S ALL
WE'RE **GETTING**? I HAVE TO
SAY, I'VE MET MORE **HELPFUL**
TRANSDIMENSIONAL ENTITIES!

WE MUST
DWELL ON HIS
WORDS. THEY
WILL HOLD
THE ANSWER
WE SEEK, BUT
IT WILL...

IT WILL
NOT...

HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH!

SITTING
BULL, LOOK
OUT!



AAKKKK!

AAAINGH!



YOU HAVE STRAYED TOO
FAR FROM **HOME**, LITTLE
SPIRITS... YOU SWIM THROUGH
MY WATERS NOW...

AS I **RULED** YOUR **WORLD**
ONCE, SO SHALL IT BE
AGAIN... AS I **ATE** THE **FLESH**
OF YOUR **FOREFATHERS**,
SO SHALL IT BE AGAIN...

I AM THE **HUNGER**
OF THE **AGES**... I AM THE
SEED OF **DESPAIR**...

I AM
THE **ONE TRUE**
WINDIGO!



NEXT: RIVER
OF NO RETURN



SO YOU
PLAN TO
STOP ME,
LITTLE
SPIRITS?
AND HOW
WILL YOU DO
THAT...

WHEN YOUR
PUNY
SOULS ARE
SHREDDED
BETWEEN MY
TEETH!

BAD BLOOD

PART FOUR

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NO...
STILL...
CHANCE...

MAKE...
SOME
NOISE...

I... CAN
ALWAYS...
MAKE
SOME...

NNAARRGH!

DOCTOR!

LOUD FEET,
SOMETHING'S GONE
WRONG! FETCH
WATER! NOW!

I CAN TASTE
YOU ALREADY,
SITTING BULL...
YOU SHALL BE
THE FIRST...

YOU... ARE A
CURSE ON THE
WORLD OF MAN --
I SPIT ON
YOU...



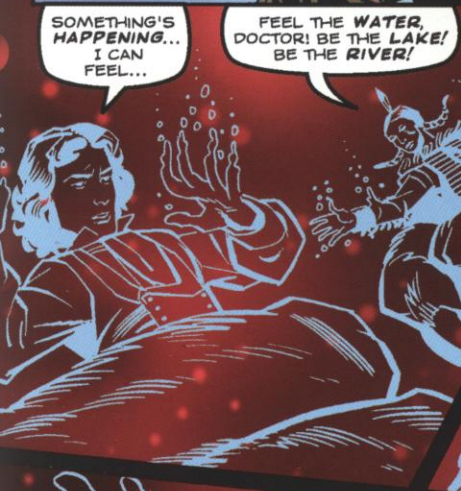
WHO AM I,
YOUR **SQUAW**?
I'M A **WARRIOR**
TOO, YOU KNOW,
I EXPECT
SOME RES-

MOVE
YOURSELF,
HOG-
BREATH!



WE HAVE
TO **DRAW**
THEM **BACK**
TO THIS **WORLD!**
WAKE UP, MY
CHIEFTAIN!

SSSSSSSS!



SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING...
I CAN
FEEL...

FEEL THE **WATER,**
DOCTOR! BE THE **LAKE!**
BE THE **RIVER!**



FEEL IT
FLOW **WITHIN**
YOU...



AND OUR
ENEMY WILL
CLUTCH AT
NOTHING!



NO!

HATE TO
DISAPPOINT
YOU,
WINDIGO...

BUT I ALWAYS
WANTED TO BE A
STREAM OF
CONSCIOUSNESS!



RUN AS
FAR YOU **LIKE,**
FLESHLINGS...

MY TIME
IS ALMOST
AT HAND.



YOU ACTED JUST IN TIME -- THE **WATER SPIRITS** STRENGTHENED OUR **SOULS**.

OR PERHAPS THE **EXTERNAL STIMULI** HELPED REASSERT CONTROL TO OUR **CONSCIOUS MINDS**...

HOWEVER YOU CARE TO DESCRIBE IT, **THANK YOU, RUNNING BEAR**.



THE **WINDIGO** SEEMED VERY **CONFIDENT** -- I THINK --

WAIT A MINUTE, IT'S **MORNING!** HOW--?

THE **TIME WINDS** BLOW AT THEIR OWN PACE IN THE **SPIRIT REALMS**, DOCTOR.



SO MINUTES ON THE **PSIONIC PLANE** CAN EQUAL **HOURS** IN THE **PHYSICAL WORLD**? THAT'S NOT GOOD...



"I DOUBT **JODAFRA** SPENT THE NIGHT **SLEEPING**."

OKAY, BOYS, GATHER **ROUND!** I AM **MISS DESTRII** AND I'LL BE YOUR **TEACHER** FOR TODAY! **PAY ATTENTION**, THERE'S GONNA BE A **WRITTEN TEST** LATER...

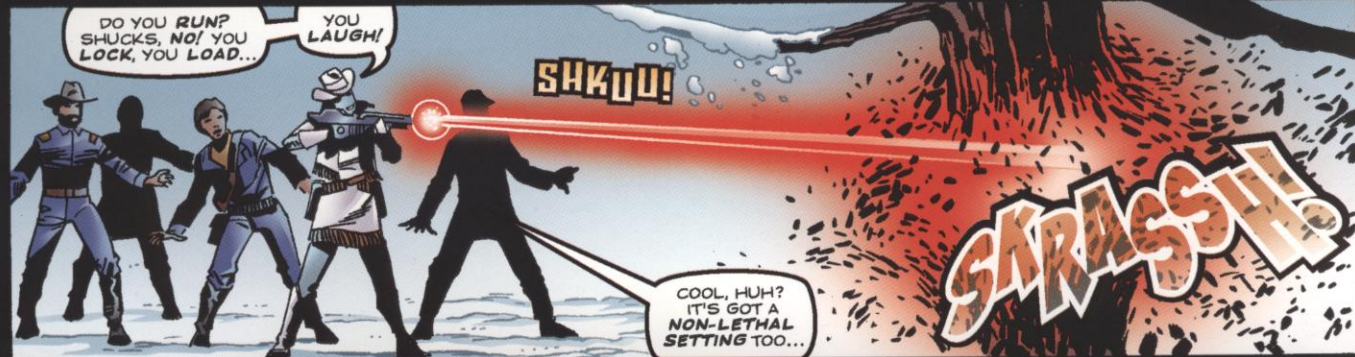
AND A '**D**' EQUALS '**DEAD**' IN MY **CLASSROOM**...



WHAT ON **GOD'S GREEN EARTH** IS THAT GADGET SUPPOSED TO BE?

THIS IS A **MARK IV EKTORIAN PULSE RIFLE**, SWEETIE, EQUIPPED WITH AN **INFRASCOPIC SIGHT**, A **PLUTONIUM BATTERY** AND **SINGLE-SHOT, SCATTER AND WIDE-BEAM** OPTIONS...

NOW PICTURE THE **SCENE**: YOU'RE RIDING THROUGH THE **WOODS** WHEN A BUNCH OF THOSE **WINDIGO CRITTERS** -- OR MAYBE SOME **LOWDOWN, DIRTY INJUNS** -- SUDDENLY MAKE WITH AN **AMBUSH**...



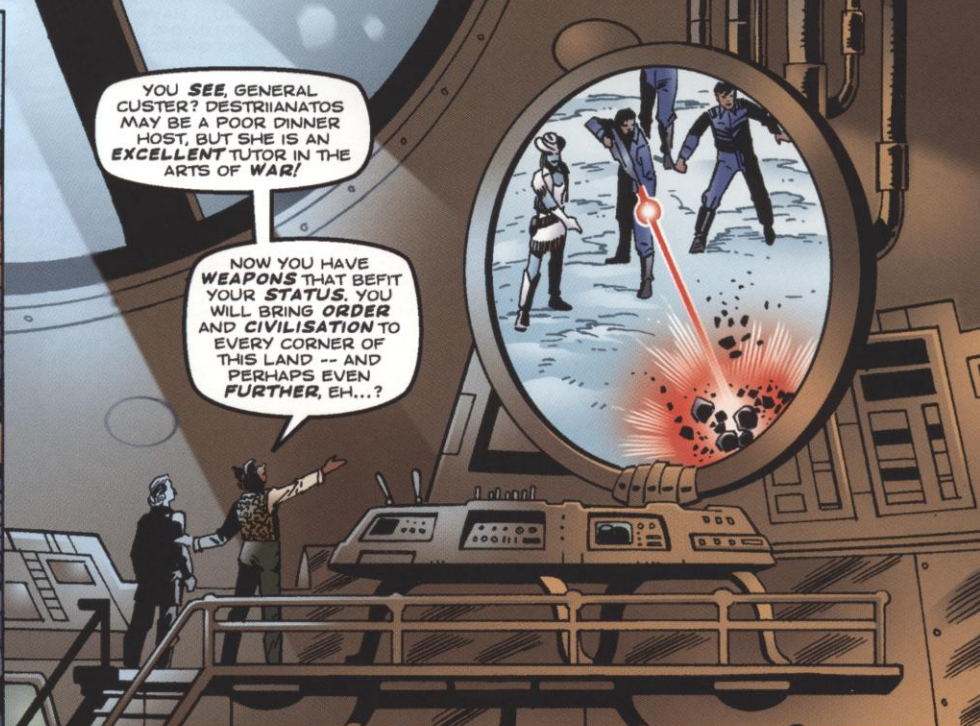
DO YOU **RUNP SHUCKS**, NO! YOU **LOCK, YOU LOAD**...

YOU **LAUGH!**

SHKUU!

COOL, HUH? IT'S GOT A **NON-LETHAL** SETTING TOO...

SKRASS!





THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN MOVED OUT AT FIRST LIGHT, AS YOU ORDERED. THEY WILL BE BEYOND THE HILLS BY MIDDAY.

GOOD -- THIS IS NO PLACE FOR THEM NOW. THE BLACK HILLS WILL ONLY BE OUR HOME AGAIN WHEN THE WINDIGO IS DESTROYED.

IS THAT POSSIBLE?

YES, MY FRIEND... HAVE FAITH IN THE GREAT SPIRIT...



"...AND IN THE DOCTOR."

AH... RIGHT ON SCHEDULE, JODAFRA...

BREED
BREED
BREED



NOW THEN... "AN OLD POISON FED BY A NEW ONE"... THAT'S WHAT MR ASTRAL CROW SAID...

THE WINDIGO SEEMS TO ACT LIKE A VIRUS, ATTACHING TO HEALTHY CELLS AND CONVERTING THEM INTO DUPLICATES OF ITSELF. IF IT'S LEFT UNCHECKED, EVERY HUMAN ON EARTH COULD BE TRANSFORMED...

BUT THE PRIEST AT LINCOLN WASN'T AFFECTED -- WHY...?

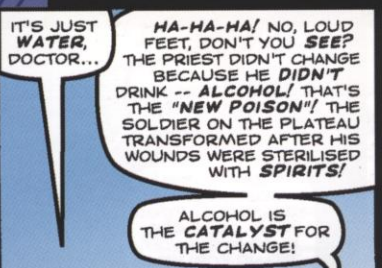


WHAT MADE HIM DIFFERENT...?



THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT!

WH--?!



IT'S JUST WATER, DOCTOR...

HA-HA-HA! NO, LOUD FEET, DON'T YOU SEE? THE PRIEST DIDN'T CHANGE BECAUSE HE DIDN'T DRINK -- ALCOHOL! THAT'S THE "NEW POISON"! THE SOLDIER ON THE PLATEAU TRANSFORMED AFTER HIS WOUNDS WERE STERILISED WITH SPIRITS!

ALCOHOL IS THE CATALYST FOR THE CHANGE!



NOW, THAT SUGGESTS A GESTATION MATRIX... YES... AND THE LAKOTA WOULD BE FREE OF ITS EFFECTS, WHICH MEANS...

WE MAY ACTUALLY HAVE A CHANCE!

HEAR ME, BROTHERS!
A MIGHTY BATTLE DRAWS
NEAR -- THE GREATEST
CHALLENGE WE HAVE
EVER FACED!

THE ENEMY IS OLD AND
CUNNING -- IT HAS DRAWN
GREEDY SOULS TO THESE
HILLS TO HELP IT! IT WISHES
THE END OF THE GREAT SPIRIT
AND TO SPREAD POISON
ACROSS THE WORLD OF MAN!

BUT WE ARE THE GUARDIANS OF
THIS LAND! IT BELONGS TO US AND
WE BELONG TO IT! WITH STRONG
ARMS AND COLD STEEL WE
WILL PROTECT IT!

THE WAKAN TANKA HAVE
SENT A FRIEND TO AID US --
THE DOCTOR IS NOT OF
THIS WORLD, YET HE IS AS
BOUND TO IT AS WE!

WE HAVE REMAINED UNTAINTED
BY THE WHITE MAN'S DRINK! THE
DOCTOR SAYS THIS MEANS WE
CANNOT BE CLAIMED BY OUR
ENEMY, AND THAT IS WHY HE
FEARS US!

WE HAVE A WEAPON!
WE HAVE THE WILL!
THE BLOOD OF OUR
FOREFATHERS
GUIDES US!



OUR HEARTS AND
SPIRITS ARE ONE! WE ARE
THE LAKOTA SIOUX!

WE WILL
PREVAIL!



SITTING BULL! SITTING BULL!

HOW DO YOU
KNOW WHERE TO GO,
DOCTOR?

JODAFRA'S MADE A
MISTAKE -- HE'S TAKEN
MY SHIP, JUST AS HE DID THE
FIRST TIME WE MET. BUT
I CAN TRACK ITS
MOVEMENT...

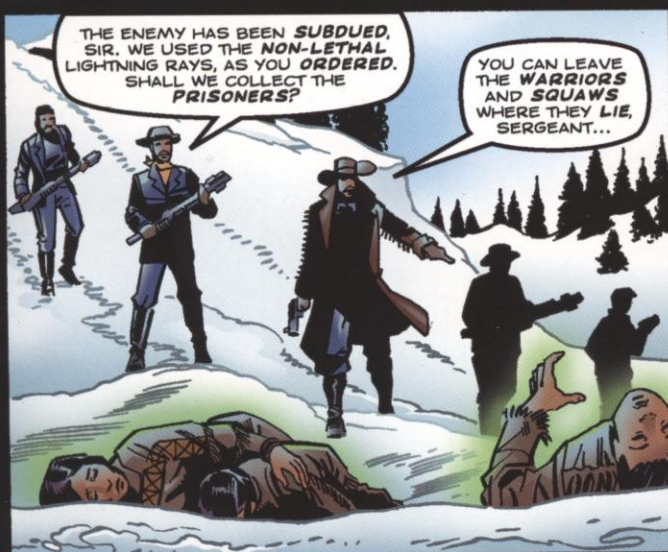
THE TARDIS WILL
LEAD US STRAIGHT TO
HIM, ALTHOUGH I ALREADY
HAVE A GOOD IDEA OF WHERE
HE'LL BE HEADING...



THIS ALL STARTED
WITH THE MINERS --
I THINK THEY DUG
UP SOMETHING OLD
AND INSIDIOUS...
SOMETHING WE
HAVE TO BURY
FOR GOOD.

I JUST
HOPE JODAFRA
STAYS
PREDICTABLE...





THAT'S THE ONE... COME ON...

THERE ARE MANY MINES IN THIS AREA, DOCTOR -- HOW CAN YOU BE SURE?

THE TARDIS IS SOMEWHERE CLOSE BY, SITTING BULL, AND THAT MEANS JODAFRA WILL BE TOO...

BAD BLOOD

PART FIVE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
 INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURS: ADRIAN SALMON
 LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, DOCTOR... IF I WERE CUSTER, I WOULD HAVE PLACED GUARDS AT THE ENTRANCE...

THAT IS A LITTLE ODD, ISN'T IT? HE DOESN'T SEEM THE TYPE TO OVERLOOK SUCH AN OBVIOUS DETAIL...

"ASSUMING HE'S STILL IN CHARGE..."

SERGEANT! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHY HAVE THE MEN LEFT THEIR POSTS?

UH... COUNT JODAFRA WANTED THE ENTIRE TROOP IN THE MAIN CAVERN, SIR...

HAVE YOU NOTICED A UNIFORM ON THAT POSTURING JACKASS, SOLDIER? I GIVE THE ORDERS AROUND HERE!

I -- I'M SORRY, SIR; I THOUGHT YOU KNEW...

AH, GENERAL, DO COME IN! ISN'T THIS INSPIRING? A TEMPLE OF BACCHANALIAN DELIGHT, UNCOVERED AFTER CENTURIES OF NEGLECT!

WHAT A STAGE FOR OUR THRILLING DENOUEMENT, EH? HA-HA-HA-HA!

JODAFRA! IN GOD'S NAME, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?!



YOU PROMISED YOU'D ONLY USE THE CHILDREN TO LURE THOSE CREATURES HERE -- BUT YOU'VE STRUNG THEM UP FOR A SLAUGHTER!

GREAT SPIRIT, HELP US!

LET US OUT!



AND THAT MACHINE UP THERE -- IT'S YOURS! YOU'VE BEEN IN THIS CAVERN BEFORE! YOU'VE BEEN LYING FROM THE BEGINNING!

OH, INDEED! BUT TREATIES WITH PRIMITIVES ARE HARDLY BINDING, GENERAL -- WOULDN'T YOU AGREE?



MEN, SEND THAT MONSTER TO HELL! FIRE! FIRE!

KLIK KLIK KLIK

I'M AFRAID YOUR SHINY NEW TRINKETS HAVE SERVED THEIR PURPOSE, MY FRIEND...



...AS HAVE YOU.

YOU KNOW, I SIMPLY CANNOT ABIDE A MAN WHO REFUSES TO APPRECIATE A GOOD WINE...

BREED-BREED



BUT I'M GLAD TO SEE THAT YOUR MEN AREN'T QUITE SO PURITANICAL!

N-NO! NO!

AAAAAAAAARRRROOOOOO!



WHAT LURKS BENEATH THE VENEER, EH, GENERAL? HA-HA-HA-HA!

NOOOO!



I THOUGHT HE'D NEVER LEAVE...

NOW, THE MINERS WHO STUMBLER ACROSS THIS CAVERN WERE AN UNRULY BUNCH, BUT YOU MEN ARE DISCIPLINED -- TRAINED TO OBEY...

HEED THE CALL... DIVE INTO THE WELL AND SURRENDER YOUR FLESH...

WE HAVE A BODY TO BUILD.



CUSTER!

GET
OUT OF MY
WAY!



LET HIM GO, RUNNING BEAR. HE
HAS A DATE WITH *HISTORY* IN
LESS THAN A YEAR'S TIME...

HE CAN'T
OUTRUN THAT.



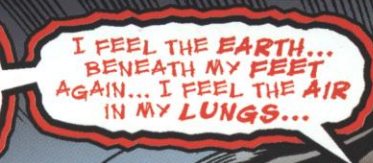
WE HAVE A *BIGGER*
PROBLEM TO DEAL
WITH. WE HAVE TO ACT
BEFORE IT'S...



TOO LATE...
LITTLE
FLESHLING...



MY
AVATARS...
HAVE SERVED
THEIR
PURPOSE...



I FEEL THE EARTH...
BENEATH MY FEET
AGAIN... I FEEL THE AIR
IN MY LUNGS...



NOW YOU...
WILL FEEL
MY CRY!





NOWHERE...

TO
HIDE...



UNCLE...

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING...?



YOU SAID YOU
WERE GOING
TO FEED THE
WINDIGO A
BUNCH OF
INJUNS...

YOU NEVER
SAID THEY
WERE GOING
TO BE KIDS!

THE WINDIGO NEEDS TO
FEED ITS NEW BODY QUICKLY,
AND IT REQUIRES HUMAN
FLESH FREE OF TOXINS -- THE
LAKOTA CHILDREN WERE THE
PUREST SPECIMENS AVAILABLE...



BUT...
THEY'RE
JUST...

QUIET NOW,
MY SWEET, I
HAVE TO **SUSTAIN**
THE SCREAM'S
EFFECT WITH MY
INSTRUMENTS...



YEESSSS...



REAL LIVES,
DESTR!! REAL
CHILDREN!

YOU
REMEMBER
WHAT IT'S
LIKE, DON'T
YOU...?



TO BE THAT
YOUNG?



"TO BE THAT
AFRAID?"



UNCLE...
I WANT YOU
TO STOP
THIS.

FIND
ANOTHER
WAY.



I TOLD YOU TO BE
QUIET, DESTR!!ANATOS. THIS
IS DELICATE WORK...





UNCLE...?



YOU'RE
SAFE, SON!
SAFE!

PAPA!

I WASN'T
SCARED,
PAPA...

NO,
LITTLE
CUB? I
WAS...

RUNNING BEAR, WE MUST
FIND DYNAMITE AND SEAL
THIS CAVERN FOREVER! THE
WINDIGO SPIRIT CANNOT DIE --
IT MUST NEVER AGAIN
FIND A NEW BODY!

DO YOU
NOT AGREE,
DOCTOR?



DOCTOR...?



UNCLE,
WAIT!

PLEASE STOP!
PLEASE! I'M SO
SORRY! I DON'T
KNOW WHY I DID THAT I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

I RUINED
EVERYTHING,
I KNOW I
DID!



I'M REALLY,
REALLY
SORRY!
Y-YOU'VE GOT
TO FORGIVE
ME...

PLEASE...





SINS OF THE FATHERS

PART ONE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY ART: JOHN ROSS
COLOURING: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE
EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN

WELL, CRANIAL TRAUMA WAS SEVERE, OF COURSE... INTERNAL BLEEDING WAS CONSIDERABLE, AND THERE WAS SOME DAMAGE TO THE NERVOUS SYSTEM...

BUT THE CELLULAR RECONSTRUCTION WENT WELL. HER SYNAPTIC RESPONSE LEVELS ARE STRONG, AND THERE'S BEEN NO LOSS OF MOTOR FUNCTIONS...

ALL IN ALL, MISS DESTRII HAS MADE A REMARKABLE RECOVERY...



YOU SAY SHE IS A PART OF A GENETICALLY MANIPULATED SPECIES?

YES... NO TWO ALIKE.

FASCINATING. I DARE SAY WE WOULD HAVE BEEN AT A LOSS TO HELP HER WITHOUT THE BIO-DATA YOU SUPPLIED...

A BRILLIANT MARINE BIOLOGIST, ALISON LAVELLE, ONCE MADE A DETAILED STUDY OF DESTRII'S PHYSICAL MAKEUP. LUCKILY, I STILL HAD HER FILES...



WELL, I'M CONFIDENT YOUR FRIEND WILL BE FULLY RECOVERED IN A DAY OR TWO, DOCTOR...

MY FRIEND? SHE'S HARDLY THAT. DESTRII'S FED ME A STEADY DIET OF TROUBLE EVER SINCE WE MET.

THEN WHY...?

SHE DID HELP ME OUT OF A TIGHT SPOT -- AND THIS IS THE PRICE SHE PAID. I SUPPOSE I OWED HER SOMETHING...

ANYWAY, ONE THING WE HAVEN'T DISCUSSED IS PAYMENT, DR PARTHO...

OH, THERE'S NO NEED FOR THAT, DOCTOR -- HIPPOCRATES BASE OPERATES ON A NON-PROFIT SYSTEM -- ALL OUR FUNDING COMES FROM THE KULKAN COLLECTIVE...



WELL, HOW ABOUT A SMALL DONATION, THEN?

D-DOCTOR... THOSE ARE FUJARA EMERALDS! WE COULD BUILD AN ENTIRE WING FOR WHAT THEY'RE WORTH!

WHAT AN EXCELLENT IDEA!



THANK YOU, DOCTOR!

NURSE, CONTINUE MONITORING MISS DESTRII -- CALL ME IF THERE'S ANY DEVELOPMENT...

YES, DR PARTHO...

CLEAN-UP CREW
12, YOU'RE
NEEDED ON
LEVEL 176...

HEY, I GOT A
BUNCH OF LEAKING
PLAXIANS WITH
DIPLOUS FLU,
HERE! GET
SOMEONE ELSE!

I'M SORRY I HAVEN'T HAD THE
CHANCE TO GIVE YOU A **PROPER TOUR**
OF THE STATION, DOCTOR...

OH, I'VE BEEN KEEPING
BUSY SIGHTSEEING -- I CAN'T
REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I
SAW SO MANY **SPECIES**
IN ONE PLACE...

THIS HAS BECOME A
BUSY SECTOR OF THE
GALAXY -- THE INTERACTION
OF ALL THESE DIFFERENT
RACES HAS LED TO A
WIDE VARIETY OF NEW
ILLNESSES...

HIPPOCRATES BASE
WAS ESTABLISHED TO
STUDY AND DEAL WITH
THEM. WE PRIDE OURSELVES
ON SETTING THE **HIGHEST**
STANDARD FOR
PATIENT CARE...

DID YOU KNOW,
WE EVEN HAVE
DIFFERING
GRAVITATIONAL
FIELDS FOR EACH
LEVEL, TO SUIT
VARIOUS
SPECIES...?

THAT'S
CLEVER!
HOW'S IT
DONE?

OH, I'VE HAD IT EXPLAINED TO
ME A **HUNDRED** TIMES, AND I
STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT...

AH, **GOOD MORNING**, MRS
GL'TCH! AND HOW ARE THE
MANDIBLES TODAY?

OOH,
MUCH
BETTER
NOW, DR
PARTHO!

GOOD, GOOD!
NOW, NO MORE
CHEWING THOSE
PYLATHIAN
SKY-SNAILS,
EH?

I KNOW IT HAS SOMETHING
TO DO WITH SPECIAL **GRAVITY**
ENHANCERS. THEY TAP INTO THE
PULL OF THE **LOCAL STAR** AND
THEN **REGULATE** AND **AMPLIFY**
IT TO VARYING DEGREES...

**YOO-HOO, DR
PARTHO! HELLO!**

YOUR PEOPLE HAVE CERTAINLY **CHANGED**
A GREAT DEAL IN THE LAST COUPLE
OF CENTURIES... I CAN REMEMBER
WHEN THE **KULKAN COLLECTIVE**
WAS THE **KULKAN EMPIRE...**

**Y-YOU
CAN?**

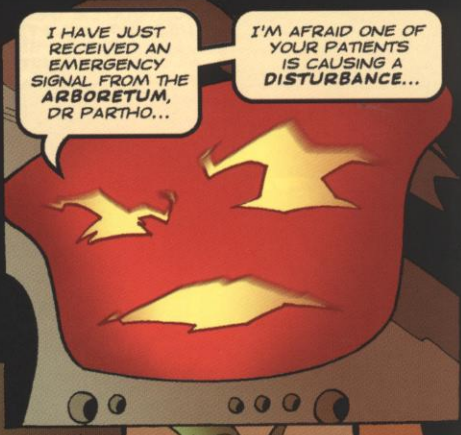
I'M A LOT **OLDER** THAN I
LOOK -- I RAN **AFOL** OF YOUR
ANCESTORS MORE THAN **ONCE...**

WELL, I WOULD NEVER **DENY** THAT **KULKAN HISTORY**
IS A **DARK AND BLOODY** ONE, DOCTOR, BUT OUR
SOCIETY HAS **EVOLVED!** **HIPPOCRATES BASE**
IS A FINE **EXAMPLE** OF THIS...

AND YOU'RE AN EVEN
BETTER ONE, DR PARTHO.
COME ON, LET'S SIT DOWN
SOMEWHERE AND SAMPLE
THE **LOCAL TEA...**

WE'LL
DRINK A **TOAST**
TO **BURIED**
HATCHETS...





DR PARTHO,
PLEASE RESPOND...

OH, DOCTOR,
YOU HAVEN'T
MET BOB, HAVE
YOU? HE'S THE
STATION'S CENTRAL
COMPUTER...

NOW, WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
BOB? YOU LOOK
WORRIED...

I HAVE JUST
RECEIVED AN
EMERGENCY
SIGNAL FROM THE
ARBORETUM,
DR PARTHO...

I'M AFRAID ONE OF
YOUR PATIENTS
IS CAUSING A
DISTURBANCE...



AIEEE!

I'LL GET
HER!

AAAAH



NNGH!

SHWOK!

RRAARRR!



EVERYONE
KEEP BACK! SHE'S VERY
DANGEROUS!

I NOTICED...



HELLO,
DESTRII...

DO YOU REMEMBER
ME? I'M THE DOCTOR...
YOU KNOW, THE BLOKE
YOU LOVE TO HATE -- OR
IS IT HATE TO LOVE?

IT'S ALRIGHT...
NO NEED TO BE
AFRAID...

RRRR...?



I WANT
TO HELP
YOU...

HEEEELLPP!
IT'S HORRIBLE!
THERE'S A LUNATIC
FISH-GIRL ATTACKING
EVERYONE IN THE
ARBORETUM!

HURRY!
HURRY!

CALM
DOWN, GIRL,
WE'RE ON TO
IT!

OKAY... THAT'S
THE CHAPERONES
OUT OF THE WAY...

ZZSSST

TRANSIT-TUBE-
ACCESS-CODE-
ACKNOWLEDGED

V
W
S
S
S
S
H

TIME
FOR MY BIG
DATE...

STAY WHERE
YOU ARE! ANY
SUDDEN MOVES
AND WE'LL
FRANK YOU!

RRRAARR!

NO! YOU
IDIOTS I'D JUST
CALMED HER
DOWN!

UHH...

AAARRRR!

UNNGGH!

YOU KNOW
WHAT I TAKE...
WHEN I'M FEELING
ANGRY,
DESTRUI...?

A NICE,
RELAXING
BATH!

S
P
P
L
S
S
H!

NURSE WEAVER? WHAT ARE YOU DOING INSIDE MY SYSTEMS CORE? I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T HAVE CLEARANCE FOR THIS AREA....

THAT'S ALRIGHT, BOB, I'M NOT NURSE WEAVER. AS IT HAPPENS, I KILLED HER THREE WEEKS AGO...

YES, SHE DIDN'T LAUGH MUCH EITHER...

WAIT A MINUTE, I KNOW...

IS THAT A JOKE? I'M SORRY, I OFTEN HAVE DIFFICULTY FOLLOWING ORGANIC HUMOUR...

MAYBE THIS WILL LIGHTEN THE MOOD!

NO!

SKKROW-SKKROW-SKKROW!



SETTLE DOWN, EVERYONE, THE SHOW'S OVER...

OH-HA...

WH-WHAT... WAS I...?

EASY, DESTRI... I THOUGHT IF YOU GOT SOME WATER INTO YOUR SYSTEM YOU MIGHT COME TO YOUR SENSES...



HER! IT WAS HER!

WHO?

THAT NURSE! SHE DID SOMETHING TO ME! SHE WAS PLANNING SOMETHING -

KLANG KLANG KLANG KLANG!



TO BE CONTINUED...

HIPPOCRATES
BASE...

SECURITY DETAIL TO
CENTRAL SYSTEMS,
COME IN, PLEASE! THIS
IS AN EMERGENCY!

WE'RE UNDER
ATTACK! UNKNOWN
HOSTILES HAVE
INVADED THE UPPER
QUADRANT!

NNAAAH!

SHUUK!

SHUUK!

SHUUK!

EEARRH!

WE NEED -
AAIEEEGH!

SHUUK!

WHAT YOU NEED,
KULKAN, IS A GOD
WHO WILL ANSWER
YOUR PRAYERS!

THE KULKAN
FILTH ARE DEAD,
CENTURION
TOLLIOS.

ONLY THE FIRST, MITHRAN. BEFORE
THIS DAY PASSES, WE'LL ADD TO OUR
TALLY A THOUSAND-FOLD.

BE HONOURED,
WARRIORS -- WE
ARE MAKING HISTORY.
TODAY HERALDS THE
BEGINNING OF OUR
PEOPLE'S
ASCENSION...

JUSTICE HAS BEEN
BROUGHT TO THIS
ABOMINATION AT LAST.

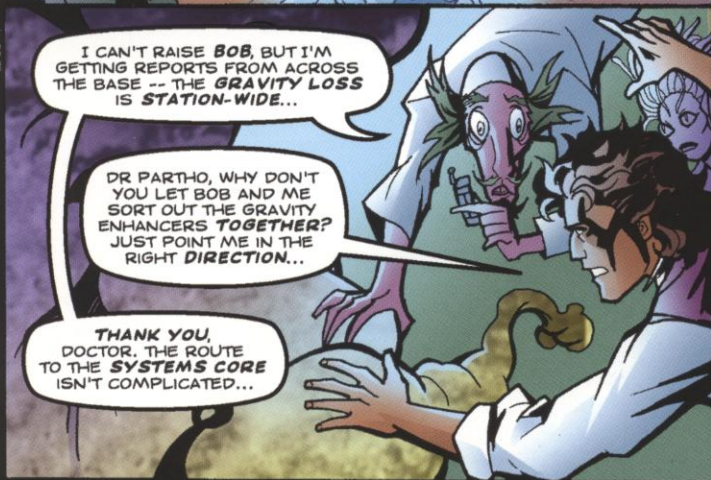
SINS OF THE FATHERS PART TWO

STORY: SCOTT GRAY ART: JOHN ROSS
COLOURING: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE
EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN



EVERYONE JOIN HANDS! TRY TO STAY LOW -- DON'T MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVEMENTS OR YOU'LL START SPINNING!

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE AFRAID -- THIS IS, UH... JUST A MINOR TECHNICAL PROBLEM, I ASSURE YOU...



I CAN'T RAISE BOB, BUT I'M GETTING REPORTS FROM ACROSS THE BASE -- THE GRAVITY LOSS IS STATION-WIDE...

DR PARTHO, WHY DON'T YOU LET BOB AND ME SORT OUT THE GRAVITY ENHANCERS TOGETHER? JUST POINT ME IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION...

THANK YOU, DOCTOR. THE ROUTE TO THE SYSTEMS CORE ISN'T COMPLICATED...



I'M COMING TOO.

WHY?

THAT NURSE WHO SCREWED WITH MY HEAD IS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE -- MAYBE I'LL GET LUCKY AND BUMP INTO HER A FEW TIMES...



SO... THIS IS A HOSPITAL?

HIPPOCRATES BASE IS A MEDICAL CENTRE RUN BY THE KULKAN COLLECTIVE. THE PEOPLE HERE SAVED YOUR LIFE.

AND YOU BROUGHT ME HERE?

YES, AFTER YOUR FAVOURITE UNCLE LEFT YOU FOR DEAD BACK IN DAKOTA...



RIGHT.

WELL... UHH...

YOU KNOW...

I KNOW WHAT, DESTRII?

THANKS.



THIS IS IT...

HMM. THE ENTRANCE HAS BEEN SEALED FROM THE INSIDE. THAT'S A LITTLE ANTISOCIAL, DON'T YOU THINK...?

CAN YOU BUST IT OPEN?



"BUST"? NO. "PERSUADE"? YES...

FREEEEEEEEEEE



BOB?
CAN YOU
STILL HEAR
ME? NO?

ZRAKK!

I SUPPOSE
YOU'RE IN **SHOCK**.
WHAT A SHAME
ALL THE DOCTORS
ARE **BUSY**...

ZRAKK!



ALRIGHT, THAT'S YOUR **EXTERNAL
COMM-SYSTEMS** WIPED OUT --
CAN'T HAVE YOU CALLING FOR
HELP, CAN WE? MY EMPLOYERS
WOULDN'T LIKE THAT AT ALL...

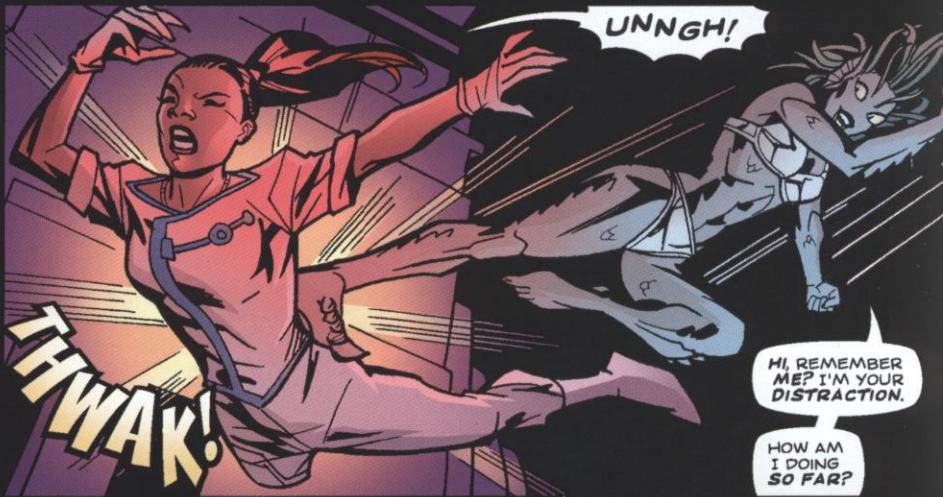
ZRAKK!

AND JUST
BETWEEN YOU AND
ME, I HAVE **NO DESIRE**
TO **UPSET** THEM...



DESTR!!
WAIT HERE WHILE I
MOVE BE--

I LIKE **PLAN B**
BETTER, DOC...



UNNGH!

THWAK!

HI, REMEMBER
ME? I'M YOUR
DISTRACTION.

HOW AM
I DOING
SO FAR?



I SHOULD
HAVE MADE
THAT
CHLORIZINE
DOSE
LETHAL!

SHWAP!

OOH, YOU'RE
TOUGHER THAN
YOU **LOOK**!
LUCKY ME!



SHOKK!

AREN'T YOU
GLAD YOU **WOKE**
ME UP NOW?

BUT LISTEN, NO **HARD**
FEELINGS, OKAY...?



HOPE YOU
GET A BETTER
NURSE THAN
I DID!

SHWAAK!

AGGGH!

THE BELT'S YOURS, DESTRII, SHE'S OUT FOR THE COUNT. THERE'S NO POINT IN HITTING HER NOW.

I'LL BET I COULD THINK OF A FEW -- LET ME WORK ON IT FOR A WHILE...

NO.

ODD... SHE DID SEEM UNUSUALLY **STRONG** FOR A HUMAN -- AND YOU HAVEN'T LEFT A **MARK** ON HER FACE.

I WONDER...

AH! THE PENDANT'S A **TRANSMITTER** -- IT WAS BROADCASTING A **HOLOGRAPHIC ENVELOPE** AROUND HER BODY AS A **DISGUISE**...

I CAN SEE **WHY**, SHE LOOKS LIKE A **GHERKIN**.

ZREEP

SO GREENIE DUSTED THE **REAL NURSE** AND TOOK HER PLACE?

PROBABLY. SHE MAY HAVE BEEN HERE FOR SOME TIME... STUDYING THE **LAYOUT** OF THE STATION, PLANNING THIS **SABOTAGE** -- BUT **WHY?**

YIIKES!

ZREEP

SUITS YOU. NOW KEEP **QUIET** FOR A MINUTE, I NEED TO **CONCENTRATE**...

SHE DID A LOT OF **DAMAGE**, I'LL HAVE TO RE-ROUTE THE TERTIARY **SYNAPTIC LINKS**...

COME ON, BOB, **WAKEY-WAKEY!**

WH-WH-WH-WH-?

I'LL TRY TO CONTACT THE **ARBORETUM**, SEE IF --

OH NO...

AARRRH!

SHUKK!

SHUKK!

SHUKK!

WELCOME TO THE **FUTURE**, KULKANSI! SHOW ME YOUR **LEADER!**



I -- I AM **DR PARTHO**, THE CHIEF PHYSICIAN OF THIS CENTRE.



PLEASE... THESE ARE **FUJARA EMERALDS** -- THEY'RE **PRICELESS**. TAKE THEM -- TAKE ANYTHING YOU WANT -- B-BUT PLEASE... PLEASE...

DON'T HURT ANYONE ELSE...



AHHH!

ARE YOU TRYING TO **BRIBE** ME, **KULKAN**? DO YOU THINK US **THIEVES**?

YOU WISH TO KNOW THE **PRICE** FOR OUR **SATISFACTION**?



HERE IT IS!

SHUUK!

AAHGH!!!



PARTHO!

NICE.



DO THESE **SWEETHEARTS** HAVE A **NAME**?

THEY ARE **ZERONITES** -- I CAN BARELY BELIEVE WHAT I'M **PROCESSING** -- THEY'VE BEEN **THOUGHT EXTINCT** FOR OVER **TWO CENTURIES**...

I TAKE IT THEY'RE **ENEMIES** OF THE **KULKANS**?

THEY ARE THE **CREATIONS** OF THE **KULKANS**, **DOCTOR**...

"WHEN THE **KULKAN EMPIRE** WAS AT ITS **STRONGEST**, IT **GENETICALLY ENGINEERED** SEVERAL **NEW SPECIES**. THE **ZERONITES** WERE A **SERVITOR CLASS**.

"THEIR **BODIES** WERE **DESIGNED** TO **FUNCTION ONLY** IN **ZERO-GRAVITY** ENVIRONMENTS..."



"THEY WERE PLACED
INSIDE LONG-RANGE
MISSILES. THEIR
SOLE PURPOSE WAS TO
MAINTAIN THEM ON
THEIR FLIGHTS..."

"THERE WAS NO
ESCAPE FOR THEM.
THE ZERONITES'
LIVES ENDED
WHEN THEIR
MISSION DID."

A KAMIKAZE
RACE. NASTY.

YOU IDENTIFIED
THEM IN A
HEARTBEAT,
BOB. HOW...?

HIPPOCRATES BASE
WASN'T ALWAYS
A HOSPITAL, DOCTOR.
THIS STATION WAS ONCE
A GENETIC
WEAPONS CENTRE...

THE ZERONITES HAVE
RETURNED TO
THEIR BIRTHPLACE.

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

AREN'T YOU
SUPPOSED TO BE A
GENIUS? LOOK, IT'S
SIMPLE, DOC -- YOU FIX
BOB AND FIND SOME
WAY OF WASTING
THESE GEEKS....

I'LL GO
OUTSIDE AND PLAY
NURSE, MAKE
SOME NOISE, BUY US
SOME TIME...

ALRIGHT...
WHY ARE
YOU DOING
THIS?

GOOD
QUESTION...

YOU KNOW, I
THINK I REMEMBER
THAT OLD GEEZER...
HE WAS MY
DOCTOR, RIGHT?
HE SEEMED
OKAY...

MAYBE I
FIGURE I OWE
THIS PLACE
SOMETHING.

ZREEP

THIS ISN'T
A GOOD
IDEA,
DESTRII...

THAT'S A RELIEF.
I HATE GOOD
IDEAS, THEY GET
SO LONELY
AROUND ME.

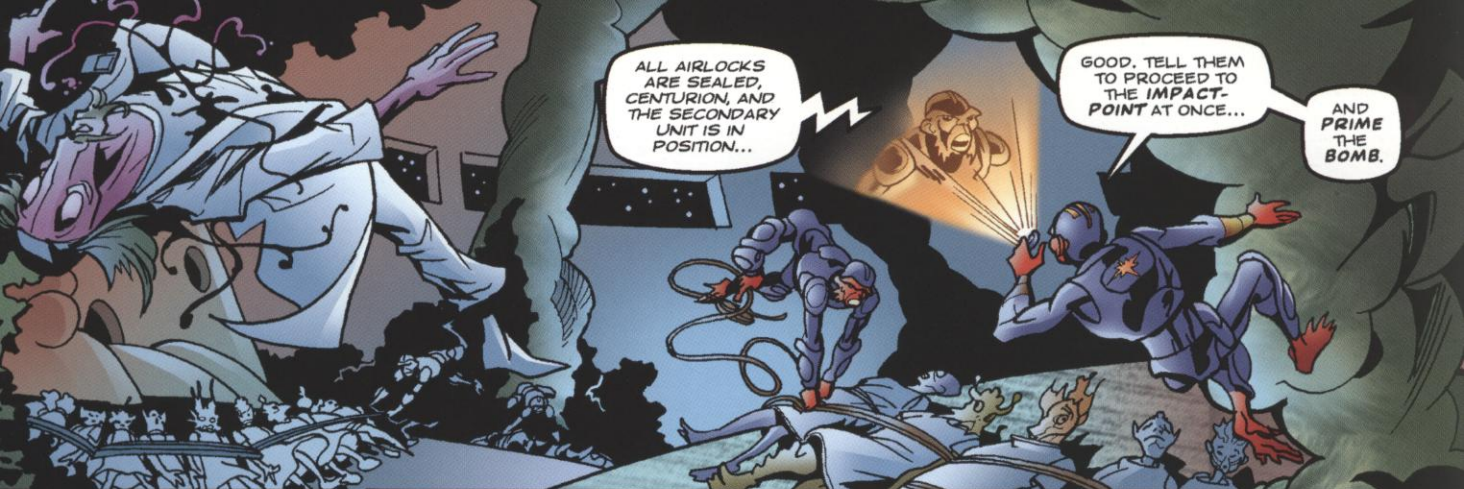
HAPPY
TRAILS...

BOB, CAN
YOU RESTORE
THE GRAVITY
FIELD?

IT WILL TAKE AT
LEAST A DAY TO
ALIGN THE AUXILIARY
ENHANCERS,
DOCTOR.

I DOUBT
THE ZERONITES
ARE PLANNING
TO STAY THAT
LONG.

I'LL NEED
EVERYTHING
YOU HAVE
ON THEM...



ALL AIRLOCKS ARE SEALED, CENTURION, AND THE SECONDARY UNIT IS IN POSITION...

GOOD. TELL THEM TO PROCEED TO THE IMPACT-POINT AT ONCE...

AND PRIME THE BOMB.



LYTHIA...?

HI, EVERYONE!

YEAH, THAT'S ME, GOOD OL' LYTHIA... I'VE FINISHED TOTALING THE COMPUTER, SO I THOUGHT I'D STOP BY AND SAY HOWDY...



YOU ARE NOT NEEDED HERE. YOU SHOULD...

WAIT -- WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR VOICE...?

HAH! FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK -- I GOT PUNCHED IN THE THROAT BY AN ANGRY FISH-GIRL...



BUT TRUST ME, I DESERVED IT!

WH--?!

CENTURION!



NEW PLAN, BONZO. TELL YOUR BOYS TO DROP THEIR GUNS, OR YOU GET TO BE THE NEW MURAL ON THE NORTH WALL...

IS THAT A THREAT, FEMALE...?



WARRIORS! PREPARE TO FIRE!

DOES YOUR RACE FEAR DEATH? MINE DOES NOT. ONLY OUR SACRED CAUSE MATTERS...

DEATH FLOATS BY MY SHOULDER, I GIVE MYSELF TO HER WITH PRIDE...



WELL, I GUESS WE'LL BE MEETING HER TOGETHER, SWEETIE.

ON THE COUNT OF THREE?

ONE...

TWO...

TO BE CONCLUDED...



THR--

HELLO! SORRY TO INTERRUPT, I CAN SEE YOU'RE ALL VERY BUSY, BUT WOULD YOU MIND CLEARING SOMETHING UP FOR ME? I PROMISE YOU CAN GO BACK TO YOUR SHOOTING AND SCREAMING AND DYING IN A MINUTE...

I'M THE DOCTOR, BY THE WAY...

SINS OF THE FATHERS

PART 3

STORY: SCOTT GRAY ART: JOHN ROSS
COLOURING: ADRIAN SALMON LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE
EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN



TOLLIOS, I KNOW THE KULKANS CREATED THE ZERONITES TO BE A SLAVE RACE, BUT THE TYRANTS WHO PERSECUTED YOU HAVE BEEN DEAD FOR CENTURIES. WHY DESTROY HIPPOCRATES BASE NOW?

YOU KNOW NOTHING, ALIEN...



WE ARE CHILDREN OF THE VOID! WE HAVE NEVER STOOD ON SOIL, BREATHED NATURAL AIR, SWUM IN AN OCEAN -- ALL THESE THINGS WERE DENIED US BY OUR OPPRESSORS!

WE HAVE SPENT GENERATIONS ARMING OURSELVES, TRAINING AS WARRIORS! WE ARE READY FOR OUR REVENGE, AND WE WILL TAKE IT...

OH, I SEE, IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER WHO YOU KILL, AS LONG AS THEY HAVE SOME FAMILIAR DNA.

BUT YOU CAN'T REALLY CALL YOURSELVES WARRIORS, TOLLIOS -- THE ZERONITES WERE DESIGNED TO BE MAINTENANCE MEN...

MURDERING A FEW NURSES AND PENSIONERS WON'T CHANGE THAT.



OF COURSE, WE COULD PUT YOUR CLAIM TO THE TEST -- HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT NICE GIRL WITH THE GUN TO YOUR HEAD? HER NAME'S DESTRII...

HIYA.

NOW SHE IS A WARRIOR. TRAINED SINCE CHILDHOOD. NEVER LOST A DUEL IN HER LIFE...



IT SEEMS TO ME YOU HAVE A CHOICE: YOU AND DESTRII CAN BOTH DIE IN A HAIL OF MESSY, AMATEURISH GUNFIRE...

OR YOU CAN FIGHT A REAL BATTLE, FOR REAL STAKES.

IN FRONT OF YOUR MEN.

YOU'RE NOT WORRIED ABOUT THAT, ARE YOU, TOLLIOS...?



EVEN IF IT IS ONLY ON THE PITIFUL DESCENDANTS OF OUR ENEMIES!



WHAT "STAKES"?

WELL, LET'S SEE -- IF YOU WIN, YOU CARRY ON AS PLANNED. IF DESTRII WINS, YOU STILL GET TO BLOW UP THE STATION, BUT YOU LET EVERYONE LEAVE FIRST. HOW DOES THAT SOUND?



ACCEPTABLE.

THIS WILL BE NO CONTEST, FEMALE.

I KNEW WE'D AGREE ON SOMETHING, SWEETIE...



CHWAP!

HAH! WELL-BLOCKED, GIRL -- BUT YOU'RE DRIFTING NOW...



AND OFF-BALANCE!

NNNGH!

FWOKK!



WE HAVE TO MOVE FAST, BOB -- DESTRII'S GOOD, BUT I HAVE A NASTY FEELING SHE'S OUT OF HER DEPTH THIS TIME...

DO YOU HAVE A PLAN, DOCTOR?

HOPEFULLY, YOU SAID THAT THE GRAVITY ENHANCERS NO LONGER HAVE THE CAPACITY TO TAP INTO THE MASS OF THE LOCAL STAR...



BUT WHAT IF THERE WAS ANOTHER OBJECT, A HUGE ONE, MUCH CLOSER? COULD THE ENHANCERS USE THAT INSTEAD?

POSSIBLY -- BUT THERE IS NO SUCH BODY IN THIS VICINITY...

AH, DON'T BE SO SURE...



ZREEP

IT'S TIME TO THINK INSIDE THE BOX...



NNFFH!

DO YOU BEGIN TO SEE, GIRL? YOU POSSESS SKILL, YES -- BUT I HAVE SPENT MY ENTIRE LIFE IN A REALM FREE OF GRAVITY!

YOU ARE IN MY ELEMENT NOW!



THIS IS EMBARRASSING -- I'M GETTING HAMMERED...

I'VE BEEN IN 3-D FIGHTS BEFORE, BUT THEY WERE ALWAYS UNDERWATER -- I KEEP TRYING TO "SWIM" THROUGH THE AIR, OUT OF REFLEX...

THINK LIKE A PINBALL, DESTRI...

IT'S ALL ABOUT ACTION...



AND REACTION!

HAVING FUN YET, CHEETAH?

SHWOKK!

GGHHH!



SHROK!

HKKK!

DO YOU KNOW WHY I WAS CHOSEN TO LEAD THIS MISSION, GIRL?

WAS IT A BEAUTY CONTEST?

I AM MY CLAN'S FINEST WARRIOR. I SLEW MY OWN BRETHREN FOR THE RIGHT TO STRIKE THE FIRST BLOW AGAINST THE KULKANS...

NO GREATER HONOUR EXIS-AKK!

YOU KNOW WHO YOU REMIND ME OF, TOLLIOS...?

ES, OLD, AM.

THWOK!



MY COUSIN
GREEBUS. HE HAD
YOUR HAIR, YOUR
TEETH, YOUR SUNNY
DISPOSITION...

FWAKK!

AAGKKK!



ONE DAY GREEBUS
COUGHED UP A
FURBALL THE SIZE OF
A GRAPEFRUIT RIGHT
ONTO THE FAMILY
DINING TABLE.

THAT
BOUGHT HIM A
TRIP INTO THE
ARENA...

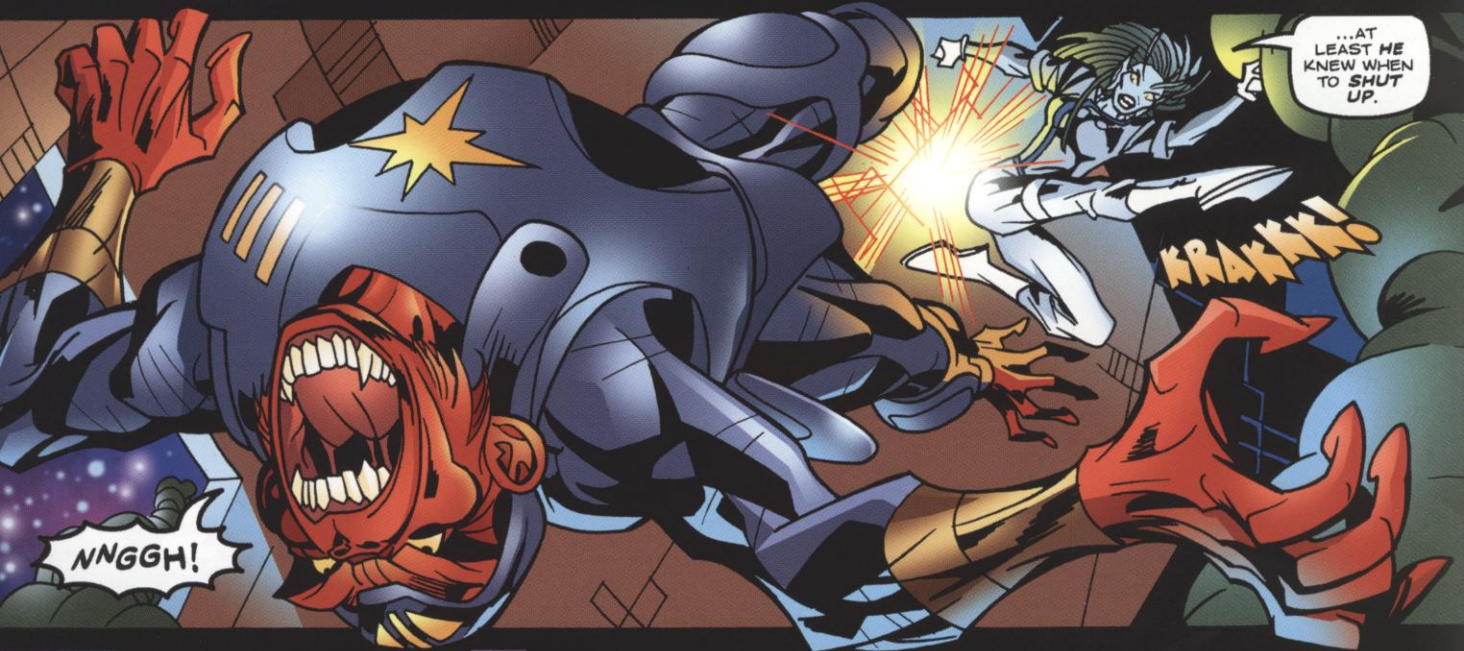
WITH
ME.



SHWAPP

CAN YOU
GUESS WHAT
HAPPENED
NEXT?

I KIND OF
LIKED GREEBUS,
Y'KNOW...



...AT
LEAST HE
KNEW WHEN
TO SHUT
UP.

NNGGH!

KRAKK!



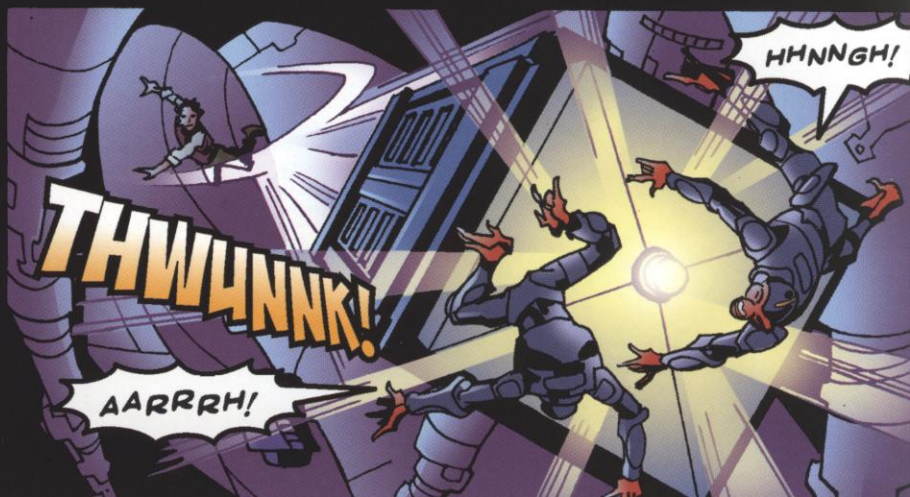
THIS IS THE
SHAFT -- IT RUNS
THE ENTIRE
LENGTH OF THE
STATION...

WE MUST
HURRY. CENTURION
TOLLIOS WISHES
THE BOMB PRIMED
IMMEDIATELY...



GOOD
THING I'M
A FAST-
BOWLER,
THEN...

WHA--?



HHNNGH!

THWUNNK!

AARRRH!



THERE, THERE...
I'M **SORRY** I HAD TO
DO THAT, OLD GIRL... I'LL
GET YOU A NEW PAINT
JOB SOON...

BOB, ARE WE
IN POSITION?

NEARLY, DOCTOR. YOU WILL
HAVE TO BE IN THE EXACT
CENTRE OF THE STATION FOR
YOUR PLAN TO WORK...



HEY, I RECKON I'M
GETTING THE HANG OF
THIS ZERO-6 THING...

WHAT DO YOU
THINK, CUDDLES?

HHGNN!

FWAKK!



YES, GIRL. A PITY YOU NEVER
LEARNED THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
A FAILED ASSAULT...

WH--?

...AND A
FEINT!



GGKKK!!!

I CAN SNAP YOUR
NECK OR CRUSH
YOUR WINDPIPE --
ONE DEATH WILL BE
SWIFT, THE OTHER WILL
NOT. WHICH WOULD
YOU PREFER?

SURRENDER,
GIRL, AND YOUR END
WILL BE QUICK...

SORRY...
CHUMP...

DON'T... DO
SURRENDER...



WOULDN'T
WANT... TO
LET MY
AUDIENCE...
DOWN...

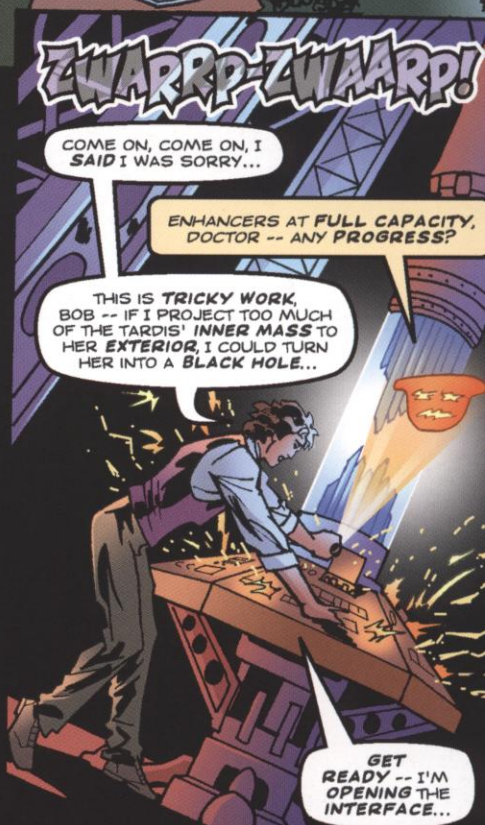


"DOWN"?
THE WORD IS
MEANINGLESS
TO ME, FEMALE!

THERE IS NO
"UP" OR "DOWN"
HERE -- THIS
IS THE VOID! THIS
IS MY WORLD!

DIE!

AAKKKK!



ZWARRP-ZWAARP!

COME ON, COME ON, I
SAID I WAS SORRY...

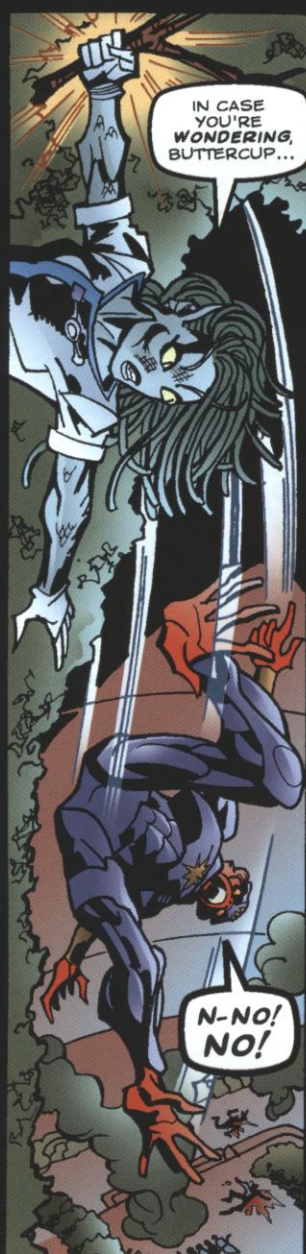
ENHANCERS AT FULL CAPACITY,
DOCTOR -- ANY PROGRESS?

THIS IS TRICKY WORK,
BOB -- IF I PROJECT TOO MUCH
OF THE TARDIS' INNER MASS TO
HER EXTERIOR, I COULD TURN
HER INTO A BLACK HOLE...

GET
READY -- I'M
OPENING THE
INTERFACE...



ZSHWAAN





ONE DAY LATER...

THE AUXILIARY ENHANCERS ARE FUNCTIONING NOW, DOCTOR -- AND THE ZERONITES HAVE ALL BEEN TAKEN INTO CUSTODY...

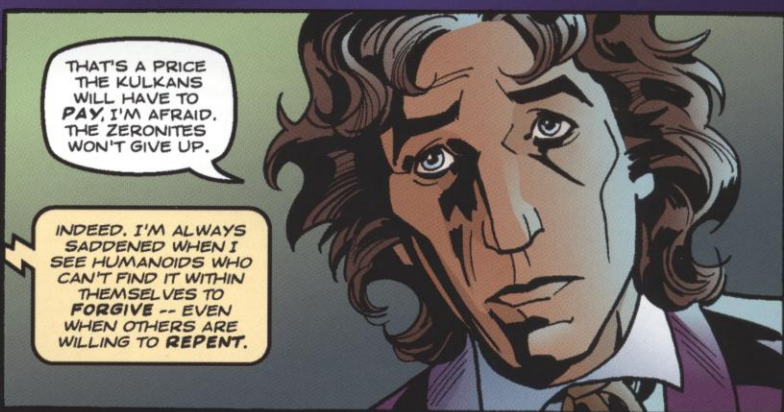
ONLY THIS LOT, BOB -- THERE'LL BE PLENTY MORE OUT THERE...



YOU DO REALISE THAT THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING?

YES... THE COLLECTIVE WILL WISH TO INCREASE SECURITY HERE -- PERHAPS POST A PERMANENT GARRISON. THEY WILL INSTALL IDENTITY CHECKS... VETTING PROCEDURES...

THIS STATION MAY NEVER BE A PLACE OF WELCOME AGAIN.



THAT'S A PRICE THE KULKANS WILL HAVE TO PAY, I'M AFRAID. THE ZERONITES WON'T GIVE UP.

INDEED, I'M ALWAYS SADDENED WHEN I SEE HUMANOID'S WHO CAN'T FIND IT WITHIN THEMSELVES TO FORGIVE -- EVEN WHEN OTHERS ARE WILLING TO REPENT.



YES... I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.



WELL, I SEE THEY GOT RID OF ALL THE CUTS AND BRUISES...

YEAH, THEY DID AN OKAY JOB. I COULD HAVE DONE WITH THIS PLACE AFTER ONE OR TWO ARENA BOUTS BACK IN THE OLD DAYS...

I'M GOOD AS NEW, DOC. WHOOP-DE-DOO.



SO WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?

WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M GOING TO DO?

I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE ME BACK TO OBLIVION AND DUMP ME ON MY SHINY BLUE BUTT.



THAT DOES SOUND LIKE A VERY GOOD IDEA.

YEAH, WELL, DON'T EXPECT ANY TEARS, DOC. I WAS GETTING SICK OF ALL THIS TRAVELLING ANYWAY.

AT LEAST BACK HOME I KNOW WHO MY ENEMIES ARE.

OF COURSE, WE COULD GO BACK VIA THE SCENIC ROUTE -- STOP OFF ON GHOSNIK IV FOR THEIR MILLENNIAL MARDI GRAS... OR TAKE IN THE KUUZBANE RACES ON ISIS MINOR...

INTERESTED?

DESTRII, YOU'RE AN EGOCENTRIC, IMMATURE HELLION, AND YOU'VE GOT A VIOLENT STREAK WIDER THAN THE GOBI DESERT...

BUT I THINK, DEEP, DEEP DOWN, THERE MAY JUST BE A DECENT PERSON STRUGGLING TO BREAK OUT OF THAT CALLOUS SUIT OF ARMOUR YOU'RE ALWAYS WEARING.

I'M PREPARED TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE. ARE YOU PREPARED TO TAKE IT?

ARE... ARE YOU SERIOUS?

YES! YES! YEESSSS!

UNDERSTAND THIS: YOU'RE ON PROBATION. YOU'LL FOLLOW MY LEAD. YOU WON'T CALL ME "DO" AND YOU'LL START THINKING WITH YOUR BRAIN INSTEAD OF YOUR FISTS.

BREAK THE RULES AND YOU'RE HOMEWARD BOUND.

DEAL?

WE'RE GONNA BE GREAT TOGETHER, DOCTOR. YOU'LL SEE! WE'LL BE JUST LIKE STARSKY AND HUTCH... OR BUTCH AND SUNDANCE...

OR ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER...

HUH...?

mhmwakk!

AND YOU'LL STOP DOING THAT, TOO!

VWORP-VWORP

THE END.

It started like every other day.

POPULATION CENTRE
SELECTED. NATIVE
DESIGNATION: "LONDON".

The world woke up and yawned.
We switched on Radio 1 and fed
the cat and read the paper and
burnt the toast.

REFRACTION
SHIELD ACTIVATED.

DESCENDING...

We moaned about the traffic
and paid the phone bill and
formed queues at Tesco's.

The same old,
same old.

AIR TEMPERATURE
INCREASING...

RISE IN
AMBIENT
NOISE LEVEL:
72.5%...

Animals are supposed to sense threats
to their environment. They're meant to
know when an earthquake is due, or when
a forest fire breaks out. But we had
told ourselves we weren't animals.

Our instincts
failed us.

COMMENCING
SCAN...

REGISTERING
SEROTONIN
RATIOS...

ENDORPHIN LEVELS
CONSISTENT
WITH ESTABLISHED
RECORDINGS...

No one
looked up.

No one felt
it coming.

Not until it was
far too late.

RELAY
DATASTREAM
TO CENTRAL
CON -

ALERT...
ALERT...
ALERT...

NEW PRIORITY...
CHRONOLOGICAL
DISTORTION IN
PROGRESS...

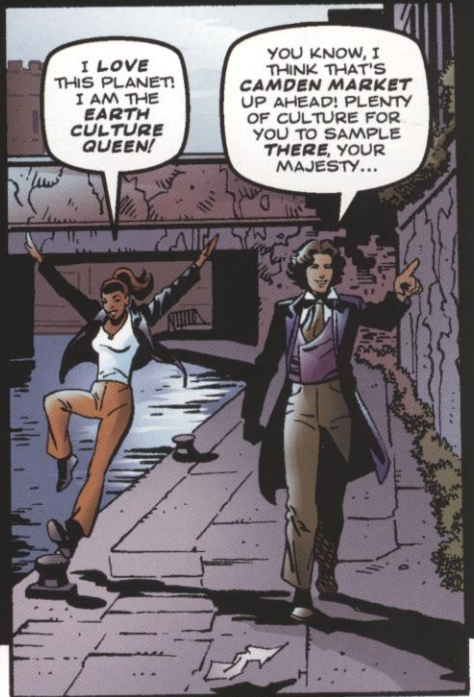
INVESTIGATE...



THIS IS EARTH, RIGHT, DOCTOR? YOU SAID WE WERE DEFINITELY BACK ON EARTH?

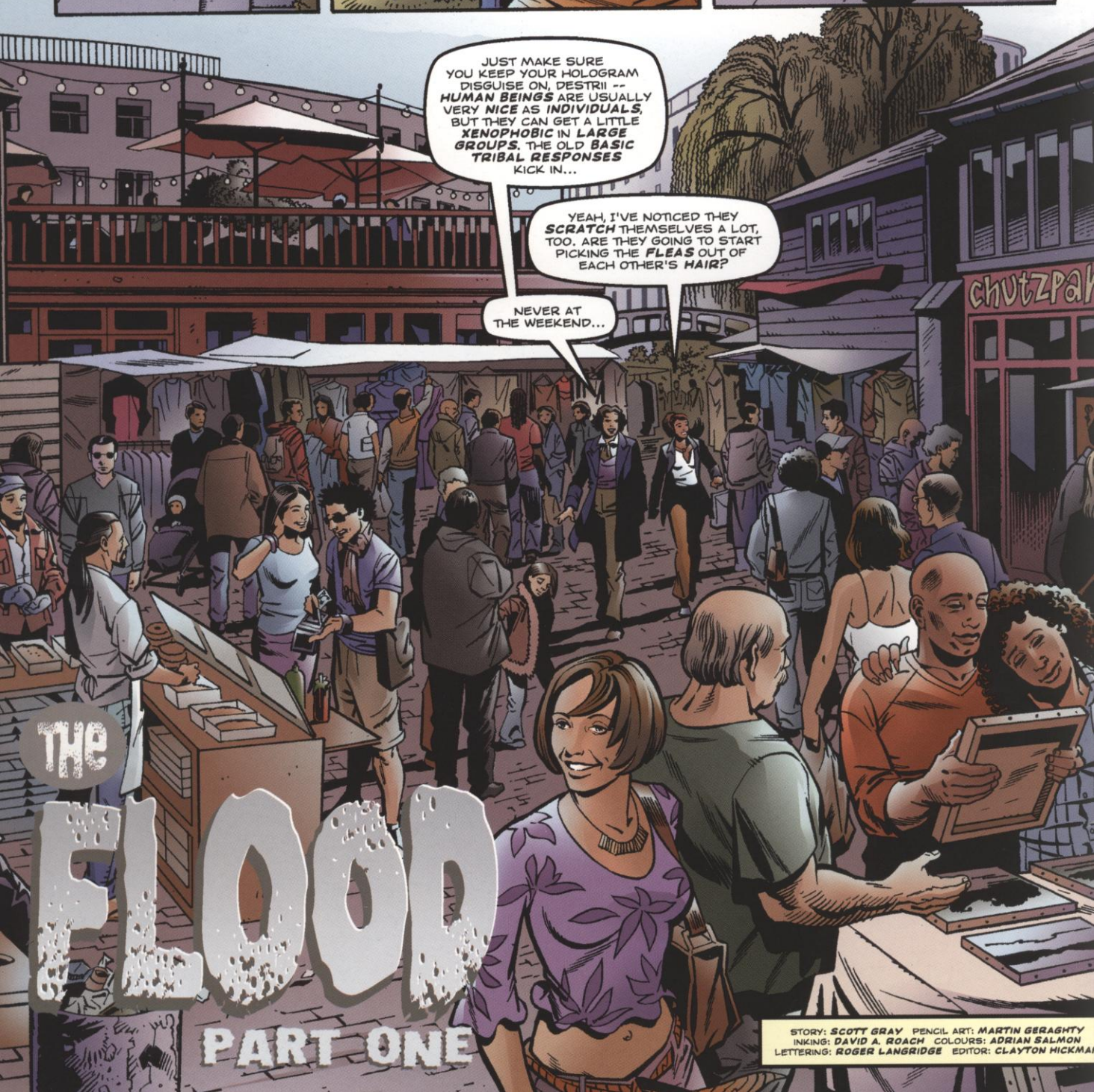
OH, YES, LONDON, I THINK, EARLY TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY...

FANTASTIC!



I LOVE THIS PLANET! I AM THE EARTH CULTURE QUEEN!

YOU KNOW, I THINK THAT'S CAMDEN MARKET UP AHEAD! PLENTY OF CULTURE FOR YOU TO SAMPLE THERE, YOUR MAJESTY...



JUST MAKE SURE YOU KEEP YOUR HOLOGRAM DISGUISE ON, DESTRII -- HUMAN BEINGS ARE USUALLY VERY NICE AS INDIVIDUALS, BUT THEY CAN GET A LITTLE XENOPHOBIC IN LARGE GROUPS. THE OLD BASIC TRIBAL RESPONSES KICK IN...

YEAH, I'VE NOTICED THEY SCRATCH THEMSELVES A LOT, TOO. ARE THEY GOING TO START PICKING THE FLEAS OUT OF EACH OTHER'S HAIR?

NEVER AT THE WEEKEND...

THE FLOOD

PART ONE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURS: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN



DESTRII, COME AND TAKE A LOOK AT -

BIG RUGS! SAW 'EM!

I'M GONNA HUNT DOWN SOME CHOW, I'M STARVING! CATCH YOU LATER!



SIGH...

COURAGE, DOCTOR... THIS IS GOING TO WORK OUT...



WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? AN ORIGINAL BOLAMBAYA! YOU SHOULD HANG ON TO THIS, IT'LL BE WORTH A FORTUNE AROUND 2040...



ICARUS TO DAMOCLES, COME IN, PLEASE...

GATECRASHER ATTENDANCE HAS BEEN CONFIRMED.



LOOKS LIKE THE PEASANTS EAT A LOT BETTER HERE THAN BACK ON OBLIVION!

SO WHERE DO I START...?



I'LL TRY THOSE WRIGGLY THINGS, SWEETIE, AND THROW IN SOME OF THAT RED GLOOP AND A BUNCH OF THE CURLY WHITE CRITTERS...

THAT'S NOODLES WITH SWEET AND SOUR PLUS KING PRAWNS...

DIDN'T I JUST SAY THAT?



HEY, HOP SING!

WHAT?

YOU LOOK JUST LIKE HOP SING! YOU KNOW, THE CARTWRIGHTS' COOK ON BONANZA! YOU'VE GOT THOSE FUNNY SLANTED EYES!

HA-HA-HA! "OH, MISTER CARTWRIGHT, I MAKE VELLY GOOD BEEF STEW TODAY, BUT MISTER HOSS, HE EAT IT ALL!"







I -- I'M SO **SORRY!** I D-DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE **DID** THAT!

MY HUSBAND -- HE DIDN'T **MEAN** -- HE'S NOT A **VIOLENT MAN** -- IT'S JUST, HE'S BEEN UNDER SO MUCH **PRESSURE** LATELY...

IT'S ALRIGHT, I'M SURE HE HAD PLENTY OF **PROVOCATION...**



PLEASE DON'T CALL THE POLICE!

DON'T SWEAT IT. YOUR GUY WASN'T EXACTLY THE **BATTLE OF THE CENTURY**.

WHY DOES HE HATE **BONANZA** SO MUCH, ANYWAY?



HE'S OUT **COLD**, BUT HE'S STILL **TWITCHING...** HIS PULSE IS **GALLOPING...**

I THINK YOUR HUSBAND'S SUFFERING FROM AN ACUTE STATE OF **HYPERTENSION**.

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE IT...



IT'S WAY TOO LATE FOR **APRIL FOOLS**. ISN'T IT?

MAYBE WE'RE ON A HIDDEN CAMERA SHOW.

STORY OF OUR LIVES...



CARTER TO CONTROL, THE ITEM HAS BEEN **LOCATED**. WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO WITH THE THING?

FEELS **WARM...** AND THERE'S A SLIGHT **VIBRATION...**

ALRIGHT, WE'LL STAND BY...



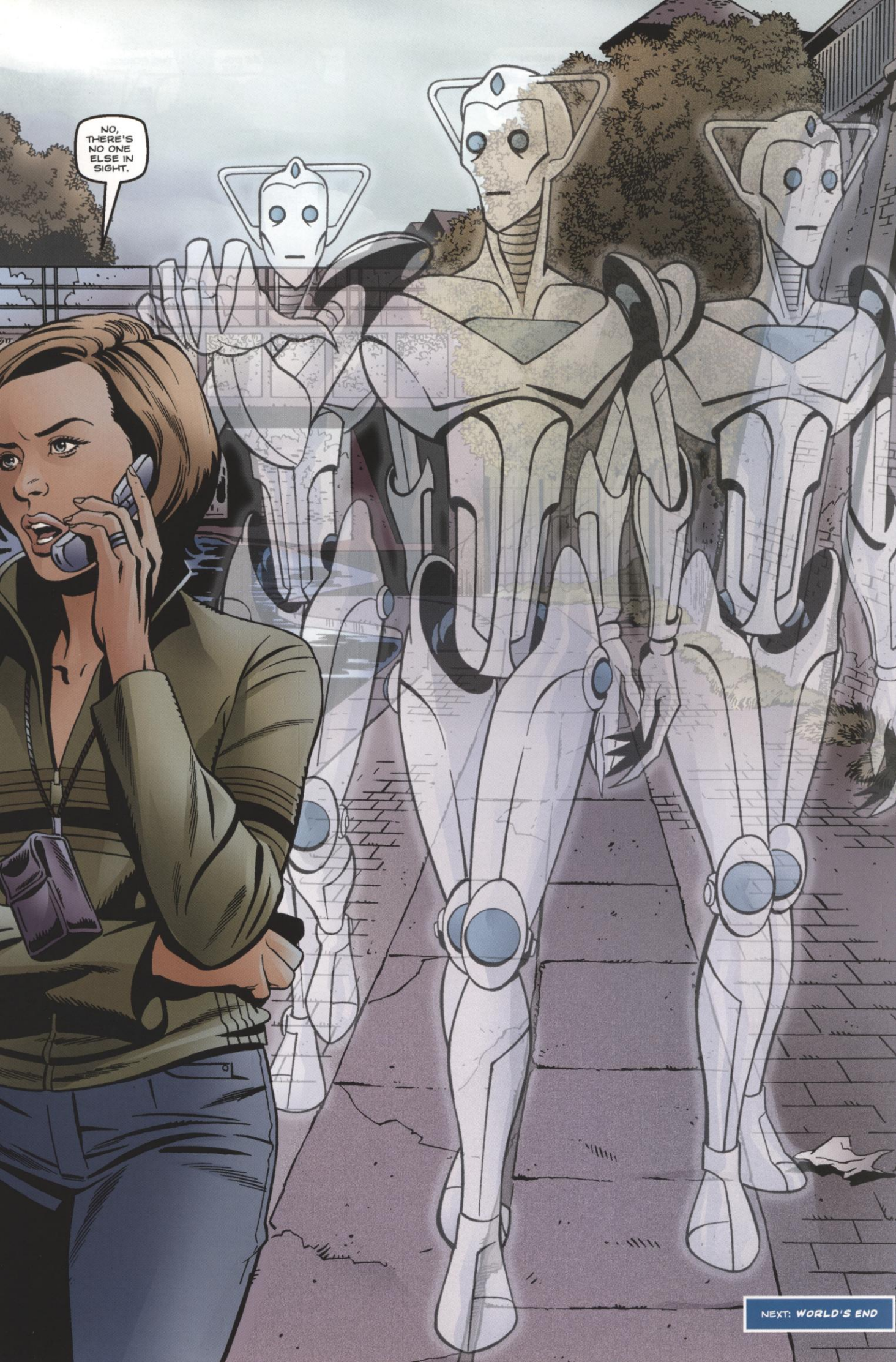
THERE'S A LOW-LEVEL **HUM** COMING FROM IT, TOO. WONDER WHAT'S INSIDE IT?

DON'T TRY OPENING IT, **MORRIS**.

I UNDERSTAND. YES...

YES...

WHAT WAS THAT, **CONTROL...**?



NO,
THERE'S
NO ONE
ELSE IN
SIGHT.

VAUXHALL CROSS.

SORRY TO PULL YOU AWAY FROM NUMBER 10, SIR, BUT YOU DID SAY TO NOTIFY YOU IF ICARUS CALLED IN...

QUITE ALRIGHT, CHAPLIN. I WAS TRAPPED AT A DINNER WITH SEVERAL MINOR ROYALS, THE CULTURE SECRETARY AND THIS YEAR'S POP IDOL WINNER...

I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE GRATEFUL FOR AN EMERGENCY IN MY LIFE.

I'M AFRAID IT LOOKS LIKE CAMDEN'S DEFINITELY THE CENTRE OF A GATECRASHER SCENARIO, SIR...

LET'S CALL IT FOR WHAT IT IS, SHALL WE, CHAPLIN? MORE ALIENS POTTERING ABOUT IN OUR BACK GARDEN.

DO WE HAVE A VISUAL?

YES, MR WOODROW. ICARUS GOT A SHOT AT THE MARKET...

AH.

ORDER A TACTICAL TEAM INTO THE AREA, BUT TELL ICARUS IT'S SURVEILLANCE ONLY FOR NOW. LET'S SEE WHAT MAN'S BEST FRIEND IS UP TO BEFORE WE MAKE CONTACT...

WELCOME BACK, DOCTOR...

THE FLOOD

PART TWO

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURS: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN
CYBERMEN CREATED BY GERRY DAVIS & KIT PEDLER

THE WORLD'S END

I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW **SORRY** I AM, DESTRII. I JUST LOST **CONTROL**... I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE I **ATTACKED** YOU LIKE THAT...

SO YOU KEEP SAYING, I REALLY DON'T CARE, TOMY...

UH... THAT'S "TONY".

LIKE I SAID, I REALLY DON'T CARE...

WELL... IT WAS VERY NICE OF YOU AND THE DOCTOR TO INVITE US HERE...

YEAH, I THINK HE'S **INTERESTED** IN YOU TWO FOR SOME REASON.

DO THEY SERVE RED EYE HERE...?

GOOD EVENING! LET'S SEE, I'LL HAVE A LEMONADE, A -

IT'S YOU, ISN'T IT?

IT IS?

OH, I'M A **HUGE** FAN OF YOURS! I WATCH YOU ON THE TELLY ALL THE TIME!

THAT'S HIGHLY UNLIKELY, YOU KNOW...

NO, **REALLY!** YOU'RE **BRILLIANT!**

WELL, I NEVER LIKE TO **BOAST**, BUT IT **HAS** BEEN SAID...

IT'S **TRUE!** YOU'RE **AMAZING!**

I JUST **LOVE** CHANGING ROOMS!

...LOT OF **STRESS** GOING AROUND THE MARKET THESE DAYS, Y'SEE. BUSINESS HAS REALLY BEEN **BAD** FOR LINDA AND ME LATELY. THE WEATHER'S BEEN **AWFUL**, THE CROWDS ARE WAY **DOWN**...

UH-HUH...

WE COULD LOSE THE STALL...

UH-HUH...

THAT'S £18.75...

1875? I WAS THERE QUITE **RECENTLY**. MET SOME NICE **RED INDIANS**...

HAH-HAH-HAH!

HAH-HAH-HAH! THAT'S -- HAH-HAH! TH-THAT'S -- HAH-HAH-HAH!



JULIE? ARE YOU ALRIGHT, DARLING?

HAH-HAH-HAH! AH-HUH-HAH-HAH...

EASY NOW... EASY...



CALM DOWN... TAKE A DEEP BREATH...



WHOOPS! SORRY, MATE! THINK I'VE HAD ONE TOO MANY...

HMM? OH, NOT TO WORRY...



NO HARM DONE...



...TO JUST BE CAUTIOUS, EVERYONE, WE'RE IN A TRICKY SITUATION HERE. IF ANYONE WERE TO OVERHEAR US AND LEARN THE TRUTH WE'D BE FINISHED...



NOW, LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY...

IF WE'RE GOING TO BLOW UP PARLIAMENT, WE'LL NEED SOME FIRST-RATE GUNPOWDER AND SOME TRUSTWORTHY CATHOLIC HORSES...

EH?



HEARD ANY GOOD TUNES LATELY, PARDNER?

WH-



AAKKK!!!

COME ON BACK INSIDE AND SING 'EM FOR US...



SO WHAT DO WE HAVE
HERE? **PISTOL, TASER,
BUGS, LIGHTER-CAMERA,**
NICE SET OF **LOCKPICKS...**
ALL THE BEST LITTLE
SPY GADGETS, EH?

I'D BETTER
COVER THIS
LOT UP BEFORE
SOMEONE CALLS
THE **TABLOIDS...**



HOW DID
YOU...?

MY **PICKPOCKETING SKILLS** ARE
WELL-HONED. I CAN ALWAYS TELL A
FAKE JOSTLE FROM A **REAL ONE.**

YOUR **FACE RINGS** A **DISTANT
BELL --** YOU'RE ONE OF
LEIGHTON WOODROW'S
MOB, AREN'T YOU...?



YEAH. THE NAME'S
NORTH. I WAS A
JUNIOR AGENT
DURING THE
DONALD STARK
AFFAIR A FEW
YEARS BACK.*

I SEE **WOODROW** HASN'T **CHANGED --**
STILL **GLEEFULLY OVERSTEPPING**
HIS **JURISDICTION.** **MIS** IS
SUPPOSED TO BE AN **EXTERNAL**
SECURITY FORCE, YOU
KNOW...

SO TELL ME, WHY ARE YOU
SNEAKING AROUND **CAMDEN**
OF ALL PLACES...?



**SORRY, DOCTOR, THAT'S
NEED TO KNOW...**

MR **NORTH,** I **PROMISE**
YOU -- I **DO** NEED TO KNOW, AND
YOU NEED TO TELL ME...

ARE YOU
GETTING ANY
OF THIS?

NOT A
WORD...

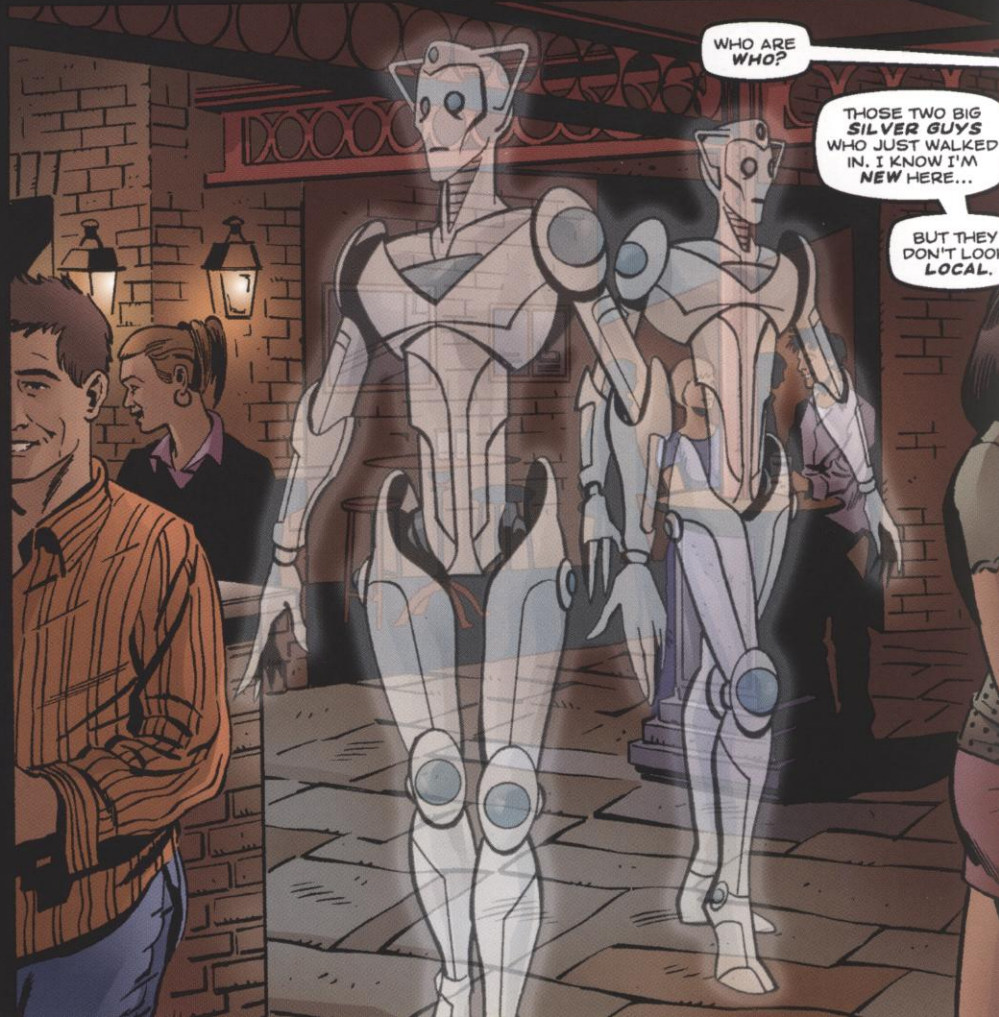
* SEE DWM #273-276.



I'VE GOT NOTHING MORE TO **SAY.**
YOU CAN TALK TO MY --

HEY, **WHOA.**
MAJOR QUESTION FOR
THE TABLE...

WHO ARE
THEY?



WHO ARE
WHO?

THOSE TWO BIG
SILVER GUYS
WHO JUST WALKED
IN. I KNOW I'M
NEW HERE...

BUT THEY
DON'T LOOK
LOCAL.





DESTR!!

SSKPEEESSH!

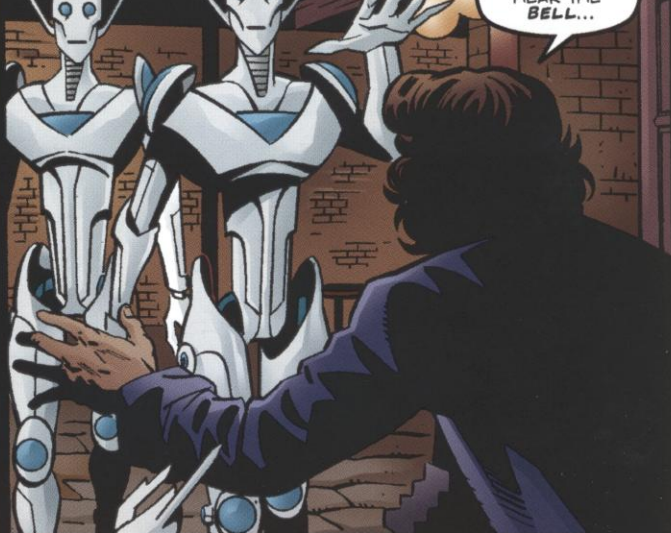
STOP IT, NORTH. YOU WON'T EVEN SCRATCH THE CHROME! THE RICOCHETS COULD HIT SOMEONE!

K-CHOW-K-CHOW
K-CHOW!

DO NOT RESIST, DOCTOR.

IT IS TIME...

WHAT, LAST ORDERS ALREADY? I DIDN'T EVEN HEAR THE BELL...



VERY IMPRESSIVE. YOU HAVEN'T GOT A SWISS ARMY KNIFE TUCKED AWAY IN THERE, HAVE YOU...?



HEY, SHINY! OVER HERE!



MUCH OBLIGED, TONY!

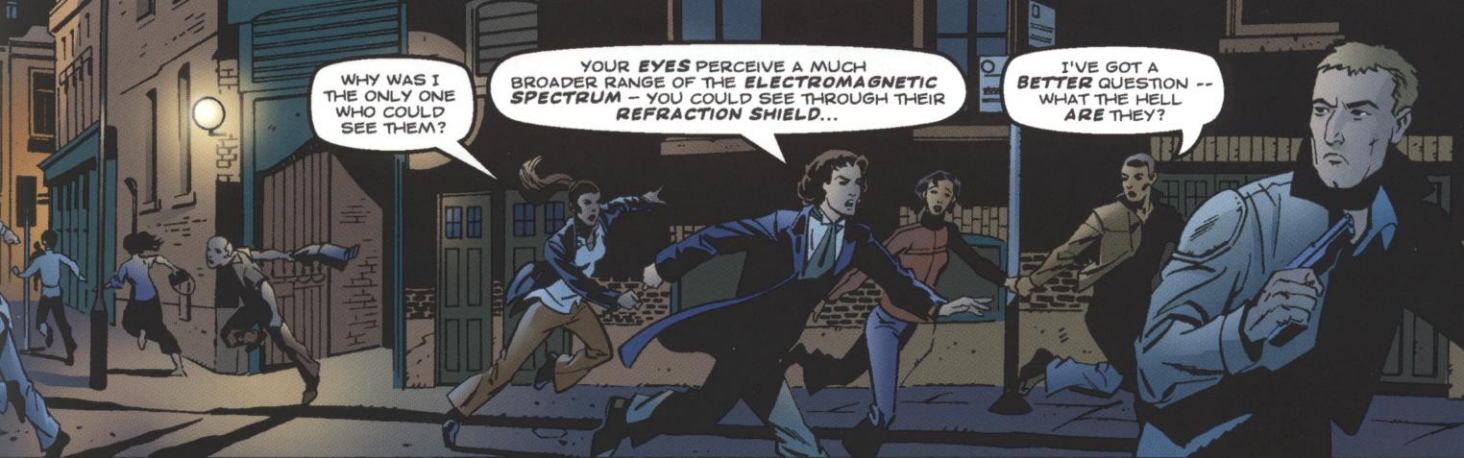
MOVE, EVERYONE!



DESTR!! COME ON! WE HAVE TO GET OUT!

WHSST...?

SWSSSH!



WHY WAS I
THE ONLY ONE
WHO COULD
SEE THEM?

YOUR EYES PERCEIVE A MUCH
BROADER RANGE OF THE **ELECTROMAGNETIC
SPECTRUM** -- YOU COULD SEE THROUGH THEIR
REFRACTION SHIELD...

I'VE GOT A
BETTER QUESTION --
WHAT THE HELL
ARE THEY?



CYBERMEN.

KRSSSH!



THIS WAY! I'VE GOT A VAN PARKED
AT THE END OF THE ALLEY!



MORE OF
THEM!

AND NOT EVEN
BOTHERING TO
HIDE NOW...



W-WE'RE
TRAPPED!
NO!

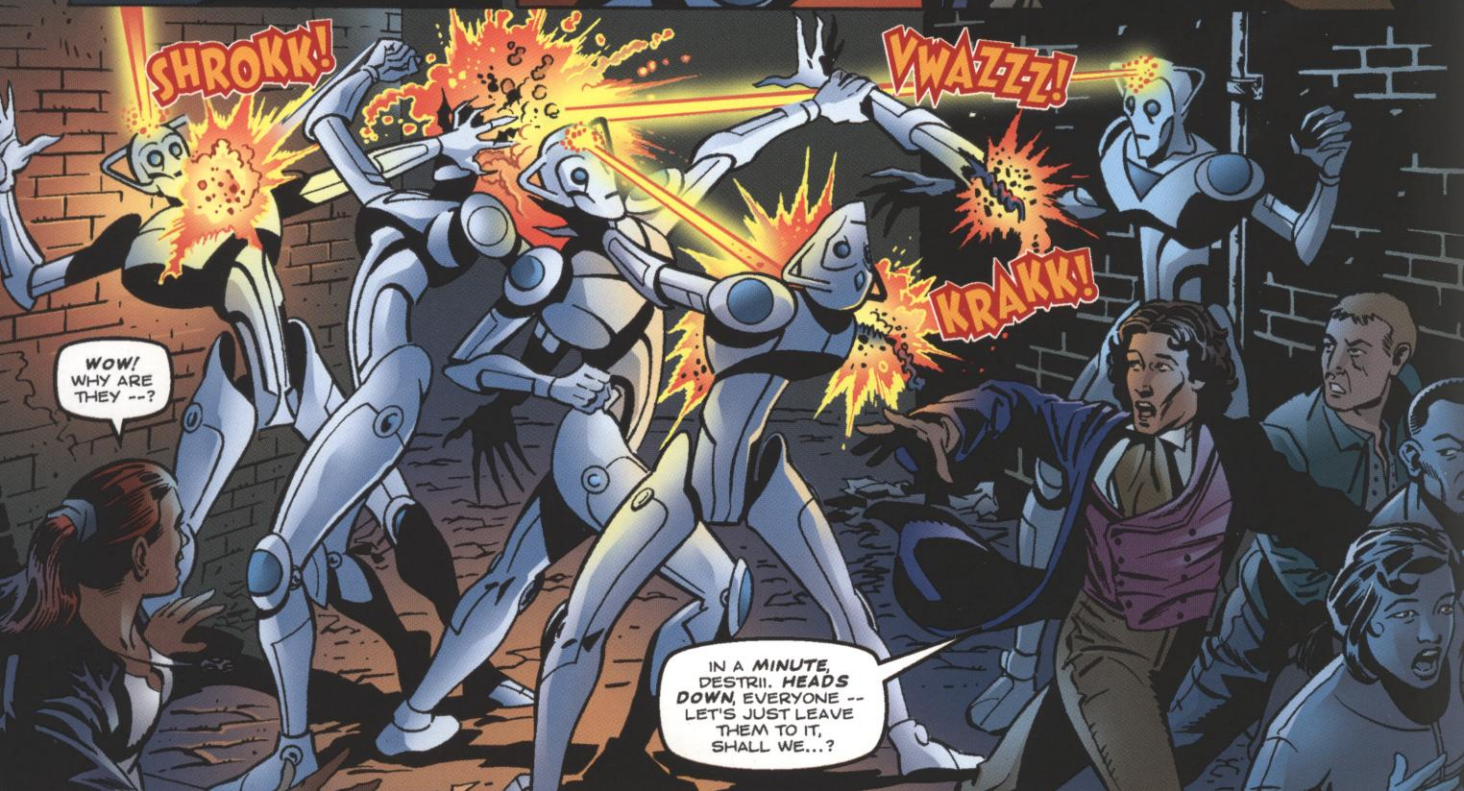


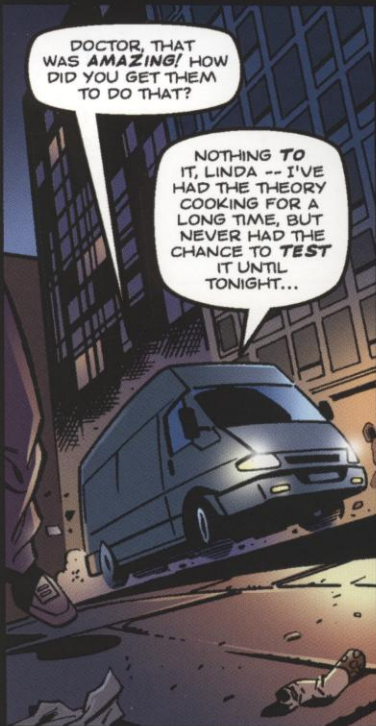
DOCTOR, I'VE JUST
HAD A GREAT IDEA --
YOU THINK OF
SOMETHING.

FAST.

I'M
WORKING
ON IT...

NEXT:
FRIEND
OR FOE





DOCTOR, THAT WAS **AMAZING!** HOW DID YOU GET THEM TO DO THAT?

NOTHING TO IT, LINDA -- I'VE HAD THE THEORY COOKING FOR A LONG TIME, BUT NEVER HAD THE CHANCE TO **TEST** IT UNTIL TONIGHT...



CYBERMEN DON'T HAVE **NAMES**, YOU SEE, AND THEY'RE COMPLETELY **IDENTICAL**. IT'S LOGICAL TO ASSUME THAT THEY **RECOGNISE** EACH OTHER BY SWAPPING A SIMPLE **ELECTRONIC SIGNAL** -- A **RECOGNITION CODE**.

ALL I HAD TO DO WAS **SCRAMBLE** THE CODES WITH A QUICK **HYPERSTATIC PULSE**...

AND THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE MEETING **FAKES**?

EXACTLY!



SMART, BUT WHAT THE HELL IS A "**CYBERMAN**"?

EARTH ONCE HAD A **TWIN**, TONY -- THE PLANET **MONDAS**. ITS PEOPLE WERE **DYING**, BUT TRIED TO SAVE THEMSELVES BY REPLACING THEIR **LIMBS** AND **ORGANS** WITH **SYNTHETIC SUBSTITUTES**...

TROUBLE IS, THEY DID TOO GOOD A **JOB**. THEY EDITED OUT ANY FORM OF **EMOTION** FROM THEIR **MINDS**. NO **ANGER**, NO **HUMOUR**, NO **FEAR**...

OKAY... LET'S SAY I **BUY** THAT. WHAT DO THEY WANT **HERE**?



TO MAKE YOU LIKE THEM.

WELL, I **DON'T**.

NO, I MEAN THEY WANT TO **TRANSFORM** YOU. THEY WANT TO INCREASE THEIR NUMBERS BY CONVERTING **HUMANS** INTO **CYBERMEN**...

SO... THEY'RE LIKE **VAMPIRES**?



I'VE NEVER THOUGHT OF IT LIKE THAT... BUT THAT ISN'T A BAD ANALOGY. "**UNDEAD**" IS A PRETTY GOOD DESCRIPTION OF THEM...

OH GOD... IT'S ALL SUCH A... SUCH A M-MESS...



I COULD PROBABLY TRACK THEIR MOVEMENT WITH THE **TARDIS SENSORS**. BUT THEY **KNEW** I WAS HERE -- THEY MAY ALREADY HAVE HER...

MY TWO **PARTNERS** LOCATED YOUR SHIP **EARLIER**, DOCTOR. GIVE ME A **SECOND**...

CARTER? IT'S **NORTH**. IS THE **POLICE BOX** STILL **SECURE**?



AFFIRMATIVE, NORTH. MORRIS AND I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO **CALL**. ARE YOU **UNHARMED**?

YEAH, WE'RE STILL IN ONE **PIECE**. ANY SIGN OF **HOSTILES**?



NO, THERE'S NOTHING UNUSUAL HERE.

IT'S SAFE TO COME IN...

NO, THERE'S NOTHING UNUSUAL HERE.

IT'S SAFE TO COME IN...

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

OKAY, SOUNDS GOOD. WE'LL SEE YOU AT THE CANAL IN FIVE MINUTES, GET READY TO --

WAIT.

AGENT CARTER? COULD YOU DO ME A FAVOUR?

TELL ME A JOKE.

ANY KIND OF JOKE WILL DO, ALTHOUGH I REALLY LIKE ONES WITH BEARS IN THEM...

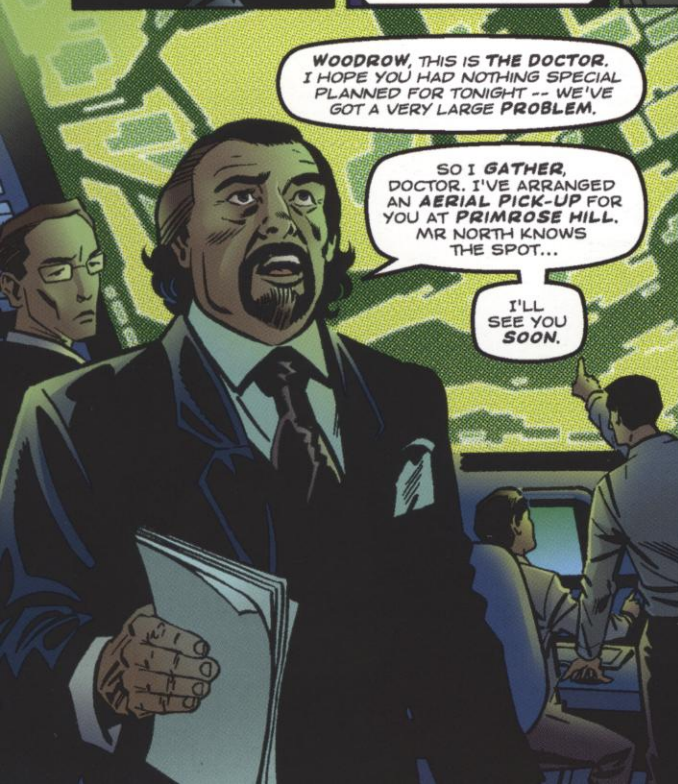
NOTHING TO SAY? NOT EVEN A KNOCK-KNOCK? THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.

GOODBYE.

IT'S A TRAP. YOUR FRIENDS ARE DEAD.

HOW DO I REACH YOUR EMPLOYER?

UHH... NUMBER SEVEN ON THE SPEED DIAL...



WOODROW, THIS IS THE DOCTOR. I HOPE YOU HAD NOTHING SPECIAL PLANNED FOR TONIGHT -- WE'VE GOT A VERY LARGE PROBLEM.

SO I GATHER, DOCTOR, I'VE ARRANGED AN AERIAL PICK-UP FOR YOU AT PRIMROSE HILL. MR NORTH KNOWS THE SPOT...

I'LL SEE YOU SOON.

IT'S ALL GONNA BE OKAY, LOVE. YOU'LL SEE.

I'M -- I'M NOT EVEN REALLY SCARED -- IT'S SO UNREAL...

TEN MINUTES AGO WE WERE WORRIED ABOUT LOSING OUR PLACE AT THE MARKET, AND NOW WE'VE GOT -- WHAT? CRASH TEST DUMMIES FROM SPACE CHASING US?

AND... IF THEY CATCH US, THEY'LL...

SHHH. NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN, BABY, I PROMISE. WE'VE GOT EACH OTHER, LINDA...

THAT'LL NEVER CHANGE.



HEY, DOCTOR!
HATE TO TELL YOU
THIS, BUT WE'VE
GOT FOUR MORE
CYBER-GOONS
ON OUR TAIL...

AND THIS
TIME THEY'VE GOT
TRANSPORT!



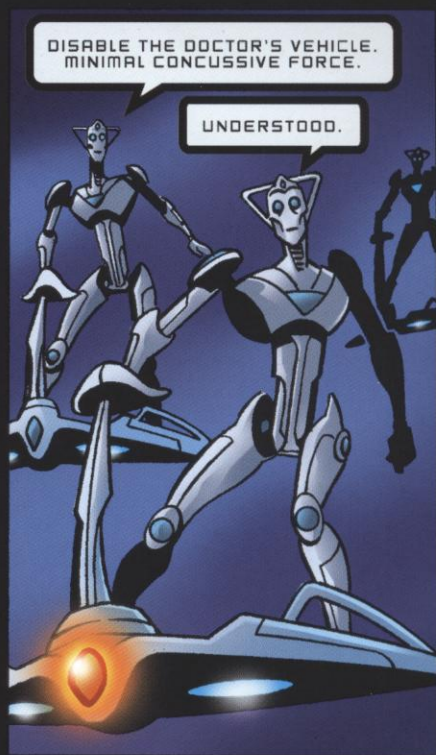
FLOOR IT,
NORTH, THEY'RE
GAINING!

WE'RE
ALMOST AT
THE PICK-UP
POINT! HOLD
ON!



WHURWHURWHURWHURWHUR

THERE
IT IS!



DISABLE THE DOCTOR'S VEHICLE.
MINIMAL CONCUSSIVE FORCE.

UNDERSTOOD.



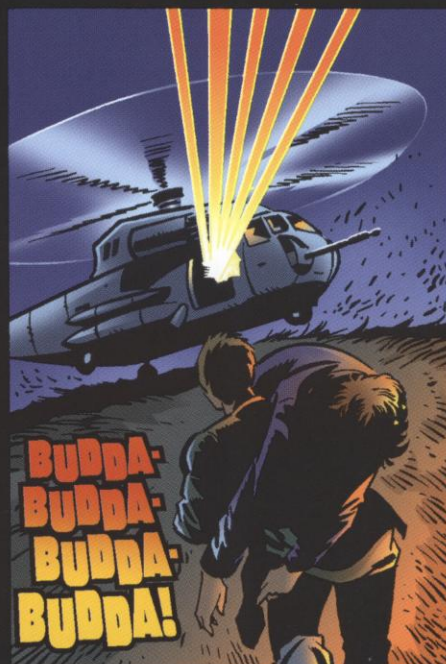
ZOOOK!



SHKRASSH!

LOOK
OUT!

ANNNGH!





NORTH!

YOU SCUMMY LITTLE -- I'LL CUT OUT YOUR SPLEEN FOR THIS!



ALRIGHT, BOTH OF YOU, UP! I CAN'T CARRY YOU AND OUTRUN THESE FREAKS!

TONY! LINDA! COME ON, WAKE UP!



GREAT. GUESS I COULD JUST LEAVE YOU LOSERS HERE...

BUT THAT'D PUT ME IN THE SAME BOX AS NORTH, WOULDN'T IT...?



SHRNKKK

OKAY, THEN...

LOOKS LIKE IT'S SHOWTIME.



STEP ON UP, BOYS, WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE? ONE-ON-ONE OR A FREE-FOR-ALL?

YOU WILL SURRENDER NOW.

HAH! GUESS THE DOCTOR WAS WRONG...



CHRNKK!

YOU DO HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOUR!



IT IS POINTLESS TO RESIST...

WORK ON YOUR DELIVERY, CHUMP -- TRY "PREPARE TO DIE, STUPID FEMALE!"



HALTING
PROCEDURE...

EXPLANATION?

THE

FLOOD

PART FOUR

GENETIC MISMATCH DETECTED.
ENHANCING VISUAL SCAN TO
SUB-SPECTRUM LEVELS...

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURS: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN
CYBERMEN CREATED BY GERRY DAVIS & KIT PEDLER

SOPHISTICATED HOLOGRAPHIC
DISGUISE IN OPERATION.
SUBJECT IS NON-TERRESTRIAL
AMPHIBIOUS LIFEFORM.
PROBABILITY OF TISSUE
REJECTION: 97%...

SUBJECT IS
UNSUITABLE
FOR CYBER-
CONVERSION.

TWO PRIMARY TEST UNITS
RECOVERED. PHYSICAL
DAMAGE MINIMAL...

LEAVE
THEM
ALONE!

SO WHAT ARE YOU
SAYING, LURCH? I'M
NOT COOL ENOUGH
TO JOIN YOUR LITTLE
CLUB? HEY, I'M
CRUSHED...

RETRAINING SUBJECT FOR
FURTHER STUDY. INDUCING
NEUROSTATIC SEDATION.

UNNGH...

N-NO...

I
W-WON'T...

LET...

WON'T...

LET YOU
DOWN...
WON'T...

STEADY THERE,
DOCTOR... YOU'VE
TAKEN A NASTY BUMP
TO THE HEAD, BUT I
THINK YOU'LL
LIVE...



X-RAYS
LOOK FINE,
SIR -- FOR HIM --
AND THERE'S
NO EVIDENCE OF
CONCUSSION.

THANK YOU,
ASHBY.

GOOD EVENING,
DOCTOR. A PLEASURE
TO SEE YOU AGAIN,
PARTICULARLY
TONIGHT...

MR NORTH TELLS
ME OUR **ERRANT**
COUSINS FROM THE
PLANET MONDAS
HAVE RETURNED.

WITH ALL GUNS
BLAZING, WOODROW...
WHERE ARE DESTRII
AND THE OTHERS?



AH, I'M AFRAID I HAVE SOME
DISTRESSING NEWS. THEY
HAVE BEEN **CAPTURED**...

MR NORTH FELT YOU
WERE IN IMMINENT
DANGER OF BEING TAKEN
PRISONER, AND ELECTED
TO **DEPART** BEFORE YOUR
ALLIES COULD BOARD
THE HELICOPTER...

I DON'T
BELIEVE THIS! YOU
ABANDONED THEM?!
YOU **CALLOUS**,
SELF-SERVING
SNAKE!

AND NOW
YOU ACTUALLY
EXPECT MY
HELP?



I COULD HAVE **LIED** TO YOU,
DOCTOR. I **DIDN'T**.

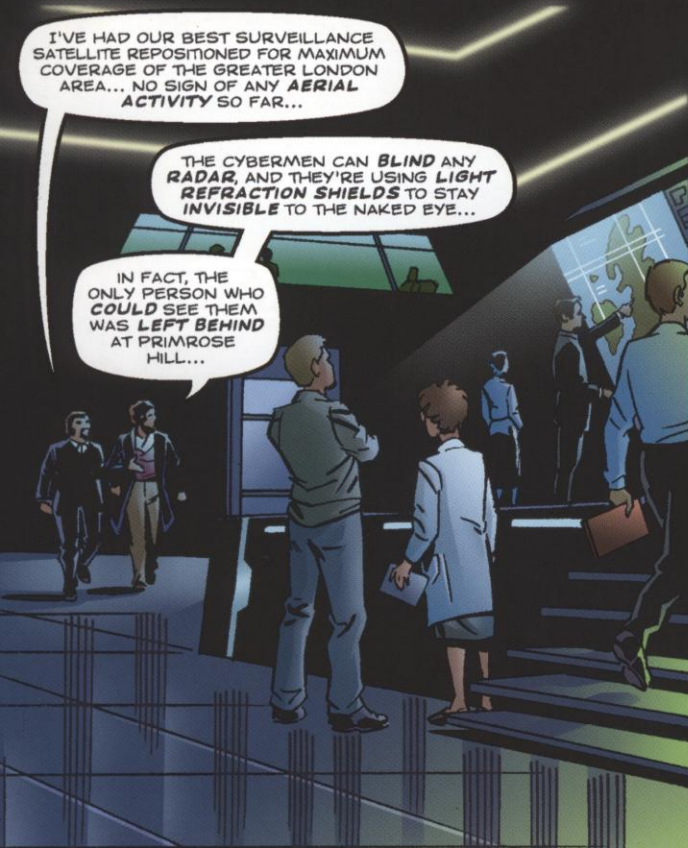
LET'S BE **FRANK**. WE HAVE
NEVER BEEN CAPABLE OF
COMBATING THE CYBERMEN
EFFECTIVELY. THEY HAVE ONLY
EVER BEEN STOPPED IN
THE PAST BY **YOU**.

MR NORTH IS NO **COWARD** --
HE WAS ACTING IN THIS
COUNTRY'S BEST INTERESTS BY
PRESERVING YOUR **SAFETY**.



I KNOW A GREAT DEAL ABOUT YOU,
DOCTOR. YOU CARE VERY **DEEPLY**
FOR THIS WORLD. I'M WELL AWARE
OF YOUR ANTI-PATHY TOWARD THIS
SERVICE, BUT EVERY FACT AT MY
DISPOSAL LEADS ME TO **ONE**
CONCLUSION...

YOU **WILL**
HELP US.



I'VE HAD OUR BEST SURVEILLANCE
SATELLITE REPOSITIONED FOR MAXIMUM
COVERAGE OF THE GREATER LONDON
AREA... NO SIGN OF ANY **AERIAL**
ACTIVITY SO FAR...

THE CYBERMEN CAN **BLIND** ANY
RADAR, AND THEY'RE USING **LIGHT**
REFRACTION SHIELDS TO STAY
INVISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE...

IN FACT, THE
ONLY PERSON WHO
COULD SEE THEM
WAS **LEFT BEHIND**
AT PRIMROSE
HILL...



ISN'T THAT
RIGHT,
NORTH?

SORRY ABOUT THAT,
DOCTOR. IT WAS A
JUDGEMENT CALL,
Y'KNOW?

OF **COURSE**,
NORTH. I
UNDERSTAND...

LET'S HOPE
NOBODY DECIDES
TO **JUDGE YOU**.

DR EMILY RICE, MIS'S CHIEF
SCIENTIFIC AIDE...

OH, THIS IS A **THRILL** --
I'VE BEEN READING YOUR FILE
FOR **YONKS**, DOCTOR. **RIPPING**
STUFF! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO
ASK -- HOW DID YOU REWIRE
THE ZYGONS' ORGANIC
CRYSTALLOGRAPHIC PROJECTOR
SO **QUICKLY**? IT MUST
HAVE BEEN **SO** --

AH -- LET'S FOCUS ON THE
PRESENT, SHALL WE, EMILY?



HMM. YES, WELL, **CAMDEN'S** BEEN A REAL HOTSPOT FOR SOME **STRANGE PHENOMENA** THESE PAST FEW WEEKS -- **ODD LITTLE ENERGY PULSES... ELECTRICITY DRAINS... MECHANICAL FAILURES...**



OH, AND A SHARP RISE IN **PSYCHIATRIC CASES**. ALL TERRIBLY **FORTEAN**.

MR **WOODROW** SMELLED A **RODENT** AND DECIDED WE SHOULD HAVE A **WEE NOSEY...**

YOU DIDN'T THINK TO INVOLVE **UNIT**?

I HARDLY THINK THEIR **BLUNDERBUSS** APPROACH WOULD BE **APPROPRIATE**, DOCTOR. BESIDES, THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN **HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT** AND THE **UNITED NATIONS** IS LESS THAN ENTIRELY **AMICABLE** THESE DAYS...



CALL FROM THE **MINISTRY OF DEFENCE**, SIR...

WOODROW! WE HAVE A **NIGHTMARE** ON OUR HANDS...

FOR THE LAST THIRTY MINUTES WE'VE BEEN GETTING REPORTS IN FROM EVERY **STRATEGIC SILO**, **RAF BASE** AND **NAVAL YARD** IN THE COUNTRY...



THE **ACTIVATION CODES** OF OUR ENTIRE **NUCLEAR ARSENAL** HAVE BEEN **WIPED!** WE CAN'T **PRIME** ANY **WEAPONS**, WE CAN'T **LAUNCH** ANY **MISSILES...**

WE'RE **DEAD** IN THE **WATER**, **WOODROW!** **NOTHING'S** WORKING! YOU WARNED US TO BE ON THE **LOOKOUT** FOR SOMETHING **STRANGE** TONIGHT -- IN **GOD'S** NAME, WHAT'S HAPPENING?



WE'RE... NOT **CERTAIN** YET, **MINISTER**. PLEASE **STAND BY...**

SO... **BRITAIN** IS NO LONGER A **NUCLEAR POWER...**

IF IT'S ANY **CONSOLATION**, **WOODROW**, I'M SURE EVERY **OTHER NATION** IS IN EXACTLY THE SAME **LEAKY BOAT...**



THE **CYBERMEN** HAVE CHOSEN AN **ERA** WITH A **WORLDWIDE COMPUTER NETWORK** IN PLACE -- BUT ONE THAT ISN'T **SOPHISTICATED** ENOUGH TO STOP THEM **MANIPULATING** IT...

"**ERA**", DOCTOR? ARE YOU SUGGESTING THEY'RE **TIME-TRAVELLERS**?

IT'S A **NASTY** THOUGHT, BUT I THINK SO. I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE **CYBERMEN** OF THIS PERIOD -- **THESE** ONES ARE A VERY DIFFERENT **STORY**.



THEIR **DESIGN** AND **TECHNOLOGY** ARE THE MOST **ADVANCED** I'VE EVER SEEN...

THEY'RE FROM THE **FUTURE**.

WE HAVE TO MOVE **QUICKLY** -- THEY'LL HAVE TRACKED THE **HELICOPTER'S** FLIGHT PATH HERE...

YOU THINK THEY'LL **ATTACK**?



OH, YOU CAN BET YOUR **ASTON MARTIN** ON IT, **WOODROW**. THEY WANT ME **VERY BADLY**. I'M A **WILD CARD**, THE ONE ELEMENT THEY CAN'T **PREDICT...**

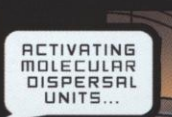
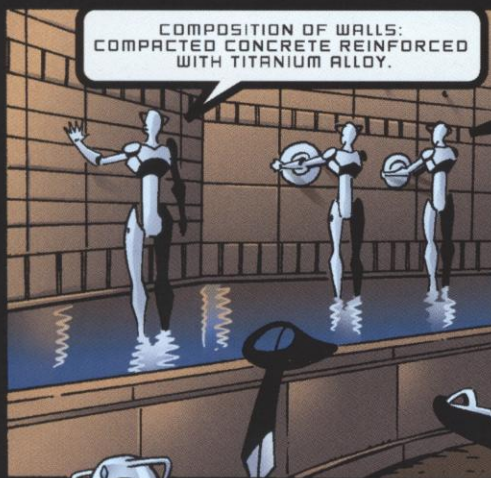
THEY'D **PREFER** TO TAKE ME **ALIVE**, BUT I'M SURE THEY'LL **SETTLE** FOR MY **CORPSE**.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, DOCTOR?



RECONFIGURING YOUR **EXTERIOR MONITORS**. **DESTRII** COULD SEE THE **CYBERMEN** BECAUSE HER EYES PERCEIVE A **BROADER AREA** OF THE **EM SPECTRUM...**

IF I CAN **SHIFT** YOUR **CAMERAS'** **BANDWIDTH** UP TO THE **ULTRAVIOLET RANGE...**







INITIAL
RESISTANCE
QUELLED.

PROCEED.



WE HAVE PLENTY
OF INFRARED NIGHT-
VISION GOGGLES IN
STORAGE, DOCTOR --

IF WE COULD
REVERSE THEIR
BANDWIDTH SETTINGS,
THEY MIGHT BE ABLE TO
PIERCE THE CYBERMEN'S
REFRACTION SHIELDS...



I DOUBT THAT'LL
BE NECESSARY,
DR RICE.

WHATEVER IT IS THEY'RE
PLANNING, MY ARRIVAL
HAS ALMOST CERTAINLY
THROWN A SPANNER INTO
THE WORKS. THEY'LL HAVE
SPED UP THEIR TIMETABLE...



"I DON'T THINK THEY'RE
INTERESTED IN HIDING
ANYMORE."



HAD TO HAPPEN
ON OUR SHIFT,
EH?

LOOK, WHAT THE DEVIL'S GOING ON
HERE? I WANT AN EXPLANATION!

GOT MY
MOT JUST
LAST
WEEK...

HOW CAN
THEY ALL HAVE
STALLED? THIS IS
RIDICULOUS!

NO, I SAID THE
CAR'S DEAD,
DARLING. TAPE
PARKINSON FOR
ME, WILL YOU?



ALRIGHT, EVERYONE PLEASE
KEEP CALM, THERE'S NO
NEED TO BE ALARMED!
WE'LL GET THIS SORTED
OUT AS SOON AS --

OH MY
GOD...



LOOK!

PEOPLE OF EARTH...
HEED OUR WORDS...

THE WORLD YOU
HAVE MADE HAS
REACHED ITS
END.



NEXT: THE GAUNTLET

WE INTERRUPT
THIS PROGRAMME

CENTRAL
LONDON
UNDER
SEIGE

UNIDENTIFIED
SILVER FIGURES

WIDESPREAD
CAR FAILURE
TRAPPING
THOUSANDS

MASSIVE
AIRCRAFT ABOVE THE
HOUSES OF

PRIME MINISTER
UNCONFIRMED

NO
HOSTILE
ACTION SO
FAR BUT

THE

FLOOD

PART FIVE

IGNORING ALL
ATTEMPTS TO MAKE
CONTACT

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURS: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN
CYBERMEN CREATED BY GERRY DAVIS & KIT PEDLER

...SO THE
CENTRAL OUTPUT
GOES HERE,
DOCTOR...?

THAT'S IT... MAKE
SURE THE RELAY LINK HAS
A BACK-UP CIRCUIT...

LOOKS LIKE
THE CYBERMEN AREN'T
MUCKING ABOUT...
IT'S A FULL-SCALE
INVASION...

THESE **STORMTROOPER** TACTICS
AREN'T THEIR **USUAL** STYLE AT
ALL -- THEY'RE SHOWBOATING FOR
A **REASON** -- STIRRING THINGS
UP, SPREADING PANIC...

WHY...?

"AND WHAT WERE THEY DOING IN CAMDEN?"

N-NO!
NOOO!

AUUHHH!

VWAZZZ

ALPHA CHARLIE
TO CONTROL,
WE'RE UNDER
FIRE HERE! REPEAT,
UNDER FIRE!



WE NEED ASSIS-
NAARGH!



...OW...
OWWWW...
WHOEVER'S
HANGING THAT
LONG INSIDE
MY SKULL
BETTER STOP
BEFORE I GET
MAD...

YOU HAVE
REVIVED MORE
RAPIDLY THAN
ESTIMATED...

YOUR
PHYSIOLOGY
WARRANTS
FURTHER
STUDY.

BET YOU
SAY THAT...
TO ALL THE
GIRLS...

WHOOPIE FOR
YOU... WHAT'S WITH
THE BIG ROUND-UP?

I AM THE
CYBERLEADER.
I COMMAND
THIS TACTICAL
FORCE.

THIS AREA'S LOCAL POPULACE
ARE ALL PRIMARY TEST
SUBJECTS. THEIR RESPONSES
HAVE PROVEN VALUABLE IN
THE COMPLETION OF OUR
OBJECTIVE...

THEY ARE TO BE REWARDED.
THEY WILL BE THE FIRST TO
BE CATALOGUED AND MADE
READY FOR CONVERSION.



MR WOODROW, THE CYBERMEN HAVE TAKEN CONTROL OF EIGHTY PERCENT OF THE BUILDING. WE ESTIMATE THEY'LL CLAIM THE OPERATIONS ROOM IN LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES...

THERE'S STILL TIME FOR YOU TO USE THE THAMES EXIT, SIR...

NO, CHAPLIN...



THE GAUNTLET HAS BEEN THROWN.

WE MAKE OUR STAND HERE.

OKAY, WE'RE READY! OUTSTANDING WORK, DR RICE!

OH, CALL ME EMILY, WON'T YOU? IF WE'RE ABOUT TO SAVE THE WORLD I'D MUCH RATHER WE DID IT ON A FIRST-NAME BASIS...

HOLD IT, DOCTOR...

MR WOODROW'S ORDERS WERE CLEAR -- I'M TO KEEP YOU OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE. DR RICE CAN OPERATE YOUR GADGET, AND I DON'T WANT ANY ARGUMENTS...

I SEE... THANK YOU, NORTH.

FOR WHAT?

SHWAACK!

NNGHH!

FOR GIVING ME AN EXCUSE TO DO THAT.

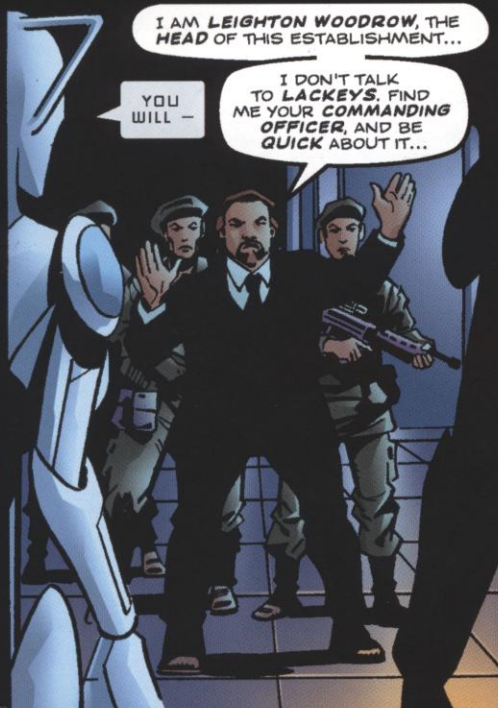


THEY'RE
HERE!



NO!

STAND
DOWN! TAKE NO
FURTHER ACTION!



I AM LEIGHTON WOODROW, THE
HEAD OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT...

YOU
WILL -

I DON'T TALK
TO LACKEYS. FIND
ME YOUR COMMANDING
OFFICER, AND BE
QUICK ABOUT IT...



THAT'S IT, WOODROW,
STALL THEM JUST A
LITTLE BIT LONGER...

THIS POWER BOOSTER
WILL ENABLE THE
SONIC SCREWDRIVER
TO ZAP EVERY CYBERMAN
WITHIN A HUNDRED-MILE
RADIUS -- WITH THEIR
RECOGNITION CODES
SCRAMBLED, THEY'LL
BE PLUNGED INTO AN
INSTANT CIVIL WAR.

FINGERS IN
EARS, EMILY...



LET'S MAKE
SOME NOISE!

ZWAAAPPP!



DOCTOR...?

THEY...

THEY MUST
HAVE FOUND A
WAY TO DEFLECT
THE PULSE.



WHAT...?

THEY'RE CUTTING THROUGH THE CEILING! WHY...?

SOMEONE WANTS TO MAKE A GRAND ENTR--

DESTR!! YOU'RE ALIVE!

HI, DOCTOR. LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN HAVING ALMOST AS MUCH FUN AS ME...

YOU REPEATED YOUR STRATAGEM, DOCTOR.

AN ERROR.

A **SETBACK**. NOTHING MORE.

GO AHEAD AND KILL US, YOU SOULLESS **PUPPET**. WE NUMBER IN OUR **BILLIONS**. YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST TO TRY TO TAKE OUR WORLD FROM US -- WE'VE DEALT WITH YOUR KIND **BEFORE**.

KRNNCH

MANKIND WILL **NEVER** SURRENDER AND YOU WILL **NEVER** WIN. YOU SEE, WE POSSESS SOMETHING YOU CAN'T EVEN **BEGIN** TO COMPREHEND...

IT'S CALLED **SPIRIT**.

THE MAN'S **RIGHT**, CYBERLEADER. YOU'VE ALWAYS DISMISSED **EMOTION** AS A **LIABILITY**, BUT IT'S WHAT MAKES HUMANITY **STRONG**.

DO YOUR **WORST**. YOU'RE IN FOR A **LONG**, **MESSY WAR...**

THERE WILL BE NO WAR. CONFLICT IS WASTEFUL. UNNECESSARY. ILLOGICAL.

CYBERLEADER TO CONTROL-SHIP: TOPOGRAPHICAL REFERENCE 94587 BY 2254803. INDUCE NEURO-STREAM.

MAXIMUM DOSAGE.

W-W-WAKKK!

"YOU BELIEVE HUMANITY'S EMOTIONAL CONDITION TO BE AN ADVANTAGE, DOCTOR..."

"THAT IT WILL ALWAYS LEAD THEM TO VICTORY, AGAINST EVEN THE MOST OVERWHELMING ODDS."

"WE WILL NOW PUT THAT THEORY TO THE TEST."

"RAIN ON CUE? WHAT IS THIS?"

"THE SKY WAS CLEAR TONIGHT..."

"WH-WH-WH..."

"NEAAAGHH!"

"NO ONE LISTENS! NO ONE EVER LISTENS TO MEEEEEE!"

"THEY'RE BITING ME ALL OVER! N-NOOOO!"

"DON'T MAKE ME EAT THE SPIDER! PLEEEASE!"

"DON'T GIVE ME THE KNIFE! I DIDN'T DO IT! I DIDN'T!"

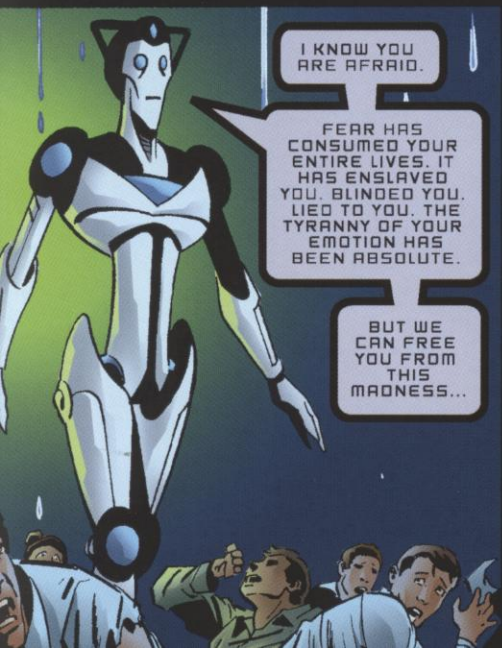
"THERE'S GLASS IN MY HAIR AND SOIL IN MY MOUTH!"

"THE STAIN W-WON'T COME OUT... I'M DIRTY... GOD W-WON'T EVER FORGIVE ME"

"SWITCH THE LIGHT ON! SWITCH IT ON! SWITCH IT ON! SWITCH IT ON!"

"STUPID... I'M SO STUPID... I'M SO..."

"S-S-STOP LAUGHING AT ME! I'LL DIE IF YOU DON'T STOP!"



BUT YOU MUST BE WILLING
TO ACCEPT THIS GIFT.



NEXT: FLESH WILL
ALWAYS FAIL



If I've learned anything at all about the human race, it's this:

People have a tough time coping with something new.

AAAAHH!



The Cybermen had been circling London for hours, letting everyone get a good look at them. Reactions were mixed, of course. Fear, curiosity and disbelief were the favourites.



There was no fighting. The army had moved in but didn't want to risk a battle in the heart of the city.

The dawn was silent, but definitely not calm.



A wave of hysteria was spreading across the city, the country — and slowly, the world.

We could all see that they were waiting for something.



ATTENTION: NEURO-STREAM READINGS FROM TEST SUBJECTS HAVE NOW BEEN COMPLETED. ALL FIELD UNITS WILL RETURN TO CYBER-CONTROL CRAFT IMMEDIATELY.

FINAL OPERATIONS WILL NOW COMMENCE.



The funny thing is, when it came, nobody felt any relief.

We all seemed to understand that this wasn't a reprieve...

They were just testing the gallows.

SO THIS IS A CYBER-CONTROL SHIP... IMPRESSED, DESTRII?

NOT BAD. LOOKS EVEN BIGGER ON THE INSIDE.

YOU THINK SO TOO? I WAS HOPING THAT WAS JUST MY IMAGINATION...

THE FLOOD

PART SIX

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURS: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN
CYBERMEN CREATED BY GERRY DAVIS & KIT PEDLER



YOU KNOW, IT'S
CUSTOMARY TO OFFER
GUESTS A CUP OF **TEA**,
CYBERLEADER...

DO NOT ATTEMPT
TO DELAY OUR
COURSE, DOCTOR.

OH, **COME ON**,
YOU MUST HAVE
A **CYBER-CAFÉ**
AROUND HERE
SOMEWHERE...

THEY'VE
GOT **THE**
TARDIS!

I'D BE OFFENDED
IF THEY **DIDN'T**. THE
CYBERMEN MAY HAVE
THEIR OWN BIG, FLASHY
TIME-SHIP NOW, BUT THEY
KNOW THEY CAN STILL
LEARN A FEW TRICKS OF
THE TRADE FROM THE
OLD GIRL...

HEY, I THINK I LEFT
THE **GAS ON!** ANYONE
MIND IF I POP INSIDE
FOR A SECOND TO
CHECK...?

YOU WILL
GRANT US
ACCESS TO
YOUR CRAFT
IN TIME.
CONTINUE...

FINE,
BUT DON'T
BLAME **ME** IF
THERE'S...

AN... AN
ALMIGHTY...

WAIT...

WAIT...

THERE'S
SOMETHING
ELSE HERE... A
PRESENCE... I
CAN ALMOST
TASTE IT...

IT'S **HOT...**
VERY... **HOT...**

DOCTOR...?

IT'S
GONE.

DO NOT
ATTEMPT TO DELAY
OUR
COURSE,
DOCTOR.

CHANGE THE
RECORD.

WE HAVE BEEN MONITORING
ALL PLANETARY MEDIA
BROADCASTS FOR
SEVERAL MONTHS. COLLATING
THE MOST COMMONLY USED
PHRASES AND IMAGES...

AN HOLISTIC PROFILE
OF HUMANITY'S
EMOTIONAL STATE HAS
BEEN ESTABLISHED.

SURFING THE
ZEITGEIST.
EH? MY, YOU'RE
A PROGRESSIVE
BUNCH...

LIVE



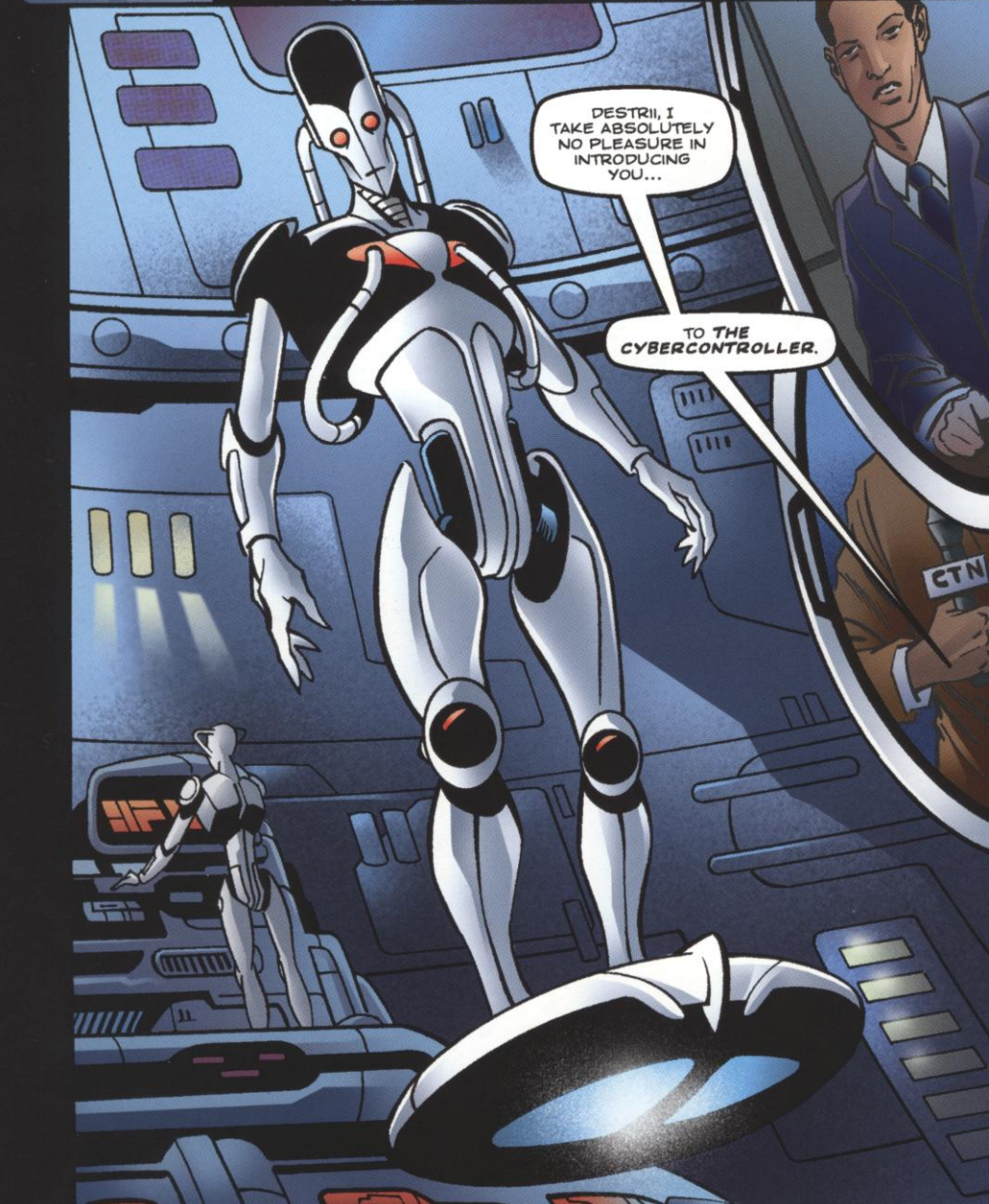
YOU'VE GOT A **WEATHER MANIPULATION GRID** ESTABLISHED AROUND THE EARTH... AN ISO-BAROMETRIC SYSTEM, TAPPING INTO PRESSURE ZONES IN THE IONOSPHERE...

IT IS A NECESSARY COMPONENT OF OUR PLAN.

WHICH IS **WHAT**, EXACTLY?

I WILL EXPLAIN OUR POSITION, DOCTOR.

AH -- I WAS **WONDERING** WHEN YOU'D SHOW YOUR FACEPLATE...



DESTRII, I TAKE ABSOLUTELY NO PLEASURE IN INTRODUCING YOU...

TO THE **CYBERCONTROLLER**.

I'M SURE YOU'RE **DYING** TO START, BUT LET ME SEE HOW MUCH I'VE WORKED OUT ALREADY...

I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN BREAKING DOWN PEOPLE'S **EMOTIONAL CONTROL** -- I'VE BEEN SEEING EXAMPLES ALL NIGHT. YOU'RE USING SOME KIND OF **BIOCHEMICAL AGENT**, YES? TRANSMITTED THROUGH THE **RAIN**?

CORRECT. THE **NEURO-STREAM** TARGETS THE AMYGDALIC AND HIPPOCAMPAL REGIONS OF THE HUMAN BRAIN, PROVOKING EXTREME EMOTIONAL COLLAPSE.

EXTENSIVE TESTING WAS REQUIRED TO MAKE IT APPLICABLE TO ALL GENETIC SUB-DIVISIONS. THE AREA "**CAMDEN**" WAS CHOSEN FOR ITS BROAD RACIAL DIVERSITY.

AND THE **MARKET VENDORS** WERE EXPOSED TO THE RAIN FOR PROLONGED PERIODS. THAT MUST HAVE HELPED...

THE **NEURO-STREAM** HAS NOW BEEN PERFECTED. IT WILL HAVE AN INSTANTANEOUS EFFECT ON ANY HUMAN. THEY WILL BE REDUCED TO MANIC, UNREASONING CREATURES COWERING IN THEIR OWN WASTE. THEY WILL CRAVE GUIDANCE.

THEY WILL WELCOME **CYBER-CONVERSION**.

IS THAT IT? LISTEN, HUMPTY, **HUMAN BEINGS** MIGHT NOT BE THE **SMARTEST** RACE TO EVER CRAWL OUT OF THE OCEAN, BUT THEY **HAVE** MANAGED TO INVENT THE **UMBRELLA** --

-- A LITTLE **RAIN** ISN'T GOING TO GIVE THEM ANY GRIEF!

I'M AFRAID IT ISN'T THAT SIMPLE, DESTRII.

THE CYBERMEN AREN'T PLANNING A **SUMMER SHOWER**. THE MANIPULATION GRID WILL ENABLE THEM TO ENVELOP THE **ENTIRE PLANET** WITH THE **NEURO-STREAM**...

I IMAGINE IT'LL BE A **FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS** JOB.

YOU ARE CORRECT, DOCTOR. THE ATMOSPHERE WILL BE SATURATED. HUMANITY WILL, OF COURSE, ATTEMPT TO SEEK SHELTER FROM THE BOMBARDMENT...

THEY WILL FIND NONE.

WE HAVE CHOSEN THIS ERA CAREFULLY. EARTH IS ALREADY IN A STATE OF HEIGHTENED EMOTIONAL TURMOIL -- COLLECTIVE ANXIETIES HAVE NEVER BEEN GREATER.

MASS HYSTERIA WILL BE ACCOMPLISHED WITH EASE.

THAT'S WHY YOU DISABLED THE PLANET'S **NUCLEAR CAPABILITY**! YOU DON'T WANT ANYONE'S FINGER ON THE BIG RED BUTTON WHEN YOU DRIVE THE WORLD **INSANE**!

THIS WORLD IS ALREADY INSANE.

HUMANITY'S ACTIONS ARE DICTATED BY IRRATIONAL BELIEFS AND IMPOSSIBLE DESIRES. THEY WAGE MEANINGLESS TRIBAL CONFLICTS. THEY POLLUTE THEIR ENVIRONMENT AND ALLOW THEIR POPULATION TO STARVE.

WE ARE NOT DESTROYING THIS WORLD, DOCTOR.

WE ARE ABOUT TO SAVE IT.

WHAT ABOUT *TOLSTOY*? OR *MONET*? OR *MOZART*? WILL YOU BE SAVING THEM TOO?

WHAT HAPPENS TO *OSCAR WILDE*, *FRIDA KAHLO*, *ISAAC NEWTON*, *BILLIE HOLIDAY*? DO THEY SURVIVE? DOES ANY ASPECT OF HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT MAKE IT PAST YOUR *GRAND RENOVATION*, OR DOES IT ALL GET WASHED AWAY?

WELCOME TO NEW EARTH, DAY ONE, YEAR ONE?

NEW MONDORS.

YOU DENY THE TRUTH, BUT YOU WILL BE MADE TO UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR.

YOU HAVE NO CHOICE.

ZZZZHHHHH

WITNESS THE GENESIS OF THE NEW CYBER-RACE.

FLESH WILL ALWAYS FAIL. WE OFFER THE CHANCE TO TRANSCEND THE FRAGILITY OF THE ORGANIC FORM AND ERADICATE THE WEAKNESSES OF THE MIND.

THEY WILL NEVER FEEL PAIN. NEVER GROW OLD. NEVER SUCCEDE TO DISEASE.

THEY ARE ACHIEVING PERFECTION.

THIS IS OUR GIFT.





THERE IS.

CONTROLLER --
I'LL MAKE A
DEAL WITH YOU.

IF YOU ABANDON THIS PLAN --
IF YOU LEAVE EARTH NOW AND
NEVER BOTHER HUMANITY AGAIN --
I'LL GIVE YOU A REAL GIFT.

I'LL GIVE YOU
SOMETHING THAT WILL
ENSURE THE FUTURE OF THE
CYBER-RACE -- A GIFT THAT WILL
MAKE YOU MORE INFLUENTIAL
AND MORE POWERFUL THAN
YOU COULD EVER
DARE DREAM...

IF YOU
COULD
DREAM.

WHAT
GIFT?

MY
DEATH...

NEXT: BOWS
AND ARROWS

We finally looked up, but too late.

Clouds were forming all over the world, above every major city. But they weren't real clouds. The colours and shapes were all wrong.

THE FLOOD

PART SEVEN

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKING: DAVID A. ROACH
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CYBERMEN CREATED BY GERRY DAVIS & KIT PEDLER

They looked alive.

They looked hungry.

The air began to vibrate. Dogs howled and cats screamed. Birds dove into lakes.

Everyone felt it. Everyone. The planet went quiet.

We knew something bad was about to happen. Something big and loud and final.

But as dark as the clouds got...

MY GOD... IT'S EVEN BIGGER THAN THEY SAID...

CUT THE CHATTER, CHARLIE TANGO. ENEMY IS CLIMBING FAST...

ACQUIRE MISSILE-LOCK AND FIRE.

The silver lining
was even worse.

VICTOR FOXTROT,
TARGET BASE OF CRAFT,
ALPHA CHARLIE, TARGET
CENTRAL TOWER...

NO DAMAGE
VISIBLE, SQUADRON
LEADER. WHAT THE
HELL IS THAT THING
MADE OF?

CHOOM

CHOOM

CHOOM

ENEMY IS
RETURNING
FIRE!

EVASIVE
ACTION!

THEY'RE
ON OUR
TAILS!

I CAN'T SHAKE -
AAAAAGHH!

SKRAKKKKK!

It was over so quickly. No
epic battle, no fanfare.

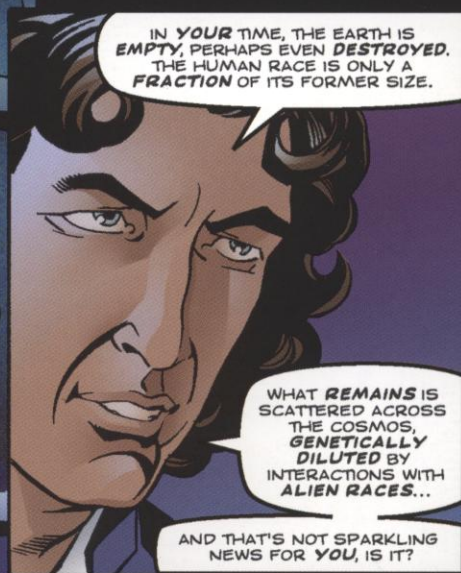
Just bows and
arrows against
the lightning.



TELL ME, CONTROLLER -- WHY DID YOU BOTHER TRAVELLING BACK IN TIME? COULDN'T YOU JUST MAKE THIS MESS IN YOUR OWN ERA?

THAT QUESTION IS IRRELEVANT TO YOUR CURRENT POSITION, DOCTOR.

OH, NICE TRY. LET ME TAKE A WILD STAB IN THE DARK...



IN YOUR TIME, THE EARTH IS EMPTY, PERHAPS EVEN DESTROYED. THE HUMAN RACE IS ONLY A FRACTION OF ITS FORMER SIZE.

WHAT REMAINS IS SCATTERED ACROSS THE COSMOS, GENETICALLY DILUTED BY INTERACTIONS WITH ALIEN RACES...

AND THAT'S NOT SPARKLING NEWS FOR YOU, IS IT?

CYBER-CONVERSION IS A DELICATE PROCESS. IT'S SPECIFICALLY KEED TO THE GENETIC STRUCTURE OF MONDASIANS -- OR THEIR CLOSEST COUSINS, HUMANS.

WHENEVER YOU TRY TO CONVERT AN ALIEN LIKE DESTRII HERE, YOU FAIL -- THE TISSUE REJECTION FACTOR ALWAYS TRIPS YOU UP...

BUT IMAGINE IF THERE WAS A WAY TO RE-ENGINEER THE GENETIC MAKEUP OF YOUR VICTIMS FIRST -- IN EFFECT, TURN THEM INTO MONDASIANS BEFORE YOU CONVERT THEM?

YOU WOULDN'T NEED THE HUMAN RACE. YOU COULD CONVERT ANY SPECIES, MULTIPLY TO A NEAR-INFINITE DEGREE...

ALL YOU NEED IS A CELLULAR RESEQUENCING TEMPLATE, AND I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE ONE HANDY -- MY OWN.

IF YOU WERE TO MONITOR MY READINGS WHILE I REGENERATED, YOU COULD DECIPHER THE ENTIRE TIME LORD BIOMORPHIC CODE...

YOU WOULD NEVER ALLOW SUCH INFORMATION TO BE REVEALED.

I WOULD. IF YOU VOWED TO LEAVE HUMANITY IN PEACE.

YOU ARE NOT SERIOUS. THIS IS YOUR BIG PLAN? GIVING THEM EXACTLY WHAT THEY WANT?

I SAID I'D FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS, DESTRII. I NEVER PROMISED YOU'D LIKE IT.

YOUR OFFER IS ACCEPTED.

MARVELLOUS! NOW, WE JUST HAVE TO WORK OUT THE GORY DETAILS -- I CAN'T REGENERATE IN A HEALTHY BODY, OF COURSE, WE'LL HAVE TO DAMAGE IT SOMEHOW, AND THAT'S HARDER THAN IT LOOKS...

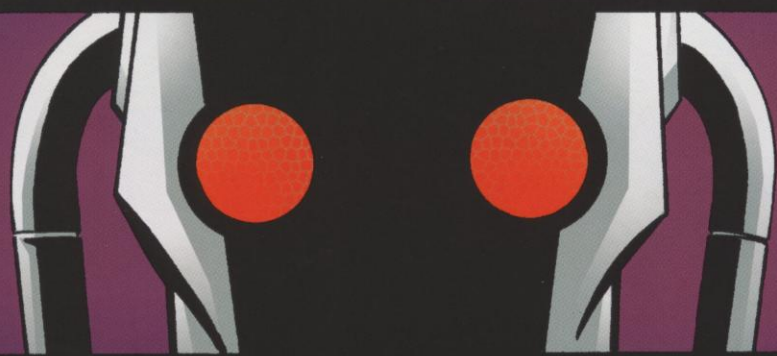
TOO LITTLE AND THE PROCESS WON'T BE TRIGGERED, TOO MUCH AND I'LL DIE BEFORE IT STARTS...

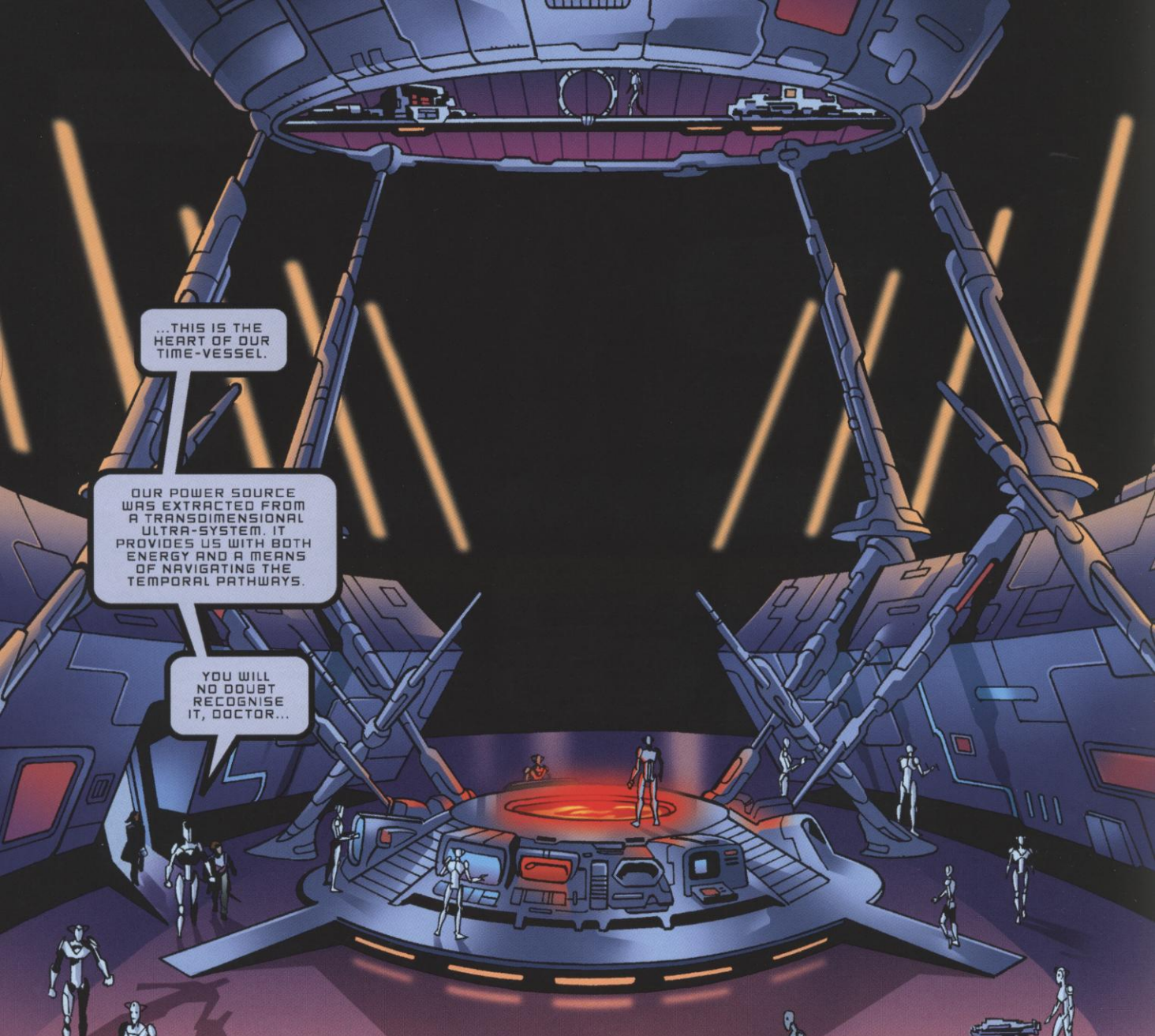
RADIATION EXPOSURE WOULD BE THE SAFEST BET, ALWAYS PAYS TO BE CAUTIOUS WHEN YOU'RE COMMITTING SUICIDE...

I TAKE IT YOU HAVE A PARTICLE REACTOR ON BOARD? MUST BE A HEFTY ONE TO POWER A SHIP THIS SIZE...

WE MOVED BEYOND SUCH PRIMITIVE ENERGY RESOURCES CENTURIES AGO.

WE HAVE HARNESSSED ANOTHER FORCE...





...THIS IS THE
HEART OF OUR
TIME-VESSEL.

OUR POWER SOURCE
WAS EXTRACTED FROM
A TRANSDIMENSIONAL
ULTRA-SYSTEM. IT
PROVIDES US WITH BOTH
ENERGY AND A MEANS
OF NAVIGATING THE
TEMPORAL PATHWAYS.

YOU WILL
NO DOUBT
RECOGNISE
IT, DOCTOR...

I SENSED IT
EARLIER... BUT I
COULDN'T BRING
MYSELF TO
BELIEVE IT...

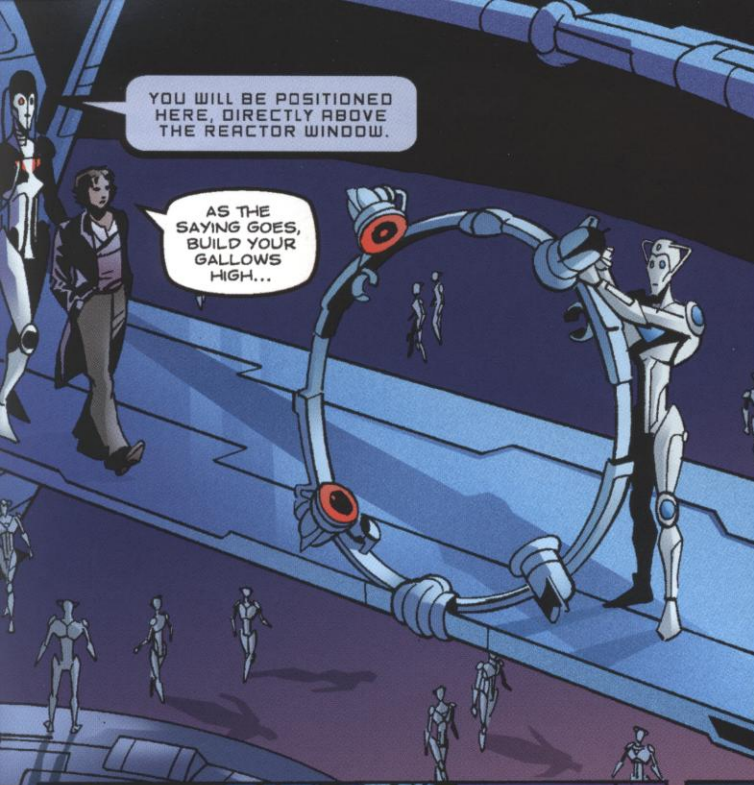
IS THIS
REALLY WHAT
I *THINK*
IT IS?

A FRAGMENT
OF THE *SPACE/TIME*
VORTEX?

CORRECT.

NOT EVEN MY PEOPLE
WOULD DARE ATTEMPT
SUCH A THING... BUT
IT'S *PERFECT* FOR
OUR PURPOSE.

OPEN THE REACTOR
WINDOW FOR HALF A
SECOND AND EXPOSE ME
TO THE *TIME WINDS*.
THAT'LL DO THE JOB...



YOU WILL BE POSITIONED HERE, DIRECTLY ABOVE THE REACTOR WINDOW.

AS THE SAYING GOES, BUILD YOUR GALLOW'S HIGH...



BIO-SENSORS ARE ESTABLISHED, CONTROLLER.

ONCE WE HAVE ANALYSED THE REGENERATIVE PROCESS, YOUR COMPANION WILL FUNCTION AS OUR INITIAL TEST SUBJECT.

CHKK



WHAT?! WAIT A MINUTE, THAT WASN'T PART OF THE DEAL! LEAVE DESTRIII OUT OF THIS!

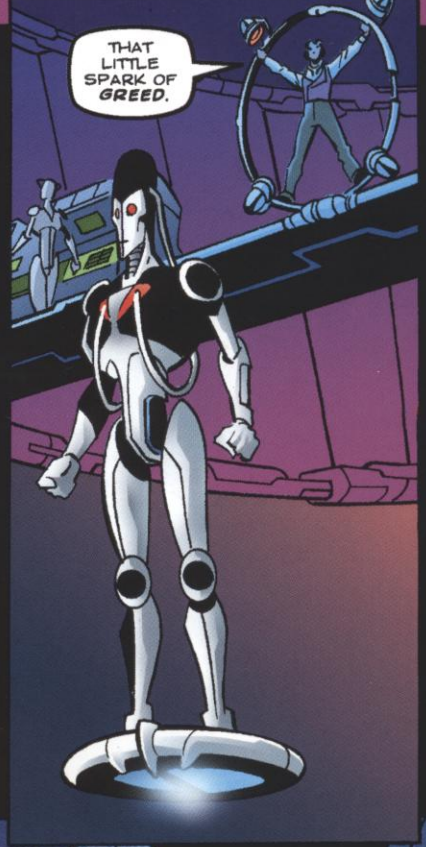
THERE IS NO "DEAL". THE CYBER-CONVERSION OF EARTH WILL PROCEED AS PLANNED.

"HONOUR" IS AN IRRATIONAL CONCEPT, DOCTOR.



I SEE.

YOU KNOW, I HAD A FEELING IT WAS STILL THERE...

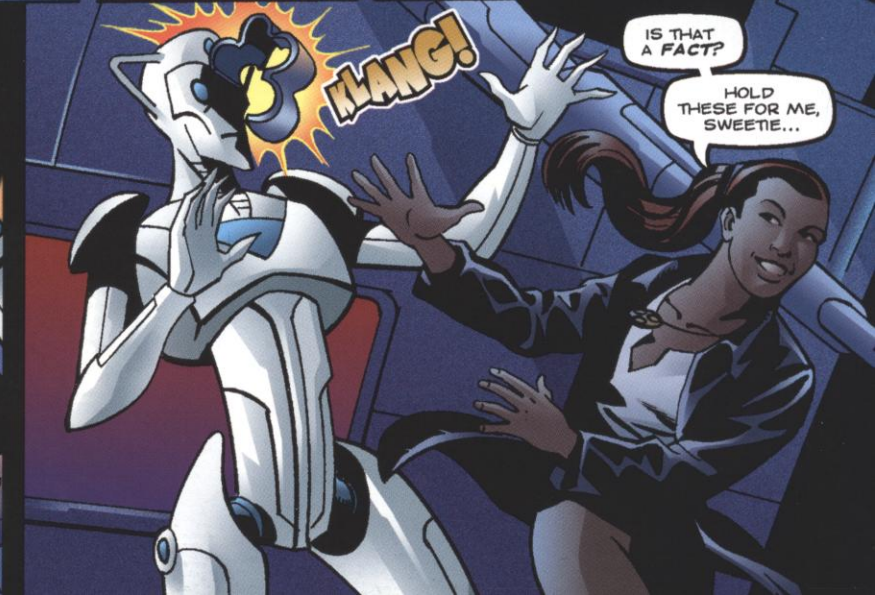


THAT LITTLE SPARK OF GREED.



HEY, YOU DOWN THERE! BE CAREFUL WITH THOSE CONVECTION RODS, THEY PACK QUITE A CHARGE!

THEY COULD BE VERY DANGEROUS IN THE RIGHT HANDS...



KLANG!

IS THAT A FACT?

HOLD THESE FOR ME, SWEETIE...



DESTRUI! THE CYBERMEN WON'T
USE THEIR PARTICLE BEAMS IN
HERE, THEY CAN'T RISK DAMAGING
THE INSTRUMENTATION!

GET TO
WORK!



THIS ISN'T
WORK, BLUE-
EYES...



IT'S PURE
PLEASURE!



COME ON, DOCTOR...
YOU CAN DO IT...



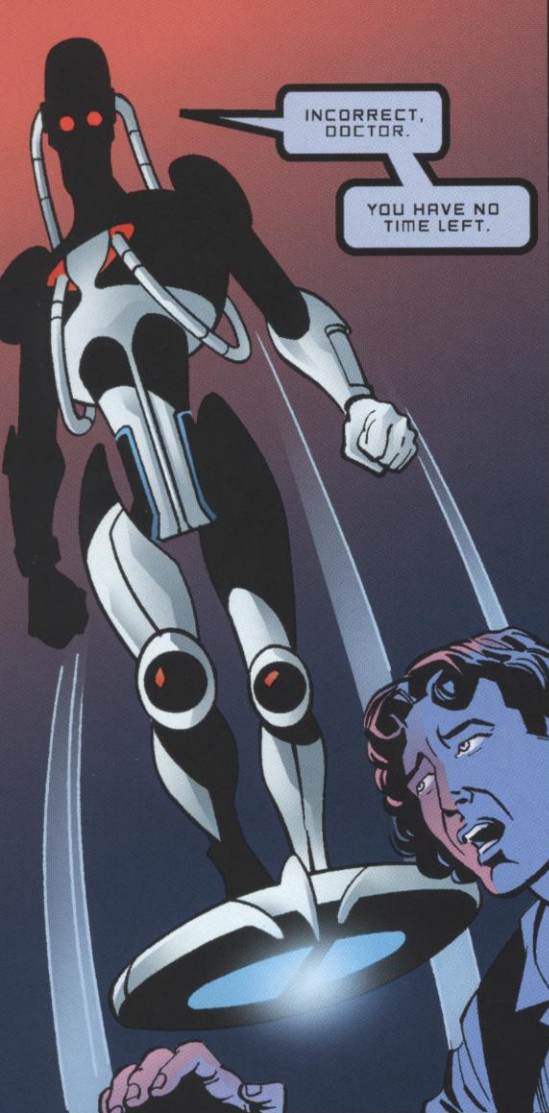
K-TRAKKKK!



STOP BEING
SO LOGICAL, YOU
STUPID MACHINE... I
JUST WANT TO OPEN THE
WINDOW A TEENSY BIT
LONGER THAN
PLANNED...

THERE'S
STILL TIME...





INCORRECT, DOCTOR.

YOU HAVE NO TIME LEFT.



AAAGHH!

KRAK



WHAT DID YOU HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH WITH YOUR LIES?

THE VORTEX REACTOR IS HELD IN CHECK BY A THOUSAND SEPARATE FAILSAFE SYSTEMS. YOU COULD NEVER USE IT TO DESTROY THIS CRAFT.



YOU BELIEVE YOURSELF SUPERIOR TO THE CYBER-RACE.

YOU ARE MERELY A CRUDE FUSION OF BONE AND FLESH....

A FRAIL, DELUDED ANIMAL.

KRUNK

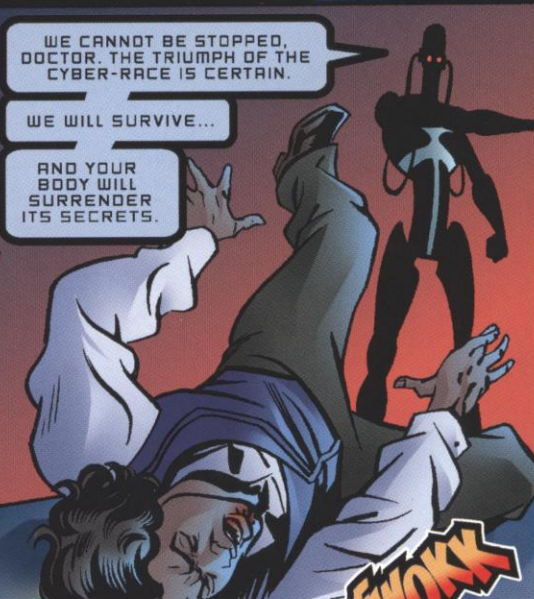
HHNNHGH!



AAANNH!

SHWANK

DO YOU SEE?



WE CANNOT BE STOPPED, DOCTOR. THE TRIUMPH OF THE CYBER-RACE IS CERTAIN.

WE WILL SURVIVE...

AND YOUR BODY WILL SURRENDER ITS SECRETS.

FWOKK



NO... SORRY... DON'T THINK SO...

SEE... THE ONLY WAY THAT CAN HAPPEN...

...IS IF I
LEAVE YOU
ANYTHING TO
STUDY.

ZZSSHHHZZ



NO...

NEXT: **ENDGAME**



STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKING: DAVID A. ROACH
COLOURS: ADRIAN SALMON LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN
CYBERMEN CREATED BY GERRY DAVIS & KIT PEDLER





I REALLY
WOULDN'T
DO THAT...

IF I
WERE
YOU.



YOU WERE *RIGHT*,
CONTROLLER... I AM
JUST A "FRAIL, DELUDED
ANIMAL"...

BUT I'M
ALSO A
TIME LORD.

MY PEOPLE WERE
MAPPING THE
ROUTES OF ETERNITY
WHEN YOUR PLANET
WAS A PILE OF CHEAP
COSMIC DUST. WE'RE
THE *GUARDIANS*
OF HISTORY...

AND YOU'VE
JUST GIVEN ME
ACCESS TO THE
ULTIMATE SOURCE
OF OUR POWER.

BAD MOVE.

THE SPACE/TIME
VORTEX IS PASSION
AND WONDER AND
JOY. IT'S MY HOME!
HOW DARE YOU TRY
TO CAGE IT!



THIS... IS IMPOSS -

OH, SHUT
UP! YOU'RE
LIKE A BLIND
MAN TRYING
TO TELL
ME HOW
USELESS
COLOUR IS!
YOU'RE SO
FINITE IT'S
PATHETIC!



YOU'VE ANGERED
ONE OF THE PRIMAL
FORCES OF REALITY,
CONTROLLER, BUT THAT
WASN'T YOUR *BIGGEST*
MISTAKE...



YOU'VE ALSO
ANGERED ME!



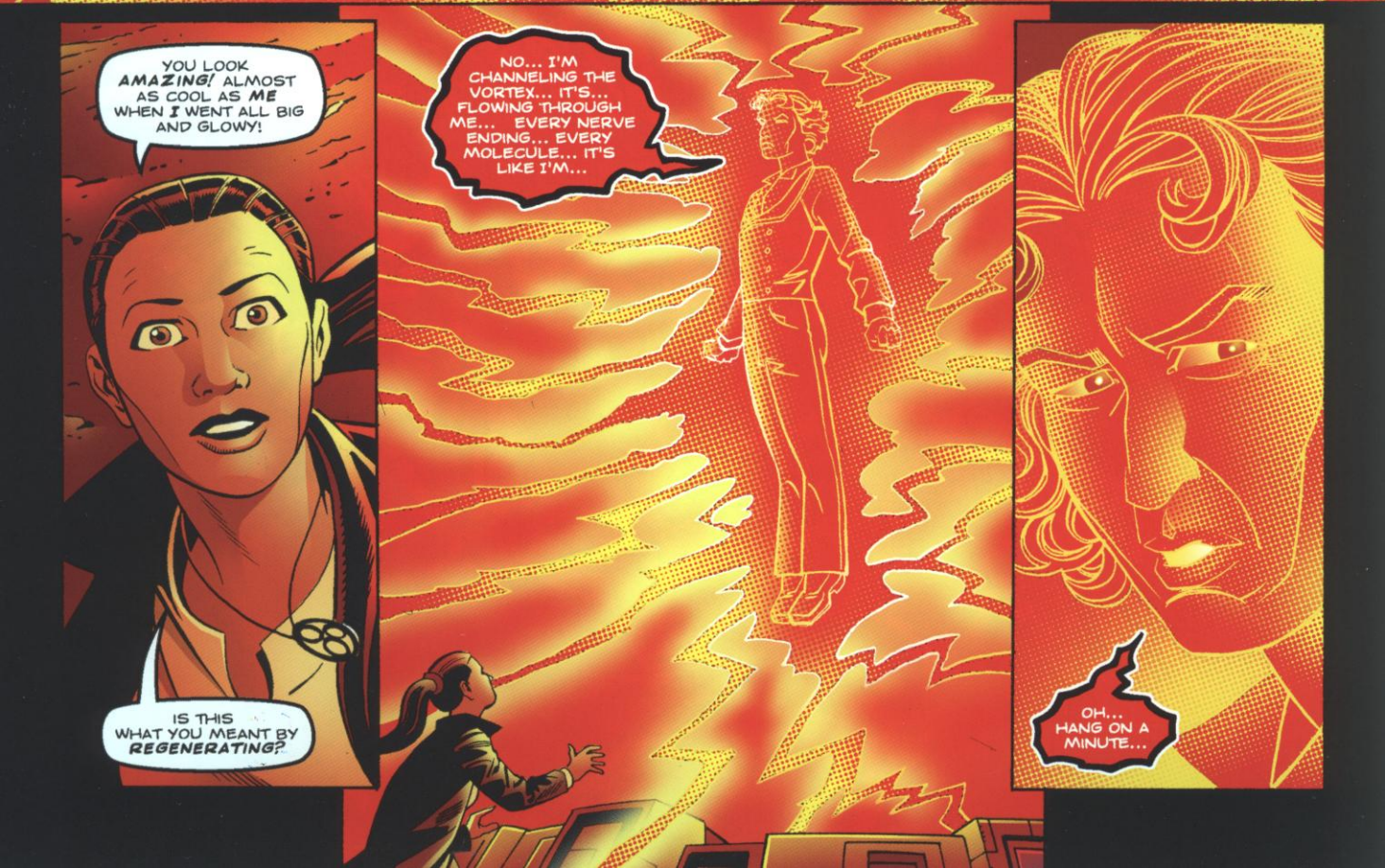
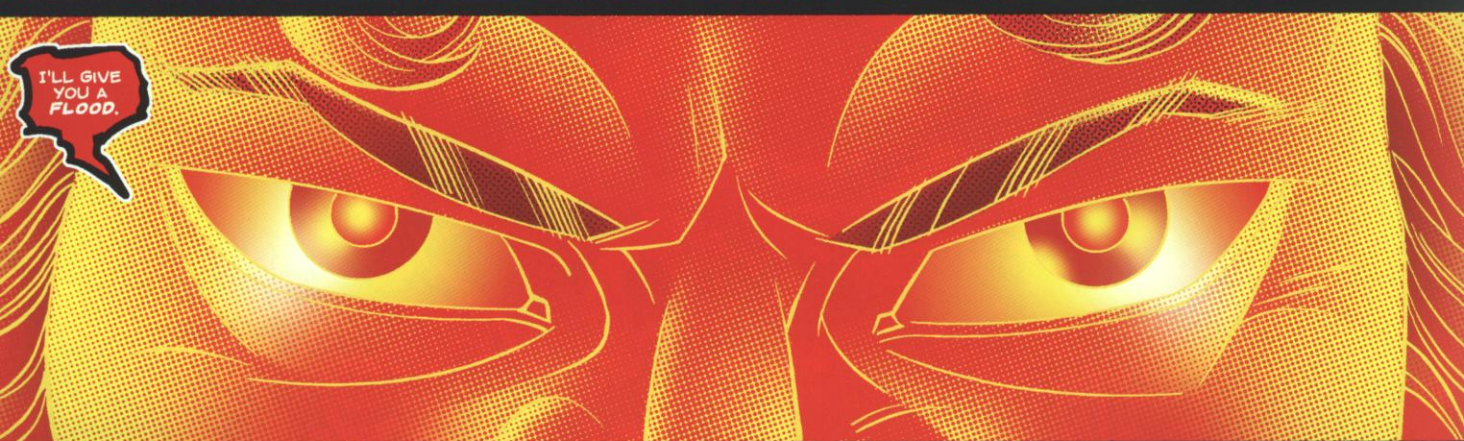


"... NOT ANY
OF YOU."

KRAKOOM!

THR-CHAMM!

SHKRAAAM!



As quickly as they were born, the clouds died. The skies cleared. We stared up, not quite daring to hope.

A gasp went around the world.

Perhaps he heard it.

His voice was like a warm breeze, softer than any whisper. Everybody heard it, in every language. Five little words...

"Relax. It's over. You're safe."

With his consciousness expanded, he took a moment to turn it in our direction...

I had travelled with him, years ago. There had been times since when it had all seemed like a daydream, but I always held onto the truth.

So I and a few others - a lucky few - recognised him.

We remembered the courage he had shown...

The dreams he had inspired...

The lessons he had taught...

The love he had offered.

We all thanked him...

And then he was gone.

NICE WORK, DOCTOR. THEY'RE **DUSTED!** C'MON, TIME TO **VAMOOSE!**

DOCTOR...?

THAP-KRASHH!

CHK-ROON!

THE VORTEX... I'M NOT JUST **CHANNELLING** IT NOW...

IT'S CALLING TO ME...

IT'S **WELCOMING** ME!

I'LL... I'LL BE ONE WITH **EVERYTHING...** I NEVER DREAMED THIS WAS POSSIBLE...

EVERY MOMENT, **EVERY** HEARTBEAT... I CAN SEE IT ALL...

I'M **FEELING** IT ALL...

THE PATTERNS OF THE EONS... SO **BEAUTIFUL...**

NO NEED TO **TRAVEL** IN TIME...

I'M... **BECOMING** TIME...

WHOA! WAIT A **SECOND!**

WE SANG THIS SONG **ALREADY**, REMEMBER? THE ONLY DIFFERENCE WAS, I WAS ON STAGE AND YOU WERE IN THE CROWD!

YOU'RE **REAL!** YOU'RE **FLESH AND BONE!** YOU **SWEAT** AND YOU **CRY** AND YOU **BLEED!**

THIS IS WHERE YOU **BELONG!** DON'T YOU **DARE** DRIFT OFF INTO **COSMIC LAND!**

YOU'RE **NEEDED** **HERE**, DOCTOR!

UH... MOSTLY BY ME...

662LZL666LZL666



SSSKRRSSHH!



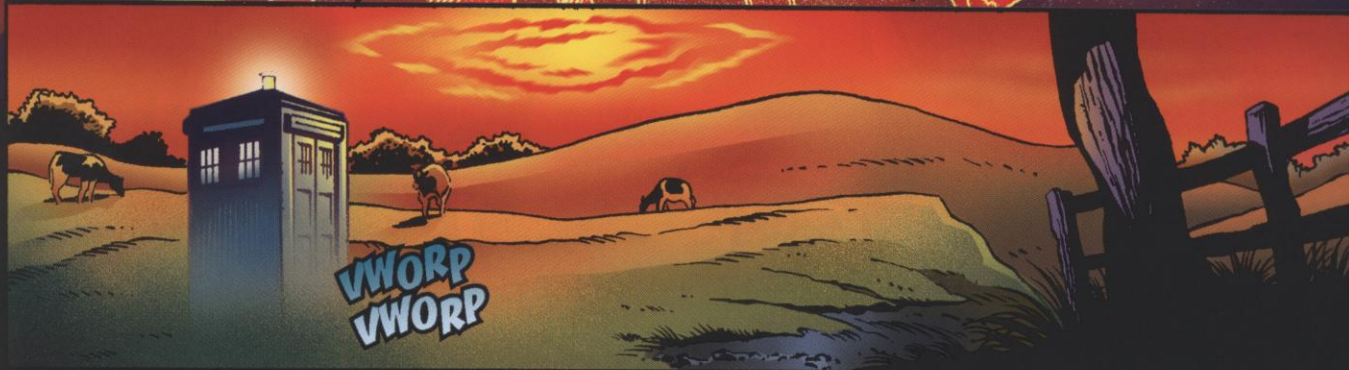
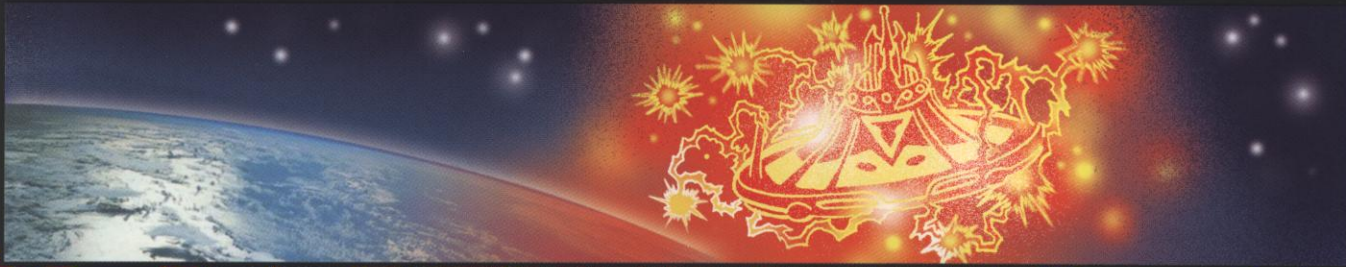
KRNCHHH



SZZRAXXX







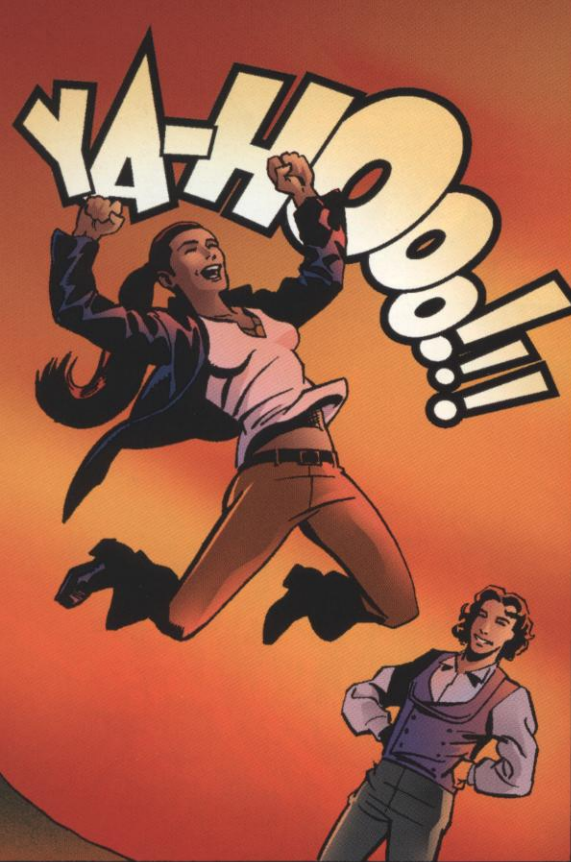
"RED SKY
AT NIGHT...
SHEPHERD'S
DELIGHT."

IT'LL TAKE A WHILE
TO BREAK UP ENTIRELY.
EARTH WILL HAVE A
SECOND SUN FOR A
DAY OR TWO...



SO... WE
SAVED THE
WORLD?

WE SAVED
THE WORLD.



IT'S
UNCOMFORTABLE,
AND FRIGHTENING,
AND USUALLY VERY
EXPENSIVE...

BUT **CHANGE**
IS WHAT MAKES
US **REAL**.

AT THE END
OF THE DAY, IT'S
WHAT IT'S ALL
ABOUT.



SPEAKING OF WHICH -- I'VE JUST
REALISED SOMETHING! I'M GOING
TO NEED A NEW **JACKET!**

YEAH! MAYBE SOMETHING
IN **LEATHER?**

THERE YOU
GO, UPSETTING
THE **LOCALS**
AGAIN...



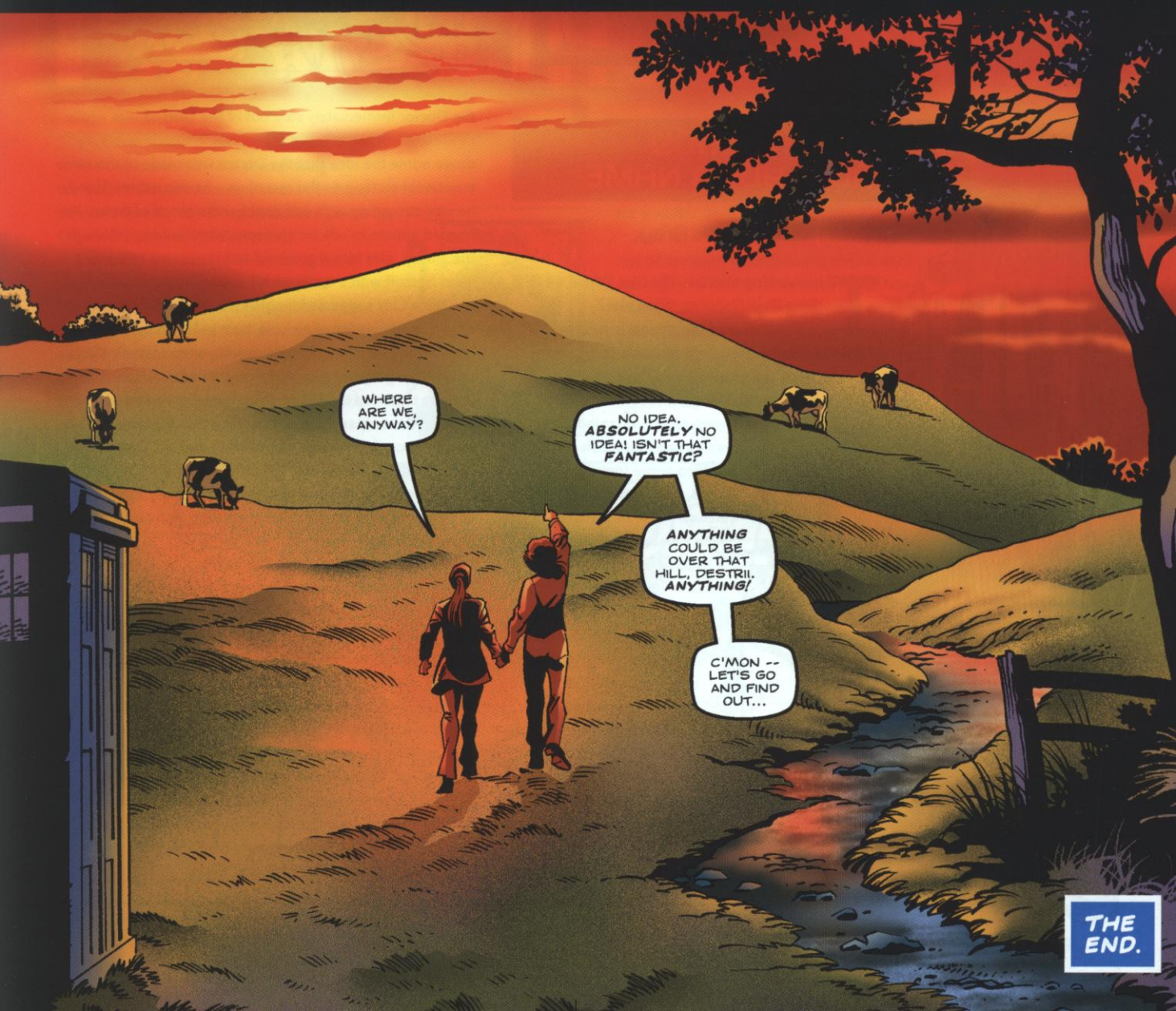
MOOO

WHERE
ARE WE,
ANYWAY?

NO IDEA.
ABSOLUTELY NO
IDEA! ISN'T THAT
FANTASTIC?

ANYTHING
COULD BE
OVER THAT
HILL, **DESTRIL**.
ANYTHING!

C'MON --
LET'S GO
AND FIND
OUT...



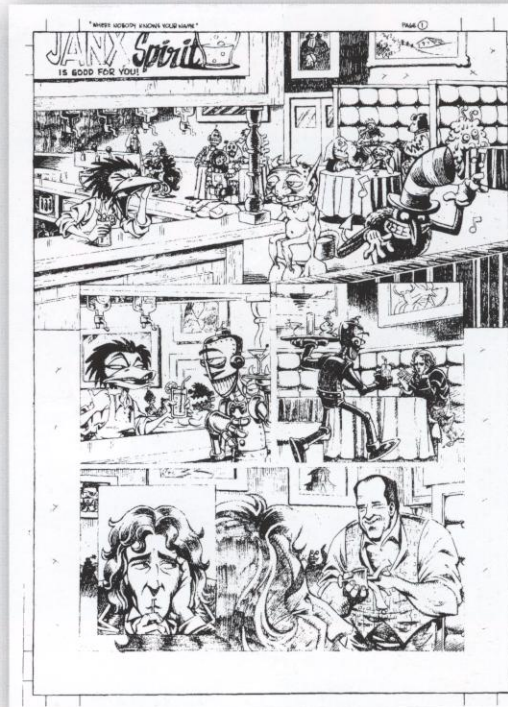
THE
END.

* Bish has to threaten someone - does it casually
- drunk backs off (his friends too?) Bish

COMMENTARY

Right: Roger Langridge's thumbnail breakdown and finished pencils for the strip's opening page.

Below: the Sixth Doctor and his penguin pal Frobisher by John Ridgway.



WHERE NOBODY KNOWS YOUR NAME

by Scott Gray

The working title was *The One Where We Bring Back Frobisher*. What else?

If you've read our previous volume *Oblivion* (available at all good book, comic and online shops right now), you'll have seen the

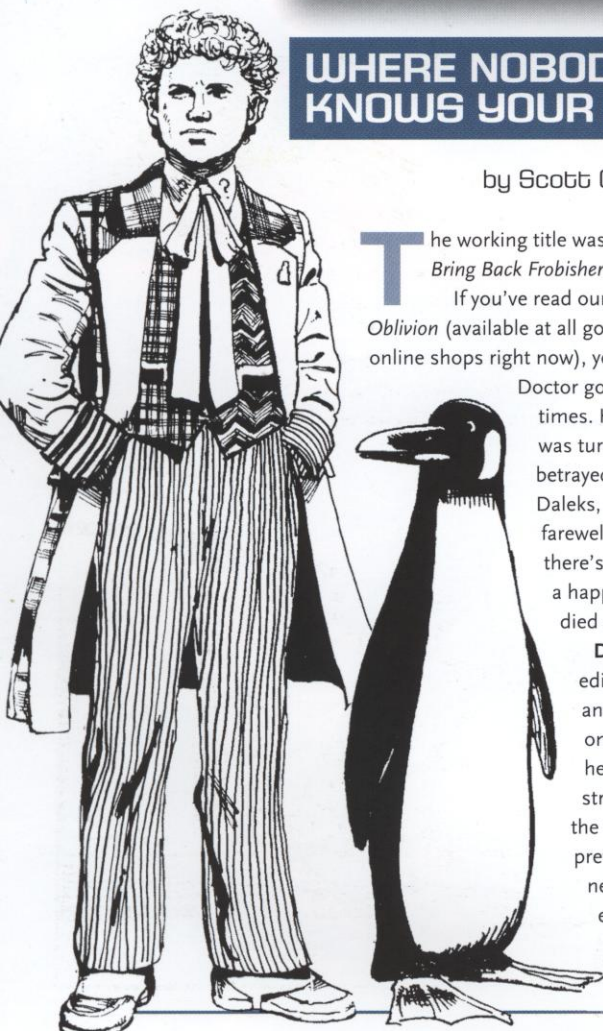
Doctor go through some stressful times. His companion Izzy was turned into a fish-girl, he betrayed some friendly Daleks, and he bid a sad farewell to his best friend. If there's a story in *Oblivion* with a happy ending it probably died of loneliness.

Doctor Who Magazine editor Clayton Hickman and I agreed that it was only fair to give our hero (and the comic strip) a break from all the extended angst of the previous two years. We needed to lighten up. But even so, it felt wrong to just gloss over Izzy's departure and have

the Doctor immediately step out of the TARDIS into a jolly new escapade. This little melancholic interlude hopefully drove home the idea that the Doctor was made of the same emotional stuffing as the rest of us – he missed his friend, he was struggling with self-doubt and a sense of ennui. He needed a mate to talk to; someone who could cut through the gloom, give him a good old-fashioned pep-talk and send him off with a smile on his face.

I think Clay suggested Frobisher's return during one of our infinite series of evening train journeys back to London. We were idly wondering where the Sixth Doctor's shape-changing penguin chum might have ended up after he departed the **DWM** strip. Somehow running a bar seemed the only sensible option. The plot fell into place quickly enough. The idea of Frobisher and the Doctor not recognising each other came early (they're both shape-shifters, remember!) and sold me on the story. It avoided becoming a cosy, nostalgic reunion then and made it a bit more poignant.

We turned to our resident Renaissance Man Roger Langridge for the visuals. Roger had never had the chance to colour his own artwork in the **DWM** strip before (although he had done a lovely job with a John Ross-drawn story a year earlier), so that was another plus. I knew I could relax and leave the design of all the patrons to Roger. The first panel in the script states that the bar is "populated by a wide variety of aliens" and, apart from the speaking characters, that was the sum total of my description. When you've got one of the best humour cartoonists on the planet drawing your story, you know you can put your feet up. Fans of Roger's brilliant *Fred the Clown* comic will recognise Future Fred wearing a spacesuit in the panel where Zalda appears.



* We need some visual nutsiness here –
play to Roger's strengths! something



The title came from the theme song of the sitcom *Cheers* of course, as did the feisty barmaid Caralla. "Bish" was based on James Gandolfini (star of *The Sopranos*).

Clay and I felt that it'd be better to leave the Doctor companionless for the time being. The bulk of the last two years' worth of stories had revolved around Izzy, and we wanted the Doctor to drive the storylines for a change. Besides, it had always seemed a tad contrived to me how the Doctor would drop off Companion A in a story and immediately

Can we see some teeth!



pick up Companion B in the following one. We decided to see how he'd cope on his own for a while.

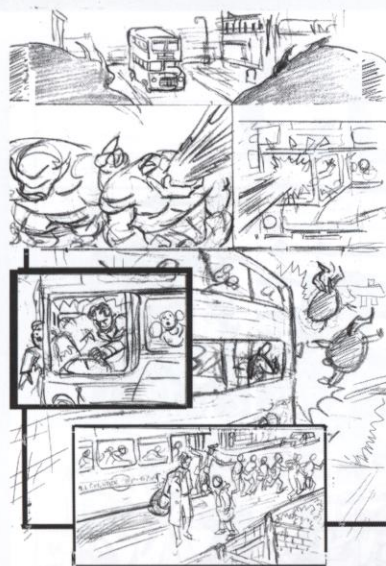
And for those of you who haven't read any of the Sixth Doctor comic strips, my apologies. *Where Nobody Knows Your Name* was written in a simpler age, when enjoying *Doctor Who* was a bit like being in a cosy little MENSAs club for sci-fi trivia buffs. You were probably wondering why Tony Soprano turns into a penguin at the story's conclusion. Hope this clears that up. **SG**

Above, between, below: More thumbnails and finished pencils from Roger Langridge.



Not pink, please!

survived - would that work here? Something
dadaist? an alcoholic telepathic alien



Above: two versions of Mike Collins's original thumbnail breakdown of the bus scene in Part One.

Below: Mike's concept sketch of the Killer Mass.

DOCTOR WHO AND THE NIGHTMARE GAME

by Gareth Roberts & Clayton Hickman

Now, I loved (and still love) the grand arc of the Eighth Doctor's adventures with Izzy, Destrii and Fey; the scale of Scott Gray's visual imagination and the heart and wit of his scripts is one of the best things in *Doctor Who*, in any of its forms, ever, ya hear me? But when Clayton asked me to come up with a story for the strip after many years absence from *Doctor Who* in any of its forms, I was glad to hear his plan was to soft-pedal for a while and have some shorter, self-contained adventures. As with the Virgin *New Adventures* I thought that everybody else was writing epic 'Season Finalés', so to make them work somebody had to write what we might now call Episode 7 to shore up Episodes 12 and 13. And unlike

many of my fellow fans, I love those meat-and-potatoes stories; give me a hit of *The Stones of Blood* and I'm happy.

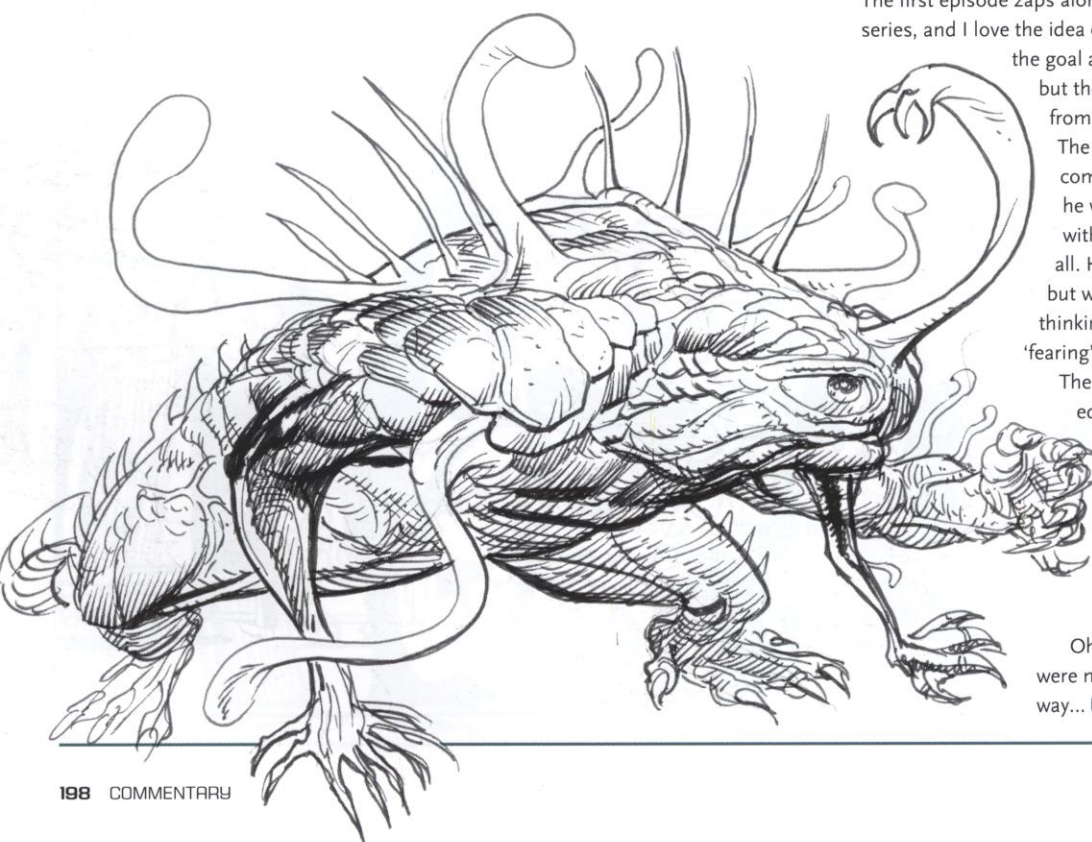
I'd wanted to do a football strip years before, but then editor Gary Russell wouldn't let me (you may think he was right). Also I wanted to see something hard and concrete and real in the strip; there'd been a lot of mind-boggling alien environments and virtual realities (and, alright, I just can't do them). As a kid in the 1970s I was familiar with the strips in *Scorcher*, *Score* etc. Not because I liked football, far from it, but because reading my brother's comics was often the only thing to do in the days when TV stations expected you to play outdoors most of the day. I thought it would be fun to put the strip Doctor in a wildly different strip universe to his normal one.

Tragically, though – it should have been a two-parter! The first episode zaps along like an episode from the new series, and I love the idea of the TARDIS landing in front of the goal at the very height of the match, but there wasn't enough following on from that to make up three parts.

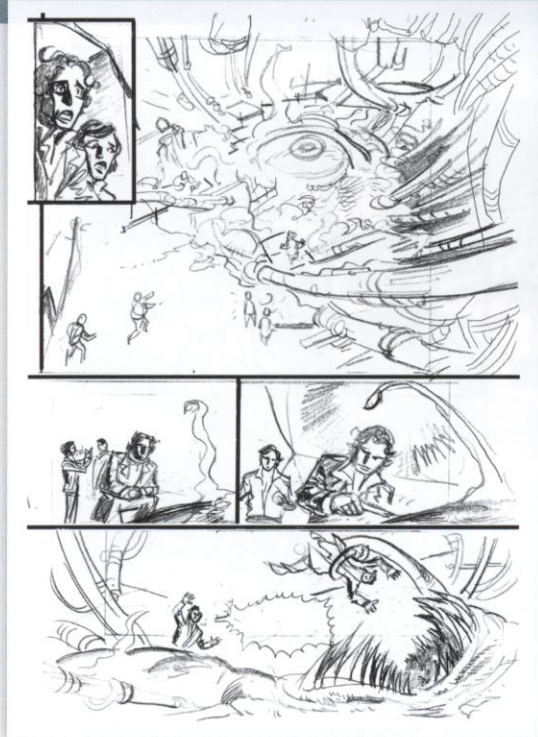
The character of Billy the one-off companion was good fun, though – he was based on the kids I grew up with, who didn't 'get' *Doctor Who* at all. He was never intended to stay on, but we wanted to fool the readers into thinking that might be the case. Maybe 'fearing' might be a better word...

The third episode appeared in an edition of **DWM** with an article by me which criticised other writers about the inelegance of *Doctor Who* stories that end with the Doctor rescuing tons of people in the TARDIS. Hypocrisy, thy name is Roberts.

Oh, and the alien football managers were meant to look like Sparks, by the way... **GR**



makes it worse. Tilted guy comes into bar - he's got a bomb - threatens to blow everyone



Left: Mike Collins's thumbnail rough and final pencils of the first cliffhanger scene.

I think my original pitch to Scott was 'let's do a few *Doctor Who Weekly*-style strips, with fill-in companions, and no ongoing story, and lots of jokes. Oh, and hats! The Doctor could wear a different hat in the first panel of each adventure! What a hoot!' Given how carefully Scotty had tended and nurtured the comic strip through its clever, emotional, twisty-turny arcs over the previous few years, I'm lucky he didn't fetch me a good punch up the bracket for suggesting such a thing. But he didn't, he agreed that the strip needed some time to breathe before we dived headlong into another arc. He even let me have the hat gag. I love that man...

I wanted to get Gareth Roberts back into the *DWM* fold as a matter of urgency. He's an astonishing writer, truly one of the best, and there is always such an easy, fun, pleasure-to-read style about his work that seemed perfect for one of these 'Doctor Who on holiday' adventures.

The other big change was that we decided to give regular artist-stroke-genius Martin Geraghty a short rest, and give some other pencillers their chance in the limelight. Sometimes this worked, sometimes it didn't, but one of our most fortuitous decisions during this period was turning to Mike Collins to pencil *The Nightmare Game*. Lucky for him, too, as it turned out... I'd loved Mike's bold, precise work on an old Sylvester McCoy strip, *The Good Soldier*, but his style had softened since then, and seemed

perfect for this retro, old-school story. And he went to town on it! He researched clothes, cars, old chocolate wrappers, even dodgy facial hair. And I believe he's kept the results of that final experiment to this day. (Kidding, Mike, kidding!)

I worked closely with Gar on the story just because he wanted to ease back into comic strip land after many years away, and I'd had more recent experience. Plus we'd co-written a couple of Big Finish audios back in the day and enjoyed that working relationship. We did go through a lot of drafts, refining the story, chopping and changing elements and characters, and enjoying ourselves until... well, until we ran out of time, to be honest. So while there are some great gags, some brilliant imagery, and a real feeling of good, honest 70s fun to *The Nightmare Game*, it does go a bit tits-up eventually and Part Three really is in a bit of a state. Sorry.

Still, at least Billy didn't join the Doctor, so count yourselves lucky... **GH**

Below: Mike's sketches of the Mongs and more of his pencil work.



* Doc is on holiday - he goes native, wearing only a pair of shorts (or loincloth)



Above: the real Thoueris!

Below : Adrian Salmon's sketches for Thoueris, the Doctor and Ediphis (misnamed "Artifis" here).

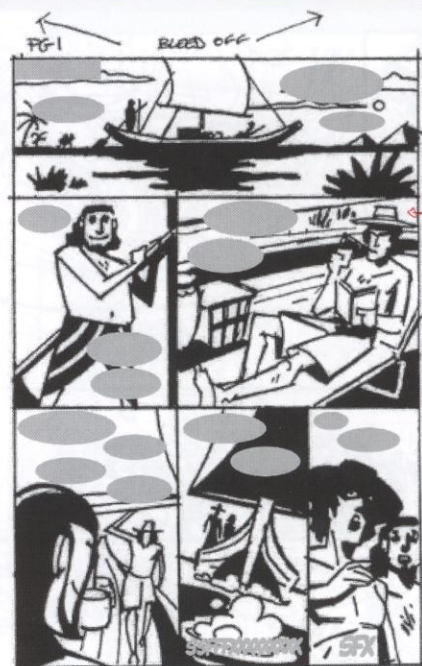
THE POWER OF THOUERIS!

by Scott Gray

don't think this one had a proper working title, unless you count *Egypt One-Parter* (nah).

So anyway, we were off and running (or strolling) through the Doctor's gap year. *The Nightmare Game* – sorry, *Doctor Who* and *The Nightmare Game* – had neatly established our new, fun-loving, casual Doctor. *The Power of Thoueris!* continued the strip's far more relaxed tone. The Doctor was on holiday, pure and simple. He had no tortured emotional journey to make, no deaths to avenge, no cosmic conspiracy to uncover. You could practically hear the pages sighing with relief.

I admit I cheated a bit with the name of the villain. "Tauret" would have been more accurate as the Egyptian name but I went with the Greek translation "Thoueris", just because it looked more powerful on the page. (Still not sure how to pronounce it, though.) Thoueris was the goddess of fertility. She was also the wife of Set who in the world of *Doctor Who* is known as Sutekh, the epic villain of the TV story *Pyramids of Mars*. Anyone care to imagine that coupling? (Hah, now you have to!)

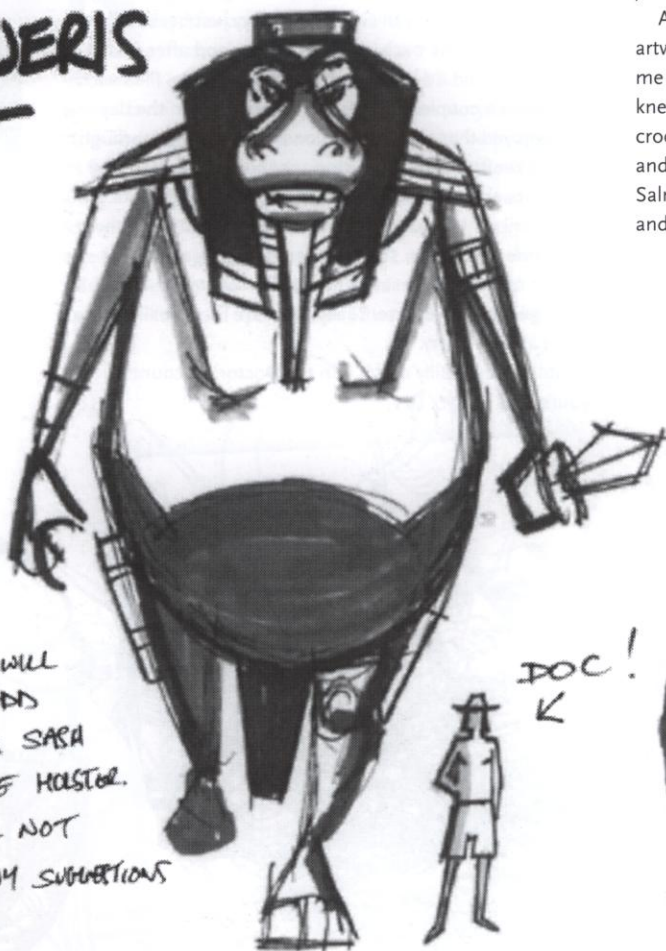


Ediphis's name came from Edifis, the evil architect in *Asterix and Cleopatra*, my favourite book in the classic *Asterix* series. Did you see the film? Don't bother.

Of course, the vitally important hat theme continued. The one used here was in fact the Fifth Doctor's Panama job, dusted off and brought out of retirement.

Adrian Salmon did his customary bang-up job on the artwork. Ade is a life-long Egyptophile, which is what got me started thinking about the setting in the first place. I knew he'd have fun with Thoueris, Ediphis and those funky crocodiles. I remember my mate Andrew reading this one and saying, "This story was just an excuse to give Adrian Salmon a load of cool stuff to draw, wasn't it?" I smiled and replied, "And your point is...?" **SG**

THOUERIS



N.B.
PROBABLY WILL
HAVE TO ADD
BELT WITH SASH
FOR KNIFE HOLSTER.
WOULD PREFER NOT
TOO, SO ANY SUGGESTIONS
WELCOME.

MAYBE STRAP
HOLSTER TO THIGH??

SIZE RATIO.
(ROUGHLY)

DOC!
K



B/W
STRIPED
LOINCLOTH
TYPE CLOTHING
(SEE STRIP)

Big enough to be impressive, small enough to be a credible meal for the crows.



Left: Adrian's thumbnail designs for the story, complete with balloon placements.

Below: a concept sketch of Spring-Heeled Jack by Scott Gray, and two Penny Dreadful titles devoted to Jack.

THE CURIOUS TALE OF SPRING-HEELED JACK

by Scott Gray

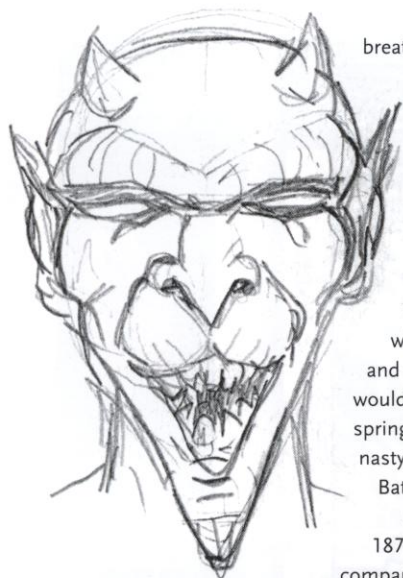
Oh lordy, this one was like giving birth to a rhinoceros. It's a perfect example of the nightmare that can occur when the very first step a writer takes in a story is the wrong one.

You see, I wanted to do a Victorian London story, a proper mystery/adventure for the Doctor to solve (in a top hat, of course), and I wanted it to revolve around the Penny Dreadfuls. They were the first cheaply published serial magazines. They became hugely popular in the 1840s as printing presses became more affordable, and were the earliest reading material aimed at the working class. The more I researched the Penny Dreadfuls (so called because they cost a penny and most of them were... well...), the more the idea appealed. They were the forefathers of the comic book, filled with adventure heroes of all stripes. And just like comics, they were attacked by self-appointed moral guardians as a corrupting influence on the nation's youth, not that anyone was really listening. Young and old alike were too busy thrilling to the tales of Jack Harkaway, Varney the Vampyre, Dick Turpin... and the mysterious Spring-Heeled Jack!

Jack was a real bloke (or more likely blokes) who ran around London in the 1830s, popping up out of nowhere, tearing the blouses off women and hopping away into the night. That was about it, really. But public hysteria grew, and there were mounted vigilante gangs patrolling the streets in search of him. The eyewitness descriptions of Jack became increasingly bizarre: glowing eyes and flaming

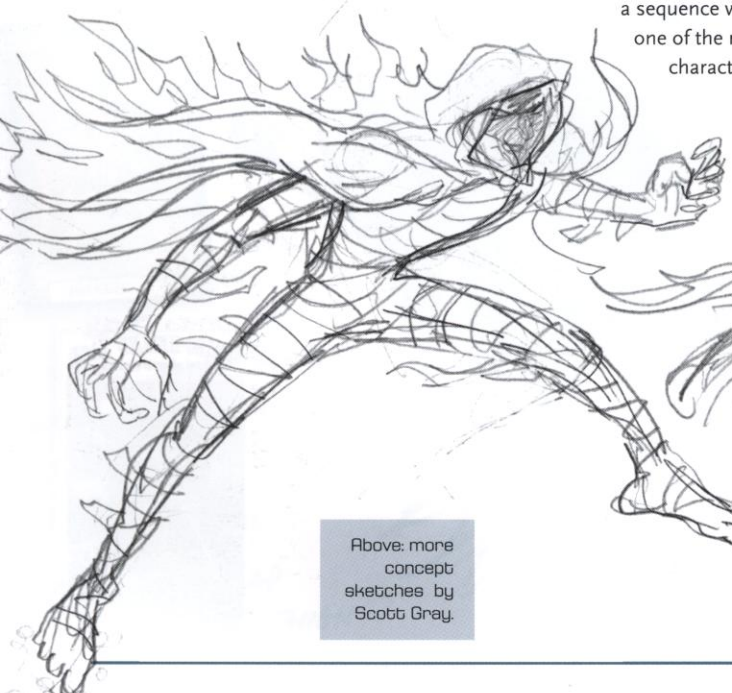
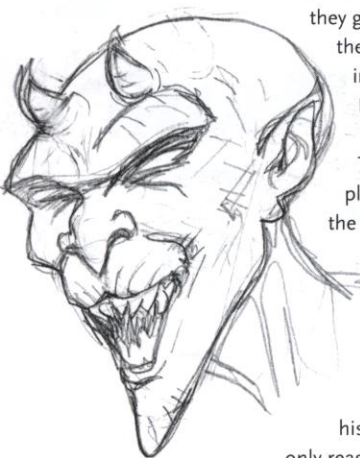


* A creature tied to the public consciousness -- at the start, he's a crazed madman.



Above and below: sketches of Jack by Scott Gray.

Right: pencils by Anthony Williams.



Above: more concept sketches by Scott Gray.

breath! Leaping over 20-foot fences! Horns on 'is 'ead, guvnor! Much like his far more sinister namesake in the 1880s, Jack was never caught. As a result, he captured the public imagination and became an urban legend.

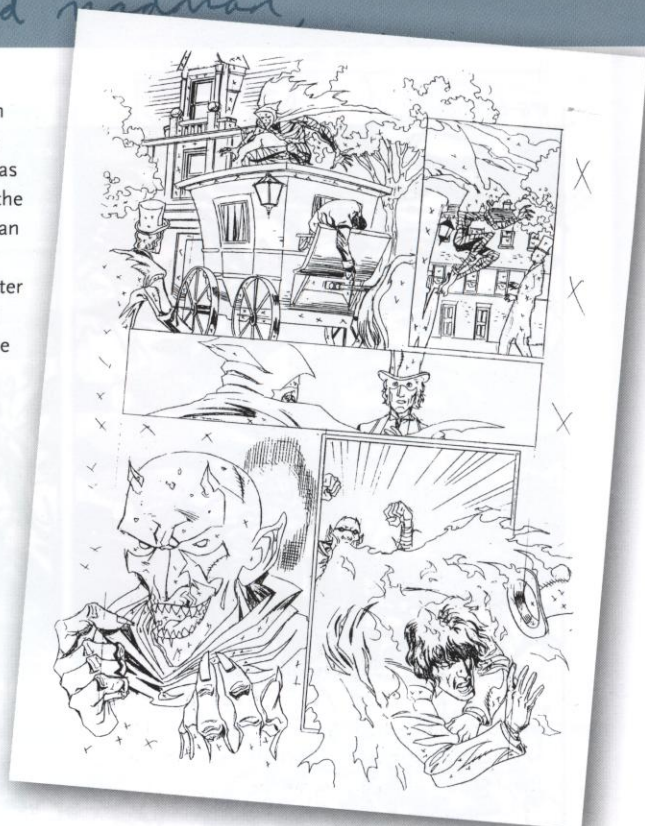
Jack was still remembered decades later and he spawned several Penny Dreadful titles. He was usually cast as a hero – one version portrayed him as a nobleman who'd been cheated out of his inheritance and was now a figure of urban justice. Jack would bound over rooftops (with special spring-boots) in a cape and mask, thrashing nasty landlords and corrupt officials. A Batman/Zorro for Victorian London!

So I set to work on a story set in the 1870s about a Penny Dreadful publishing company, run by a blustering J Jonah Jameson-style boss. Their Spring-Heeled Jack magazine has triggered the return (after decades) of the real Jack, an alien policeman. A young lady, Molly, is writing the stories but she and her husband Bill are in fact evil aliens too. The Doctor gets involved when he tries to fill some gaps in his Penny Dreadful collection. Molly and Bill are polished off when they get pushed into the Thames and dissolve in all the pollution. At the end, the Jonah character is so impressed by the Doctor he starts publishing a "Dr Mysterio" title.

But no matter what angle I took, it didn't work. Too much back-story. Too many coincidences. The plot-logic kept collapsing. I circled round and round the story for weeks, mumbling to myself, bumping into walls, attracting odd looks from my Panini chums. Nothing worked! Nooooohinnng!

And then I was saved by Joss Whedon.

Avoiding my laptop one evening, I found myself watching the DVD commentary of an *Angel* episode, *Waiting in the Wings*, in which Angel and his friends go to the ballet. Joss explained that the only reason he wrote the story was out of a desire to do a sequence where one of the regular characters



dances on stage. But once he had finished filming, he realised the scene hurt the rest of the story. "If the story isn't working," said Joss, "take the thing that you love the most about it and cut it."

And that was the answer! I got rid of all the Penny Dreadful content and suddenly everything clicked into place. I realised I had been trying to write a sequel to the story I was supposed to be doing. I switched tracks and set it at the time of the original Jack sightings. *Victorian Babylon* by Lynda Nead was my main reference for the setting. There was a chapter on how gaslight quickly spread across London in the early 1840s, and that became the new hook.

Jack died at the end of the original storyline but I thought it worked better to keep him alive and give the tale a more upbeat conclusion. I was also aware that I had removed two heroic characters from the *Who* strip – Kroton and Shayde – and felt an obligation to start replacing them with others. Who knows, maybe the Doctor will bump into London's guardian demon again someday?

"Molly" became "Penny" – probably as a nod to the lost storyline, but also because it seemed a much better name for a *Doctor Who* girl. I wanted her to so obviously be the new companion that everyone was

expecting. Penny ticked all the boxes: she was pretty, brave, inquisitive, and toted a mean shotgun.

I made sure she got a "stepping into the TARDIS" scene to really cement her in the readership's minds as the Doctor's new travelling partner. But it was all a big swizz! I had another lady, much closer to my heart, in mind... **SG**

+ Tattered cloaks - lots of holes - strips of cloth fluttering in the wind - he

THE LAND OF HAPPY ENDINGS

by Scott Gray

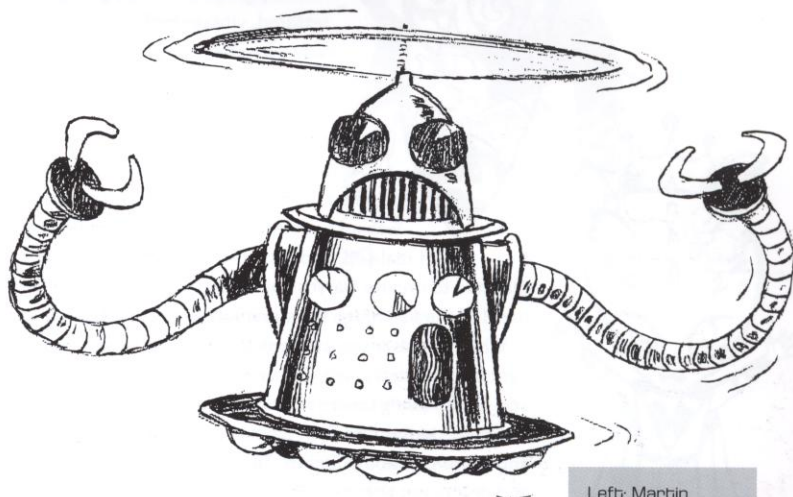
Doctor Who was having an anniversary. A year-long one this time. 40 years of Thrilling Adventures in Time and Space! And considering the Doctor's first comic strip appearance had been published in 1964, it was also a big moment for the strip. Clay and I sat in the pub, wondering how to celebrate it. "Let's do something crazy," one of us said. "Like bring back John and Gillian?" the other replied. Oh yes!

John and Gillian were the Doctor's plucky young grandchildren, and his first comic strip companions. They were introduced in the pages of *TV Comic* in the story *The Klepton Parasites*. It was illustrated by Neville Main (the writer is sadly unknown). John and Gillian stayed with the Doctor (or "Dr Who" as he was always called) through to his second incarnation (who very, very vaguely resembled the actor Patrick Troughton) before growing up and leaving him to attend Space University. I'll bet they caused some trouble there, the scamps.

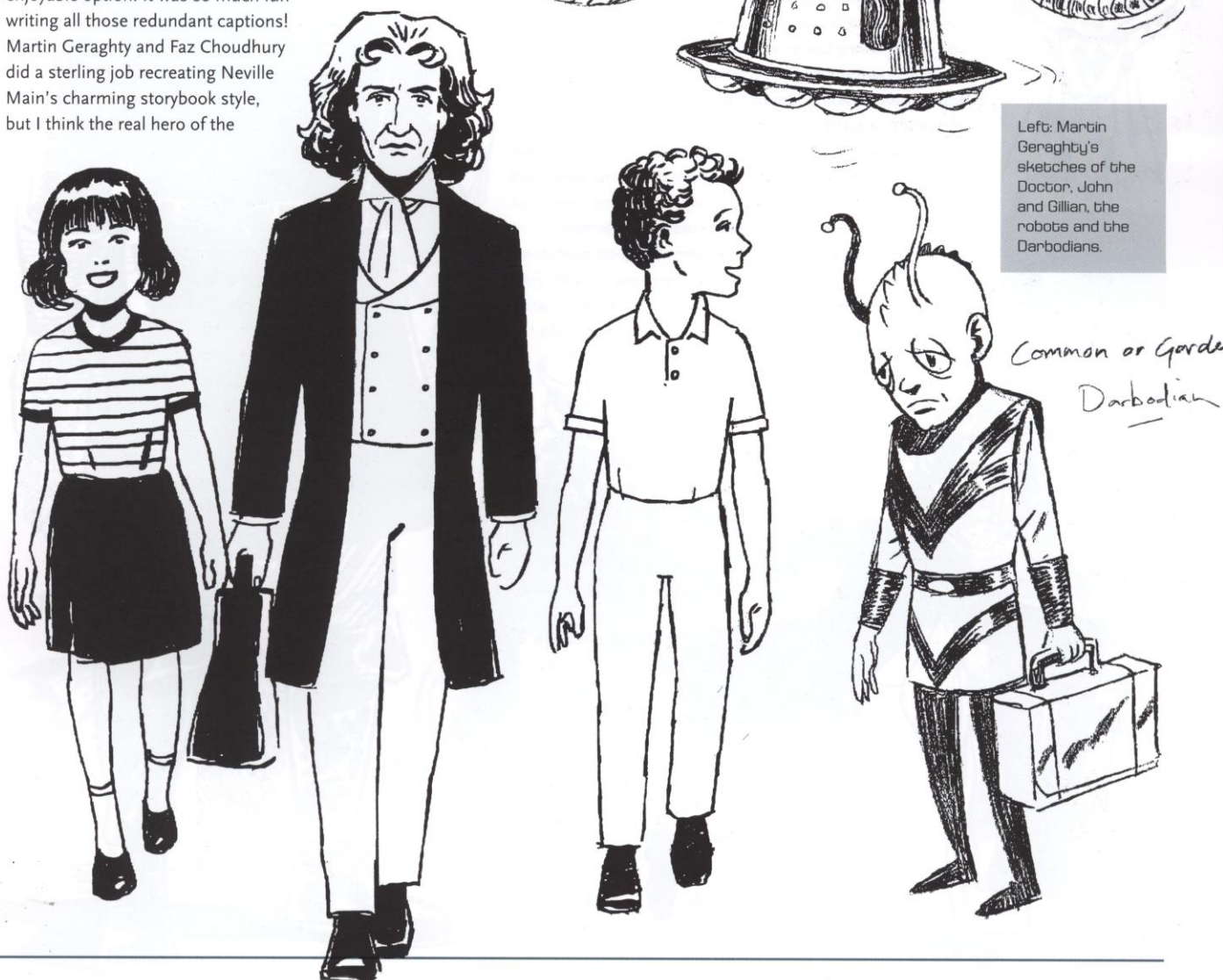
Making the story an homage/pastiche of the endearingly innocent 1960s *Doctor Who* comic strips seemed the most enjoyable option. It was so much fun writing all those redundant captions! Martin Geraghty and Faz Choudhury did a sterling job recreating Neville Main's charming storybook style, but I think the real hero of the



Left: the first *Doctor Who* comic strip, *The Klepton Parasites*, illustrated by Neville Main!

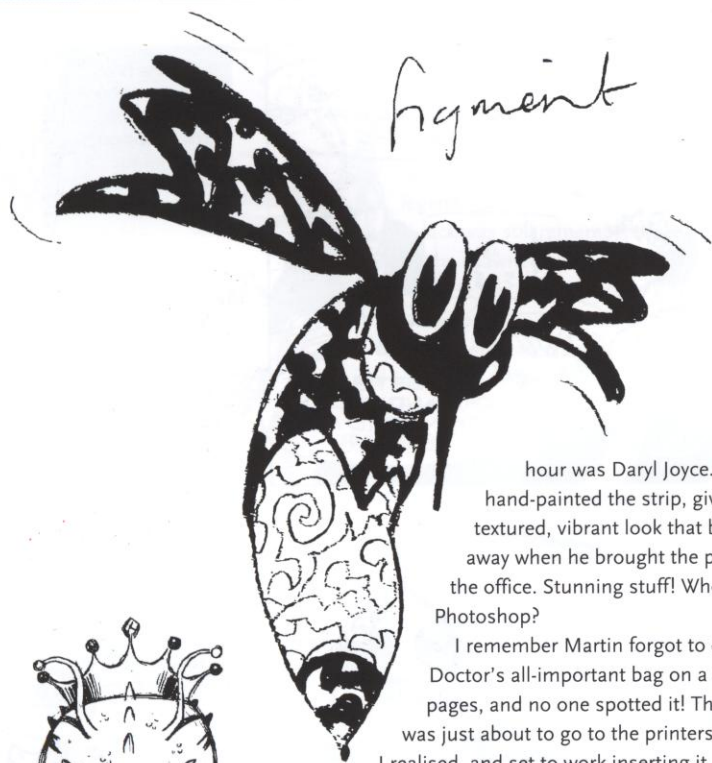


Left: Martin Geraghty's sketches of the Doctor, John and Gillian, the robots and the Darbadians.



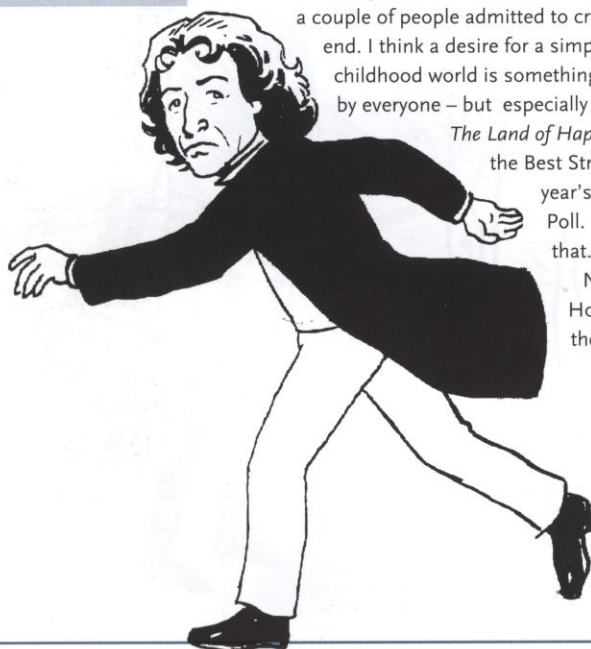
* Creatures are red & black – like entwining veins, perhaps – still look like their skins,

fragment



Above and below: more of Martin's sketches for **The Land of Happy Endings**.

Right: Martin's "Cowboy Doc!"



hour was Daryl Joyce. Daryl hand-painted the strip, giving it a textured, vibrant look that blew us away when he brought the pages into the office. Stunning stuff! Who needs Photoshop?

I remember Martin forgot to draw the Doctor's all-important bag on a couple of pages, and no one spotted it! The story was just about to go to the printers before I realised, and set to work inserting it digitally. Clay had to imitate Daryl's colouring technique on the first panel of the final page the same way. We need Photoshop! While the story you saw was the original one, I confess I got briefly sidetracked with another plot. It featured John and Gillian living inside a virtual reality world, playing the "Dr Who" game. The First Doctor stops following the rules and morphs into the Eighth. The Doctor confronts John and points out that he's not a child anymore. John turns into a 50-year-old man, and finally accepts the truth: Gillian died years ago. The Doctor leads John out of the game and back into the real world.

Yeah.... That would have been a real heartwarmer, eh? I casually described it to Clay one afternoon over lunch and he made a face like he'd just eaten a giant lemon soaked in vinegar. With onions. We happily decided to stick with Plan A.

The final page caught a lot of readers by surprise. I recall reading an internet message board where a couple of people admitted to crying at the end. I think a desire for a simpler, cleaner childhood world is something shared by everyone – but especially *Doctor Who* fans.

The Land of Happy Endings won the Best Strip category in that year's **DWM** Readers' Poll. I was glad about that.

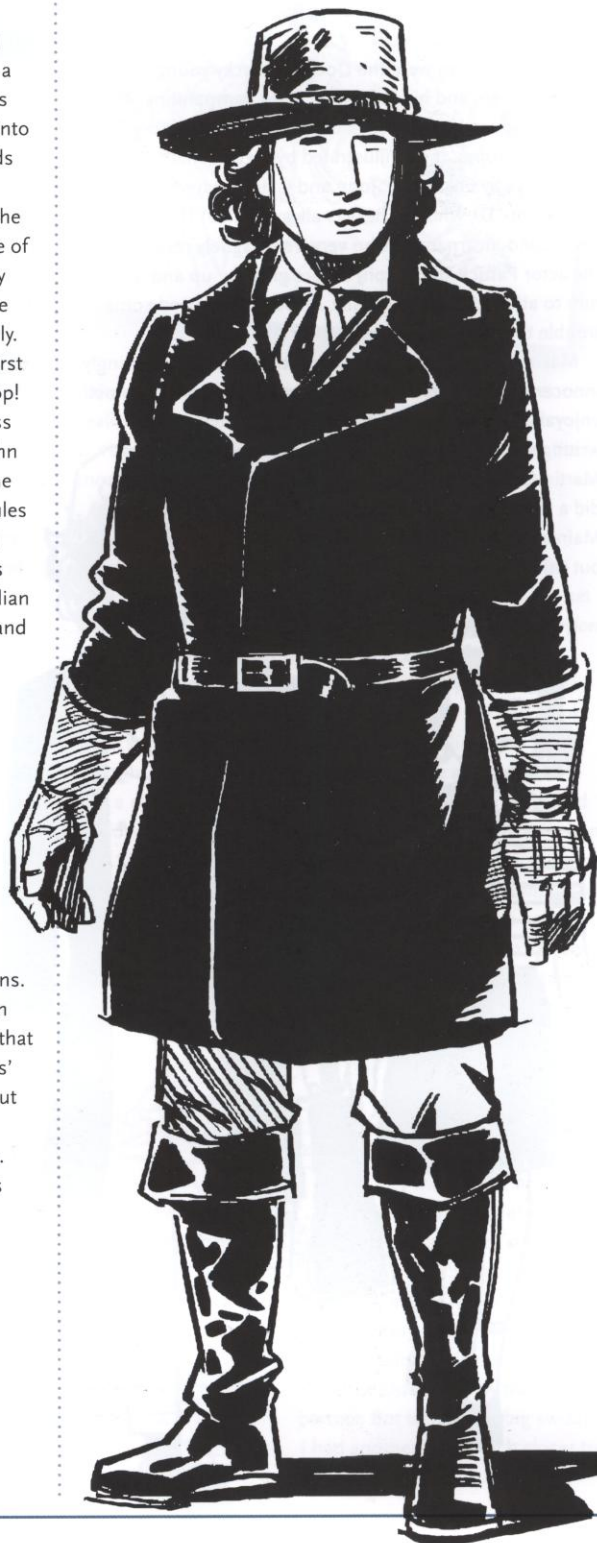
No hat, though. How did we miss the hat? **SG**

BAD BLOOD

by Scott Gray

I was calling this one *Poison of the Gods* until my clever old editor suggested the much more evocative title above.

This was yet another ambition fulfilled – a *Doctor Who* western. We'd occasionally flirted with western imagery (in *Wormwood* and *The Glorious Dead*) but had never done a genuine build-your-gallows-high Wild West adventure. I wasn't keen on a generic desert shanty town story, though



peeling off - god, could we do that? Nasty!



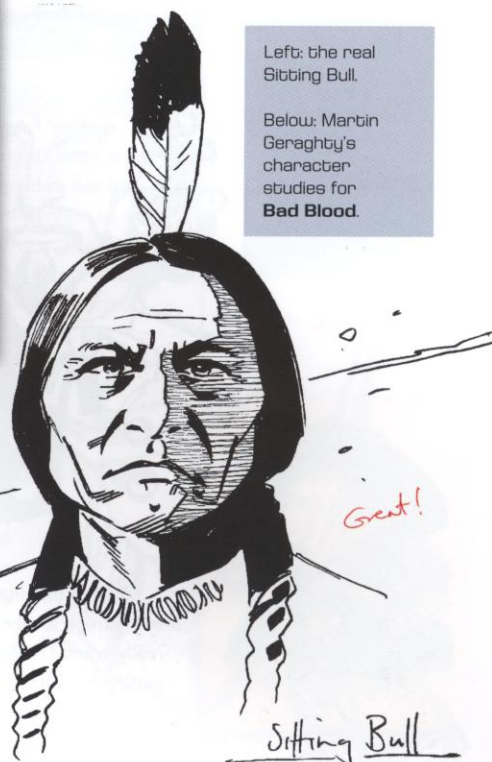
Left: the real Sitting Bull.

Below: Martin Geraghty's character studies for *Bad Blood*.

Hills of Dakota; a place of ancient spirits disturbed by greedy men. And with two famous historical figures to boot! It was crying out to be turned into a *Doctor Who* story.

I wanted the Lakota braves to talk as naturalistically as possible, steering clear of the old "white man speak with forked tongue" routine. Sitting Bull was a lot of fun to write for. He and the Doctor (looking fab in his cowboy hat) made an enjoyable duo, with their two very different ways of interpreting the weirdness going on around them.

George Armstrong Custer was by most accounts an arrogant, abrasive man who only seemed to inspire people he never met. His second-in-command Major Marcus Reno (seen briefly in the story) couldn't stand him. I read Custer's book, *My Life on the Plains*. It's the story of his adventures on the wild frontier, filled with his battles with Indian tribes. He somehow manages to make it breathtakingly tedious. Custer was the living embodiment of the insane "Manifest Destiny" mentality that's still going strong in the United States today. I had no problem making him Jodafra's dupe. Custer was killed by Sitting Bull's forces less than a year after the events of *Bad Blood*.



— I wanted a specific time and place, a proper historical setting. Looking for reference material, I came across *The West* by Geoffrey C Ward. It's a tremendously powerful book that explores the early movement of settlers across America, and their collision with the country's indigenous tribes. It's a story of endless broken promises, disease, famine and war. One setting leapt out at me — the Black

Running Bear ?!



Well, I don't know about you but I wouldn't hang around...

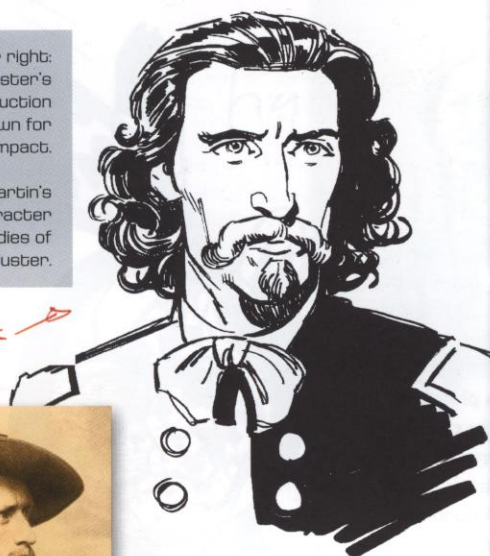


★ This has to move quickly – real-time, even! Keep the plot simple for once.

Far right: Custer's introduction was redrawn for greater impact.

Below: Martin's character studies of Custer.

Blond eyebrows



I'd been musing on Destrii becoming the next companion for the longest time – ever since *Uroboros*, really, when I realised how much fun I was having pairing her off with the Doctor. By the time we got to *Oblivion* I was certain Destrii would be the perfect replacement for Izzy. Clay was less convinced. We'd spent a long time in the strip with Izzy in Destrii's body, and he was concerned that it would seem too visually

repetitive to have the Doctor travelling with another fish-girl. That was a fair point, but one I knew we could work around. I wrote out a "Destrii pitch" to explain my reasoning, and even drew some illos to show how

the new-look Destrii might appear. (It's printed to your right. Please don't mock the drawings too loudly, they're sensitive.)

I showed the pitch to Clay on the train. (Have we ever discussed the comic strip in the office? Ever?) He started reading it. I waited. He read some more. I waited some more. I found I was getting absurdly

tense – having Destrii as a regular character suddenly seemed absolutely vital to me. Clay finished, looked at me, and said, "Yeah, okay, then."

Result!

While Jodafra wasn't really the Doctor's enemy in his first appearance in *Oblivion*, I had always intended for him to become a proper adversary – basically, a replacement for the Master. Sorry, folks, but while I like the guy, I think there's a fundamental problem with that character.

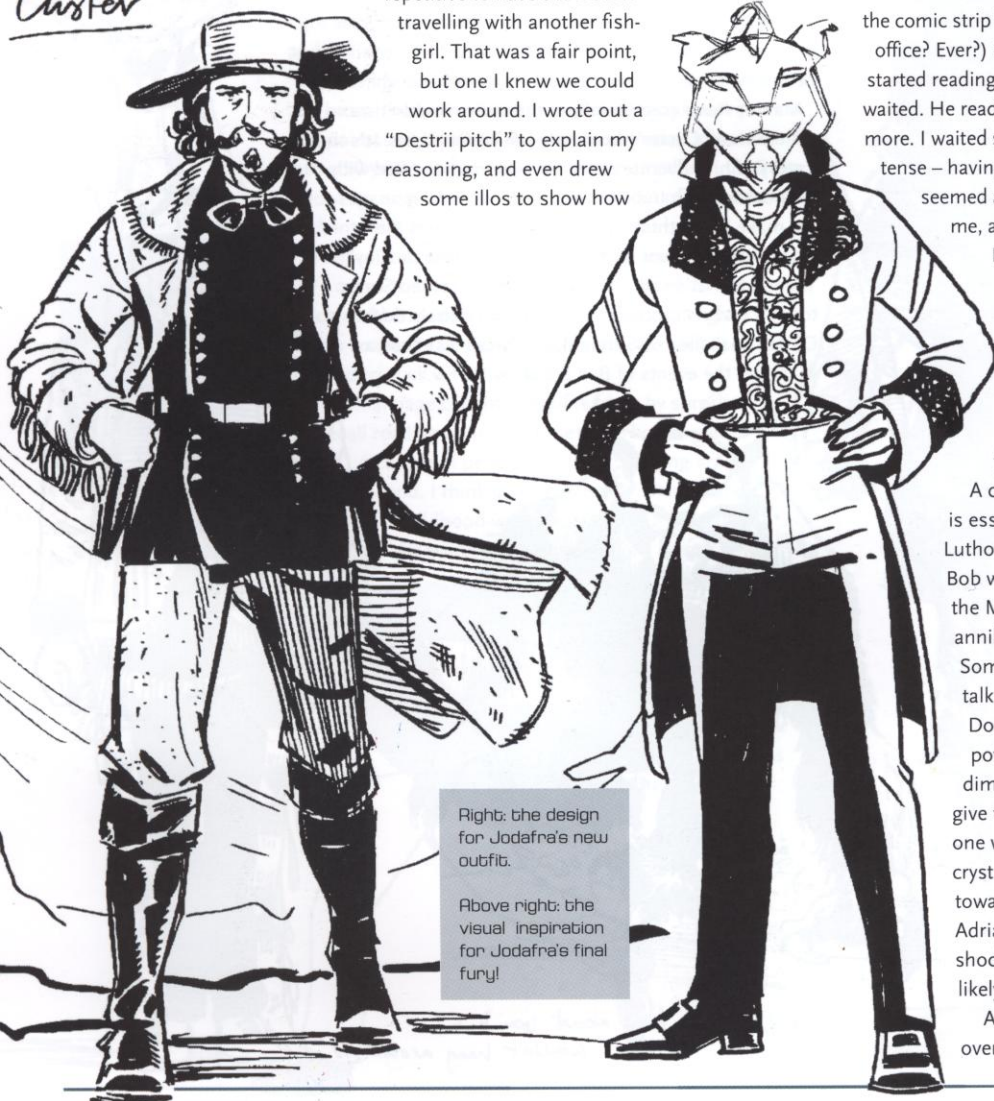
A clear motivation for the hero's arch-enemy is essential to any story. We understand why Lex Luthor hates Superman. We know why Sideshow Bob wants to kill Bart Simpson. But why does the Master want to eradicate, humiliate and annihilate the Doctor? Shhh, it's a secret! Something happened in their past! We can't talk about it! I can appreciate how keeping the Doctor's history a blank slate makes him a powerful, iconic figure, but it also seems to diminish the Master as a result. So I decided to give the Doctor a new time-travelling opponent, one whose reason for hating him would be crystal clear. Everything in *Bad Blood* was building towards that final page, and Martin, David and Adrian really went to town on it. It's about as shocking and disturbing a scene as we've ever likely to depict in the strip.

And that was it for the hats. The holiday was over. **SG**



Jenki, an eight-week-old Siberian tiger, made the press for the first time yesterday. He was in a litter of three male cubs born at Nuremberg Zoo, Germany, on October 7, of which two survived.

Custer



Right: the design for Jodafra's new outfit.

Above right: the visual inspiration for Jodafra's final fury!

not everything has to be some bloody
clever-clever allegory or piece of soid

THE DESTRII PITCH

Below: "Cowgirl
Destrii" sketches
by Scott Gray.

Hello, Mr Clay! I've been giving the future of the comic strip a lot of thought lately, in particular what form the next regular companion should take. Rather than trying to explain my conclusions over bangers and mash at The Sussex in my usual monosyllabic manner, I thought I'd get it all down on paper. Sitting comfortably? Here goes...

I think (hope?) we're agreed that we don't require a male companion. I'd much rather keep the male/female dynamic which all good telefantasy utilizes. Can we also agree not to go for a "wacky" companion – no talking space-cats, penguins or cabbages? Good for a chuckle or two, but I think they'd outstay their welcome very quickly.

So that leaves us with the old perennial favourite: the Female Doctor Who Companion. Now, it's struck me that all these ladies fall into one of two (admittedly broad) categories: the 'Girl Next Door' or 'Mrs Peel'...

The Girl Next Door is a reasonably realistic character who exists to support the Doctor, ask the right questions, scream at the monsters and provide a strong audience identification figure. She can't do anything special, apart from being plucky, pretty and brave. GNDs include: Polly, Jo Grant, Victoria, Sarah Jane Smith, Tegan and Peri.

The Mrs Peels are another story. They function much more like equal partners for the Doc. They have useful skills. They might be able to leap into a fist-fight, or reprogram a computer, or fly a spaceship. The Doctor isn't in 'protective' mode with them. They can challenge him in any number of ways: intellectually, philosophically or physically. The Doctor respects the MPs' capabilities and trusts them with more responsibility during the course of an adventure. They include: Leela, Romana, Sara Kingdom, Nyssa, Ace, Zoe and Liz Shaw.

Izzy has been an excellent Girl Next Door, but after six (yes, six) years of that, I think we need a clear change of direction. We need a Mrs Peel – someone who can be tougher, more ambitious. Someone who will have a less cozy relationship with the Doctor, but not a frosty one. Think of the change from Sarah Jane to Leela as the basic template here. We need someone uber-capable now – still vulnerable, but in a different way to Izzy.

Now, the obvious candidate out of our pool of existing characters is Fey, of course. But as much as I love her, she's too powerful to function as a companion. She can teleport out of most situations, and shoot her way through any others. With Shayde's knowledge added to the mix, we'd be in danger of turning the Doctor into her companion. I also think it would be out of character for the Doc to bring a companion with a gun along on his regular travels. We need someone else, someone just as cool, and we already have her – someone who ticks all the boxes perfectly.

You can see where I'm going here, right? Yeah, that's it: Destrii. I know you're not sold on the idea, but hear me out. I didn't create Destrii with the intention of having her end up as a companion – she was meant to be Izzy's evil twin, nothing more. It wasn't until I was plotting out *Uroboros* that the thought even occurred to me that she could have a future in the strip. But as soon as it did, I got very excited, which is always a good sign. Ideas started coming thick and fast. The character immediately expanded in

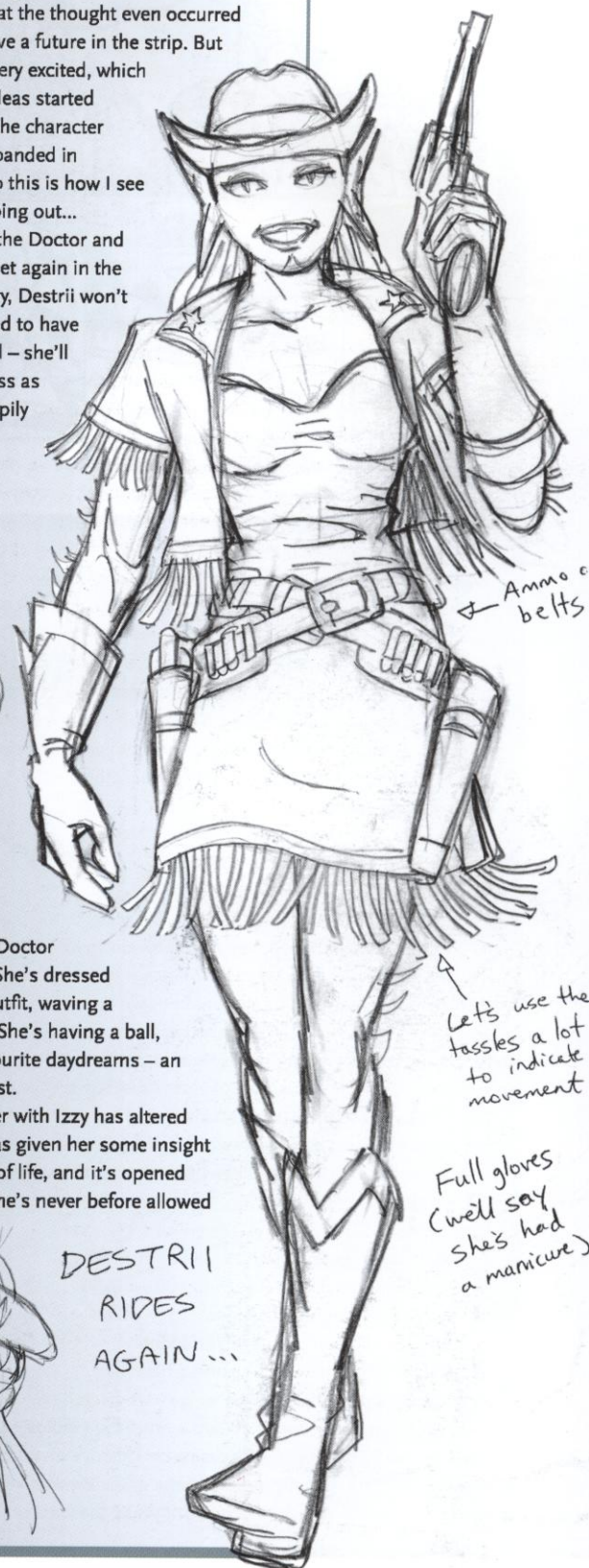
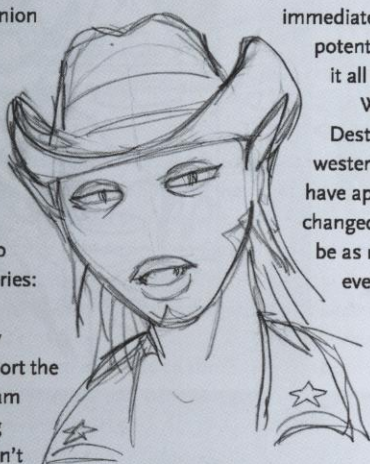
potential. So this is how I see it all mapping out...

When the Doctor and Destrii meet again in the western story, Destrii won't have appeared to have changed at all – she'll be as ruthless as ever, happily

helping Jodafra with his plans, and mocking the Doctor (who's been captured). She's dressed up in an Annie Oakley outfit, waving a pair of six-guns around. She's having a ball, living out one of her favourite daydreams – an adventure in the wild west.

But Destrii's encounter with Izzy has altered her – their mind-swap has given her some insight into a very different way of life, and it's opened up a sense of empathy she's never before allowed

DESTRII
RIDES
AGAIN...



* In the time/space vortex, navigation is a surreal process - sometimes two plus



Above: **Bad Blood** layouts by Martin Geraghty.

Right: "Destrii Pitch" sketches by Scotty Gray.



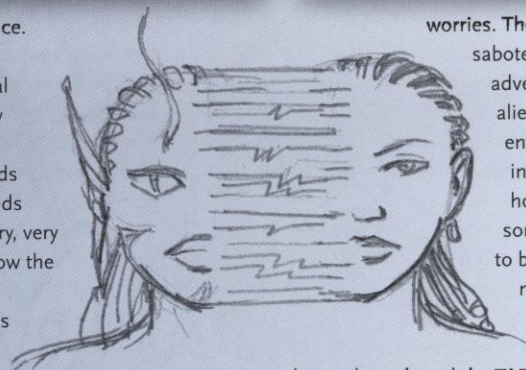
being threatened or abused will get her very, very angry – for obvious reasons. And this is how the split with Jodafra occurs.

Jodafra is using a group of Sioux Indians in some kind of experiment – maybe a mutation thing, or a time-warp test, or maybe he's just feeding them to some big monster. Whatever. Destrii will be fine with this – hey, they're only lowdown, dirty Injuns after all, the type she's seen John Wayne mow down countless times on TV. But then she discovers that it's the children, not the adults, Jodafra plans to use. The elitist Jodafra can't understand her problem with this. He and Destrii are royalty; they have the right to do as they please, and these savages are no better than the peasants they left behind on Oblivion. Destrii disagrees, and screws up his plan. They come to blows. Jodafra, furious at her disobedience, nearly kills her – he leaves her for dead, maybe dehydrating out in a desert. The Doctor finds her at the end of the story and carries her back to the TARDIS.

Jodafra, who up until now has quite admired the Doctor, will develop a different attitude to our hero. The Doctor is an egalitarian fool who's had the gall to 'steal' his niece from him. If they meet again, there will be no quarter given...

The following story is set aboard a futuristic medical space station. The Doctor has detailed data on Destrii's anatomy (from his time working with Alison in *Children of the Revolution*), so the medical team are able to save her. But that's the least of the Doctor's

herself to experience. One real chink in Destrii's emotional armour that's now been exposed is her attitude towards children. Seeing kids

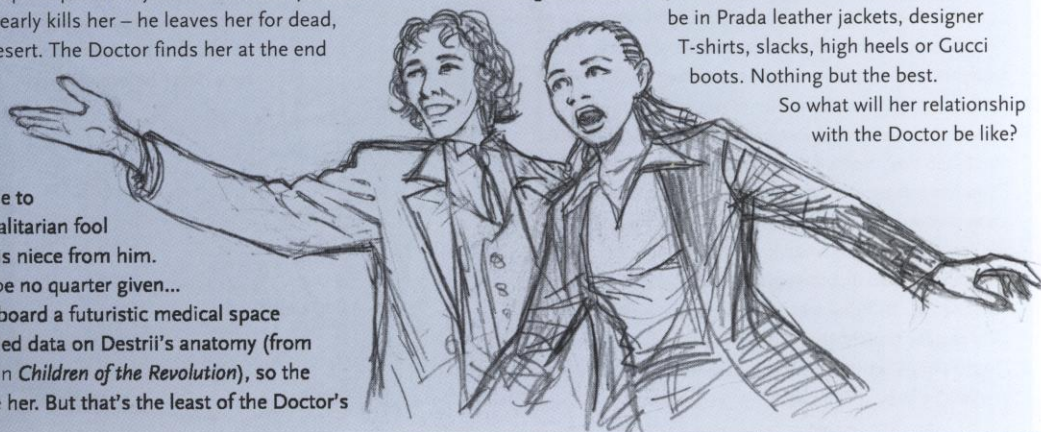


worries. The medical station is soon under assault from saboteurs, and the Doc is plunged into a thrilling adventure packed with intrigue, spies, weird aliens, zero-gravity action scenes, etc. At the end we find out that the station is engaged in an on-going cold war with a rival space hospital – they're competing for funding from some higher authority. Destrii will have proven to be essential to the Doctor's victory, saving not only herself, but others as well – she demonstrates some genuine heroism.

After some thought, the Doctor will offer her a place aboard the TARDIS. She'll be stunned but quickly accept, jumping for joy.

One of the saboteurs in this story will have disguised itself as one of the nurses – a young black woman – via some type of hologram device. Destrii will obtain this and hang on to it, giving her a human disguise for future stories. It'll resemble her real body in shape and size – maybe she'll even keep her dreadlocks. She'll enjoy the disguise, seeing it as an extension of dressing up in a new outfit. Destrii's clothing will be waaaay more upmarket than Izzy's – she'll be in Prada leather jackets, designer T-shirts, slacks, high heels or Gucci boots. Nothing but the best.

So what will her relationship with the Doctor be like?



a surreal process - sometimes two plus two equals fish.

Well, she's naturally curious, and will be full of questions (unlike Izzy who tended to research planets and species before they even landed). Destrii knows next to nothing about the universe – every day will be a series of discoveries. The Doctor will enjoy her enthusiasm. However, she's a tourist, not a scholar, and her attention span is pretty short. That will probably frustrate him a bit.

Destrii presents the Doctor with a type of challenge he's never before faced. He's been fighting evil for countless years, but always in a relatively straightforward physical/ intellectual conflict. Blowing up an army of Cybermen is one thing, but this is a different kind of battle. Destrii is balancing on a moral highwire – she could become a decent, honourable person or slip back into her old callous habits. She needs (and wants) a role model. She's begun to look outside herself, to realise that other lives have value. The Doctor understands that Destrii was a product of her environment. Oblivion was a callous culture, and she was the Primatrix Incarnate – she was trained from childhood to perceive people as objects. Now that's changing. The Doctor is also aware that Destrii is an outcast – she can't go home. Her only link to her past, the only friend she ever had – Jodafra – is now an enemy. The Doctor can, of course, relate...

This edgier, less predictable relationship could also lead to some interesting changes in the Doctor. We'll have a nice opportunity to examine the 'outsider' aspect of his nature. He and Destrii are two aliens at large on Earth. They can explore (and study) humanity from a more detached perspective. That's something the Doctor wasn't capable of doing with Izzy – he always has to be appear more 'human' with Earth companions:

Doc: "Just be careful, Destrii. Humans are usually a very nice species as individuals, but they undergo a strange regression in large groups. They're very tribally orientated, with strong inherent xenophobic drives..."

Destrii: "Yeah, I've noticed they scratch themselves a lot, too. Are they going to start picking the fleas out of each others' hair?"

The Doctor's mischievous side could start to reassert itself – he might enjoy misleading Destrii in a casual way, taking advantage of her ignorance:

Destrii: "That's Mount Rushmore, huh? It must have taken forever for these goons to carve."

Doc: "Actually, it's a natural formation."

Destrii: "What?"

Doc: "Yes, extraordinary, isn't it? Centuries of erosion whittling away the rock, resulting in shapes that resemble faces. The natives worship them, of course..."

Destrii: "That's amazing!"

Doc: "They even choose their leaders based on their resemblance to them..."

Having a companion who can challenge him on a physical level might force the Doctor to reassess his own physicality. It'd be fun to see him get more active in confrontations. This isn't William Hartnell we're dealing with here, after all – this Doctor's got a young, powerful body. It'd be good to see him looking more impressive in fight scenes. The Doctor and Destrii could even spar inside the TARDIS between adventures (a TARDIS dojo? Why not?).

Their relationship is further complicated by her amorous intentions toward him.

This will be kept light – definitely no teenage angst here, it'll be a source of humour. Destrii will be jealous of any other woman spending time with the Doctor, and won't be able to understand how he's resisting her advances. Is he 500% gay or something? Destrii is very confident on a sexual level. She probably had plenty of lovers around the palace, but nobody who made any impact on her. She's an aggressive girl – if she finds a guy attractive she won't be shy about letting him know.

Deep down, though (at a level Destrii hasn't acknowledged), her wanting to bed the Doctor isn't rooted in genuine sexual desire at all – this is really all about winning his approval. Destrii's looking for love from a father figure. She'll want to please the Doctor, to be seen as worthy of him.

But shedding that Eric Cartmanesque who-gives-a-crap nature won't be easy, of course. And it could lead to some subversive (and funny) moments – Destrii just won't act in the way we expect of a *Doctor Who* companion:

Destrii: "So how did you feebs end up on this asteroid?"

Alien: "We are the Ketinni. Centuries ago our homeworld was destroyed by a terrible..."

Destrii: "No, wait, stop. I just realised something. I'm not interested."

Destrii considers herself an expert on Earth culture, but in fact everything she knows has been gleaned from 1960-70s TV shows – and they were mostly sci-fi and westerns. She's in for a lot of surprises. She'll be very naive regarding acceptable social behaviour on Earth:

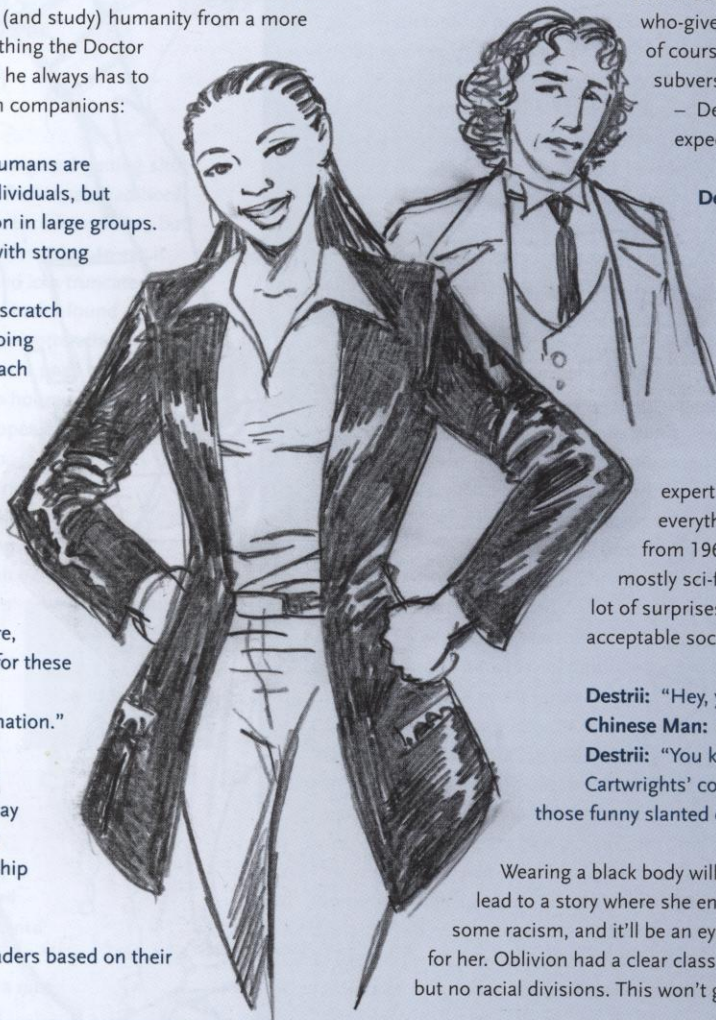
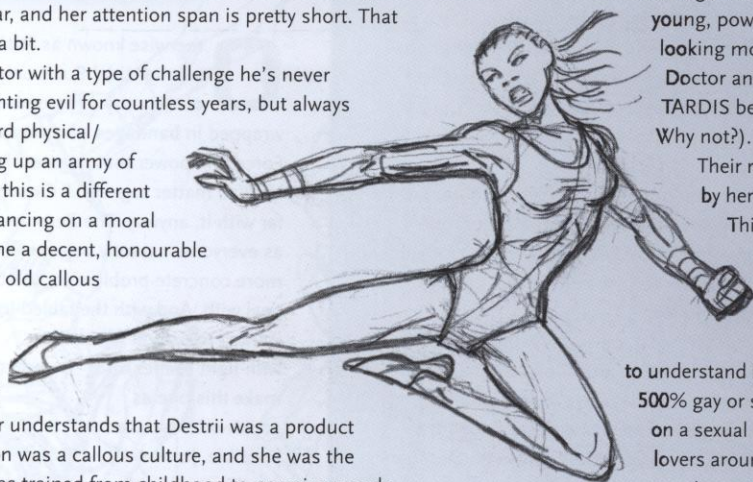
Destrii: "Hey, you look like Hop Sing!"

Chinese Man: "Pardon me?"

Destrii: "You know, Hop Sing, the Cartwrights' cook on *Bonanza*! You've got those funny slanted eyes!"

Wearing a black body will probably lead to a story where she encounters some racism, and it'll be an eye-opener for her. Oblivion had a clear class system, but no racial divisions. This won't get her

Left and above: more of the "Destrii Pitch" sketches by Scott Gray.



* Destrii finds out her uncle was involved via someone else describing him: "There was

Below: Scott Gray's initial character study of Destrii with braids. This was changed to a ponyball.

angry in that right-on way that Ace perfected – she'll just be befuddled by the strange mindsets of these dumb mammals.

As time goes on, we'll see her fish-form less and less. Destrii will deflect any query concerning this with a joke, but there are two reasons for her preferring her phony holo-body. She's looking for a fresh start, so she likes

seeing a new face in the mirror – her real body just reminds her of her grim past. Also, she thinks the Doctor will find her more attractive if she looks human. She won't admit to any of this, of course.

Destrii is an alien, but she's been raised on fragments of Earth culture, so she won't be very far removed from the readers' language and experiences. She'll be able to make references to anything fun from the 60s-70s. We won't fall into the Adric/Nyssa trap where, because the characters were so formal and odd, the audience couldn't relate to them in a positive way.

While Destrii's command of spoken English is good (even without the Doctor's Time Lord gift of translation), she never bothered to learn how to read it. She'll be almost completely illiterate in any Earth story. This may well lead to unfortunate (or amusing) complications in one or two adventures. She also has no idea what money is – everything was just given to her on Oblivion, and the peasants operated on a barter system.

Physically, she's as strong as a very well-built male; let's say olympic-level weightlifter strength. She isn't super-strong – she ain't Buffy by any means, but she's hell on wheels as a fighter; an expert in any type of martial art we can imagine. Thanks to Jodaфра, she also has a good command of technology – she can fly (some) spaceships, operate advanced machinery, and has an intuitive understanding of weaponry. She's a good tactician, too. In any combat situation, she'll be extremely useful.

Destrii will be very hard to intimidate – being threatened with torture will only get a derisive comment. She's spent her whole life getting the crap kicked out of her – physical pain is something she's well used to, and it won't scare her. There's a tough, practical side to her which we haven't really seen since the days of Leela. When someone sympathetic gets killed during a story, she's not going to react with shock or regret. They're dead, too bad, now everyone get back to work. She's seen way too much death in her life to be fazed by it.

And of course, like Leela, Destrii won't understand the Doctor's 'no killing' rule, although she will abide by it – but will be quick to point out the moments when he breaks it himself.

One last thing: Destrii is an amphibian who's been raised in an enclosed environment. The largest body of water she's ever swum in was the lake in Ophidius. She's never even seen an ocean – she might get a bit freaked out when she does.

So that's my pitch, really. Action, humour, social commentary, sexuality and a long-overdue black face in the TARDIS. Destrii has all the characteristics which will give the comic strip a shot in the arm and take it off into new areas. Go on, Mr Clay, say yes. Pleeeeeasssee...

SINS OF THE FATHERS

by Scott Gray

Otherwise known as *Patient Zero*. Which is actually a better title! But it only suited a very early version of the story. I remember it involved a patient all wrapped in bandages who was a conduit to "the Zero-Force, the power that negates the chains of energy that bind all matter together." Or something. I didn't get very far with it, anyway. The Zeronites (or "Space Monkeys", as everyone instantly began calling them) were a much more concrete problem for the Doctor and Destrii to deal with. And with the fabled John Ross back onboard, I wanted to exploit his skill with fight scenes and make this one as action-orientated as possible. John did a brilliant job with all the mayhem, although I recall we had to get him to



John Ross's character sketch for Lythia in *Sins of the Fathers*.

Hi! YOUR FIA. MAKE HERE AGAIN.
YOU REAMER - IN THE BUILDING
COMPUTER OVER AT MAKINELL
TOWER. SORRY I CAN'T STOP TO
CHAT WITH YOU. FIA HELPING THE
POLICE WITH THEIR ENQUIRIES
ABOUT THE FOGGETTY BOYS...



ALSO,
SHOWS
VISUALLY
THAT A
CHANGE
HAS
TAKEN
PLACE.

* "Conversion" is the key word here - what the Cybermen are doing to people

THE FLOOD

by Scott Gray

Right: Martin Geraghty's pencil page for the cliffhanger to Part Four of **The Flood**.

And the working title was... are you ready...? Like *Pennies on a Dead Man's Eyes*. Y'see, people used to put pennies on the eyes of dead folk in the Olden Days so they'd be able to pay the Ferryman on the River Styx, and the Cybermen are like walking dead men and their eyes are round like pennies, and... oh, never mind. Clay mocked me mercilessly over that one. But I thought of *The Flood*, not him, so there.

The Flood would never have happened if I hadn't needed new pillow cases. Yes, my pillow cases were an integral factor in the creation of the Eighth Doctor's final adventure. But I digress...

I used to have a standard morning routine in the Panini office. I'd come in, plunk my bag down, say hello to DWM's Deputy Editor Tom Spilsbury and ask, "So, has *Doctor Who* come back yet?" Sometimes Tom would sadly shake his head and stick his lower lip out. Sometimes he'd say, "Yes, you just missed it. It's gone away again." But one day... One fine day... Tom oh-so-casually replied, "Yeah, Russell T Davies is bringing it back in 2005." And he *actually* meant it.

Doctor Who was coming back. To the telly. For real. And that meant the Eighth Doctor's days were finally numbered.

We had no trouble deciding what kind of story to give him for a send-off: a fast-paced tale, plenty of action, a contemporary London setting - and Cybermen! They've always been my favourite TV monster. As I'm far too fond of telling, my earliest childhood memory is watching the cliffhanger to Part One of *The Tenth Planet*. When they're done right, they're unbeatable. The concept is so fascinating.



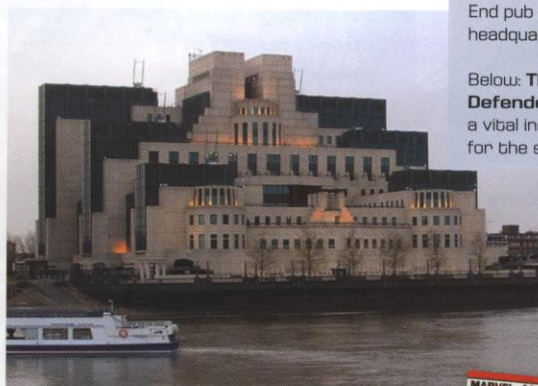
Everything they do, no matter how cruel it might seem, is entirely justifiable by their standards. The Daleks are here to kill us. The Cybermen are here to *save* us. If you came across a planet filled with total raving lunatics, and all you had to do to make them sane was push a button, you'd do it, right? That's how our cousins from Mondas see us.

We resolved to make *The Flood* as epic as we could manage, and to go for a great big old-fashioned alien-invasion-of-Earth yarn. Oddly, that was the one type of story I had never told in the comic strip. Not really deliberately - I think I had avoided it unconsciously. But it somehow seemed very fitting to use the classic *Doctor Who* story template for the Eighth Doctor's final bow.

Below: Martin's studies of the supporting cast of **The Flood**: North, Carter, Linda and Tony.



- sensors, weapons - hypnosis devices -
they can mesmerise any human in a matter



Left: the World's End pub and MI6 headquarters.

Below: **The Defenders** #21, a vital inspiration for the story!

But enough of this trivia. Back to the pillow cases. I needed new ones, good ones, and there was only one place in the universe I could possibly get them: Camden Market. I set off, lost in thought. I had been mulling over ideas for the Cyber-story for a couple of weeks but hadn't gotten very far. I couldn't work out where the Cybermen were hiding in London. Maybe they were underneath the Tate Modern, with vicious Cyber-Doberman Pinschers on guard at night ("We have nothing to fear with Doberman to protect us!"). Or maybe they were in the heart of Whitehall, striding down the corridors of power, invisible. Nah. Nothing was grabbing me. What I needed, I reckoned, was a place that was the exact opposite of the Cybermen's ethos. Somewhere diverse, chaotic, lively, creative...

And then I called a halt to my pillow case-hunt, looked around at Camden Market and started laughing. I was standing in it!

What followed was the most enjoyable couple of hours I've ever spent writing. I wandered through the market with my notepad, and absolutely everything I saw sparked an idea. A friendly Chinese couple on a food stall. A clubbing gear shop with a row of cyborg mannequins on a wall. A pub called "The World's End". I wandered into a rug shop as a homeless man staggered out, muttering about "flies in the ointment". The rug shop lady shook her head and told me, "There's been a lot of crazy energy floating around here lately." I just nodded.

I walked into a Camden comic shop and idly flicked through a stack of old Marvel comics, completely certain I was going to see something inspiring. And there it was; the cover to *The Defenders* #21. "The rain has driven the entire city insane!" Nighthawk cries as a swarm of New Yorkers – and more terrifyingly, a very angry Hulk – stalk closer. I remembered that brilliant Gil Kane cover drilling itself into my nine-year-old brain, and then reading the story inside and feeling more than a little cheated – the madness rain was dismissed in a couple of pages! Not this time, I thought...

I went back a few days later with a camera and took a ton

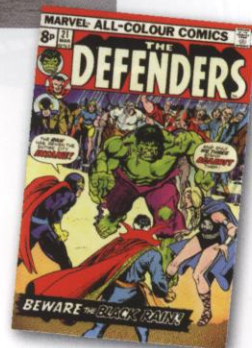
of reference photos for Martin. I got permission from the manager of The World's End to use it as a location. I hadn't based a *Who* strip in a modern London setting since *The Fallen*, and this experience was just as exciting – like I was somehow stepping into the story. I also took a few photos of the MI6 building in Vauxhall. When I did the same thing in 1998 for *The Fallen*, it seemed fine. This time I kept wondering if I was going to get arrested.

Despite this unusual early burst of inspiration, I still spent a long time carving out a plot. One big question arose: if this was going to be the last Eighth Doctor story, and quite likely the last Destrii one too, should we include Jodafra? I spent a week or two doing just that. It had something to do with Jodafra going back in time and collecting *Tenth Planet*-era Cybermen so they could be used by their future counterparts. But the story didn't gell – either Jodafra ended up as the Cybermen's lackey, or they became his stooges. Neither option was attractive to me. There just wasn't room for two villains. So no Jodafra, alas!

Another blind alley was a revelation that MI6 had been holding a Cyberman prisoner in their basement for decades; a sole leftover from the TV story *The Invasion*. I think I shelved this when I realised it was too close to Robert Shearman's brilliant Dalek story *Jubilee*, produced by Big Finish audio (and later adapted by Rob for TV *Doctor Who*).

MI6 boss Leighton Woodrow was a character who had been established earlier in *The Fallen*, and I was glad for the opportunity to bring him back. Emily Rice was based on Maureen Lipman, cos we love her.

The Flood was initially plotted out as a six-parter, but I think we knew from the start that this might change. We had never been in this position before, trying to synchronise with a new *Doctor Who* series – and one that didn't have an official broadcast date! I had no problem extending the chapter-count to eight. If there was ever a time to not rush an ending, this was it!

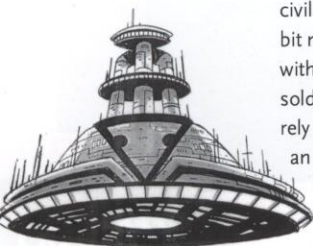
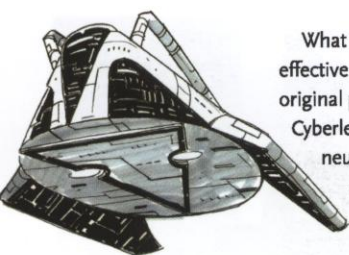


Below: Destrii by Scott Gray.

Below left: Woodrow and Chaplin by Martin Geraghty.

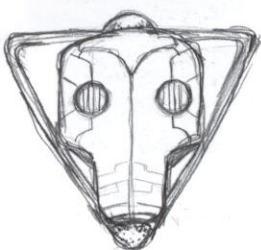


becomes - demonstrate how much better it is to be completely logical, rational, emotionless.



Above: early designs for the Cyber-Ship by Martin Geraghty.

Below: Cybermen designs by Gray and Geraghty.



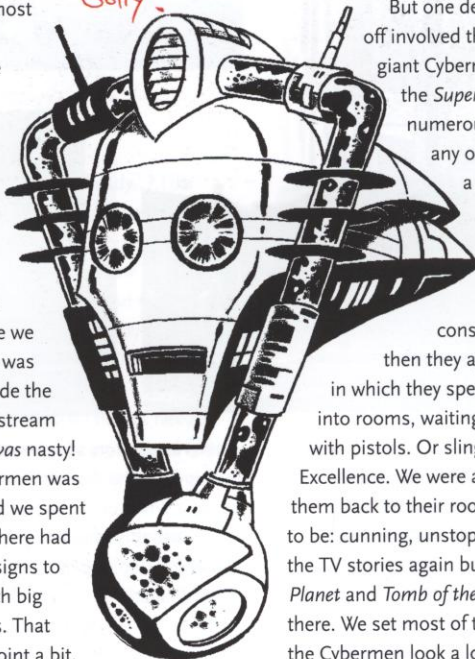
What was perhaps the story's most effective cliffhanger wasn't in the original plot. I had planned for the Cyberleader to demonstrate the neuro-stream on the people at Camden Market. Clay pointed out that a group of helpless civilians going mad might look a bit nasty, but it couldn't compare with the same thing happening to soldiers or policemen – the people we rely upon when disaster strikes. It was an excellent point, and so we made the

MI6 agents the first neuro-stream victims. And that really was nasty!

The redesign of the Cybermen was something we took seriously, and we spent several weeks developing them. There had been a tendency in later Cyber-designs to try to make them look "scary", with big moaning mouths and arched eyes. That seemed to us to be missing the point a bit. We resolved to depict the faces as completely blank and uncaring. That looked a lot scarier to us!

I was especially keen to exploit the fact that a comic strip Cyberman needn't look like an actor wearing a costume – we could twist the anatomy in extreme directions. I came up with the triangular-shaped head, did a few other rough sketches, then passed it on to Martin. He did a stunning job. I love the way the extended hips give them a slightly feminine feel. We assumed that 50% of them were once women, so an androgynous look made sense. One inspiration was the Maria android from the film *Metropolis*. We also wanted their bodies to be smooth and uncluttered: "Cybermen for the iPod generation," as Clay described them. But there was also a gaunt, skeletal feel about them too, which tied into their "undead" aspect. I was very happy with the way our future Cybermen turned out; very different to any version that had come before, but still immediately recognisable.

Golly!

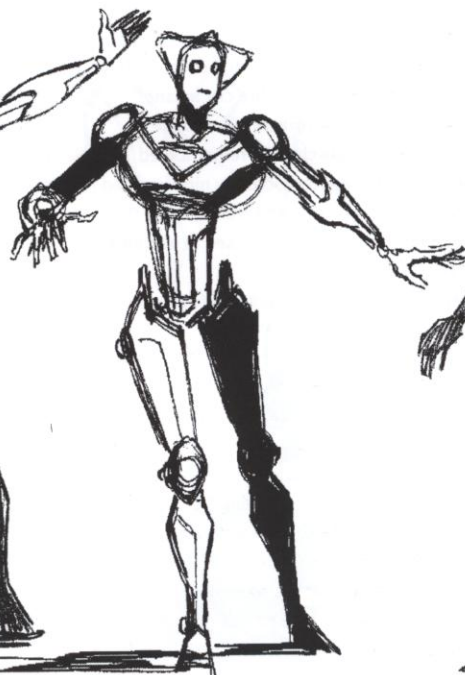


But one design idea that we couldn't quite pull off involved the Cyber-ship. I wanted it to look like a giant Cyberman head, like Brainiac's skull-ship in the *Superman* comics. Martin and I both made numerous attempts but no one was happy with any of them. Martin came up with something a bit more *Close Encounters* instead.

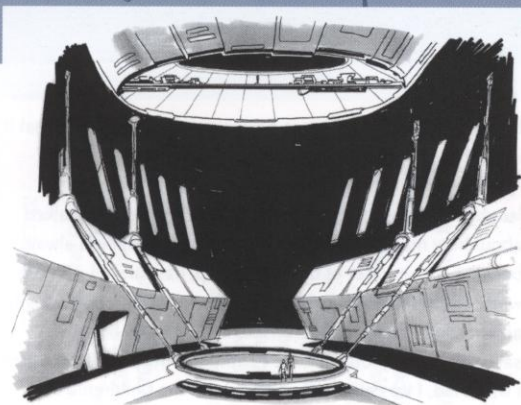
New fans who've only seen the Cybermen in their metallic glory in the modern *Doctor Who* series may be surprised to learn that they were considered a bit of a joke in the 1980s. Back then they appeared in a succession of TV stories in which they spent most of their time wandering slowly into rooms, waiting to be noticed, and then getting killed with pistols. Or slingshots. Or badges for Mathematical Excellence. We were adamant that *The Flood* would take them back to their roots and depict them as they were meant to be: cunning, unstoppable and scary as hell. I watched all of the TV stories again but took my cues mainly from *The Tenth Planet* and *Tomb of the Cybermen*. They're creatures of horror there. We set most of the story at night, in the knowledge that the Cybermen look a lot more effective coming out of a dark alley than they do strolling around a wood in the middle of the afternoon.

Izzy's narration was the final piece of the puzzle, but I only thought to include it when I got to Part Six. I realised then that we'd need a human viewpoint for the Cyber-invasion, and the idea of having it provided by Izzy (now aged 26, fact-fans) was too nice to pass up. Luckily I was ahead of schedule for a change. Part One was still in production at the time, so we had a chance to change the opening and add some Izzy captions right at the start. This gave the story a suitable *War of the Worlds*-style prologue which everyone liked. What was Izzy doing in Italy? I've no idea, but I'll bet she was having fun!

Even with 10 pages for the final chapter, I was still frustrated by a slight lack of space at the climax. As with the Daleks' demise in *Children of the Revolution*, there was a blink-and-you'll-miss-it quality to the Cybermen's destruction. But once again Clay has scraped together some extra pennies and given us the chance to extend the Cyber-apocalypse with a



again. A weapon that sustains itself – it
 being, never runs out. I



couple of new pages in this volume. Cheers, Mr Hickman!

I wanted *The Flood* to have a “*Doctor Who*’s Greatest Hits” feel to it, and pack it with as many familiar pieces of imagery as possible: monsters burning through walls, then slowly walking down corridors, shrugging off gunfire. The Doctor caught in the villains’ weirdly distorted point-of-view, and using his sonic screwdriver to escape a cliffhanger. Famous London landmarks dominated by an alien threat. And of course, a *really* big explosion at the end!

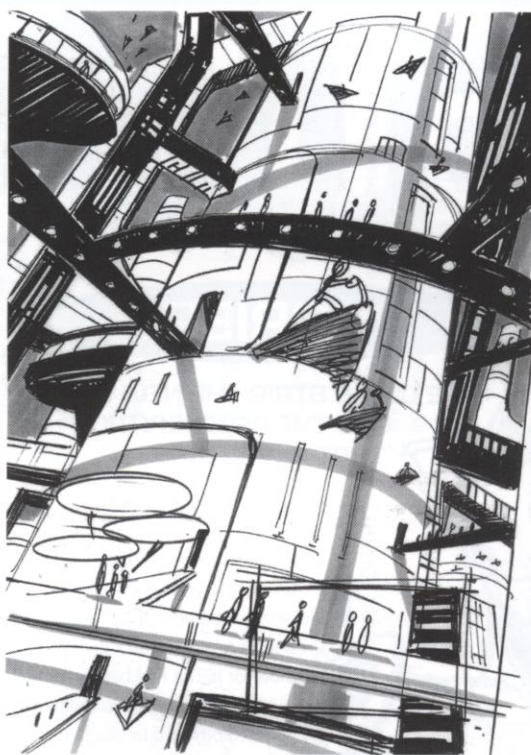
Most of all, I wanted to remind everyone what a terrific character Paul McGann’s Doctor really was – a likable, romantic, fallible, compassionate hero. I wanted the readers to really *miss* him when he departed.

There were two endings prepared for *The Flood* from the start; the one shown in this book and another where the Doctor regenerates at the conclusion. (We’re printing the alternative script here so you can see how differently things might have gone.) In the past I had always sent Martin Geraghty a copy of the entire story outline as he worked on the strip, so that he’d have a clear understanding of all the important elements. I didn’t do that with *The Flood* – he was just getting one script chapter a month. It was partially to keep Martin excited about where the story was going (“What happens next?” he’d ask me on the phone. “Finish drawing the page and I’ll tell you!” I’d reply, cackling), but also because we genuinely weren’t sure how it was going to conclude!

I have to say that, despite the *Doctor Who* fanboy in me being thrilled with the idea of writing a genuine regeneration scene, I prefer the ending we used. I love the notion of the Doctor getting everything he ever dreamed of, and then not hesitating for a second in giving it up to save his friend’s life. Now *that’s* a hero. And I equally love the image of the Eighth Doctor and Destrii walking off into the sunset, into an infinite number of amazing adventures – even if they only occur in our imaginations now. But didn’t they always?

I had been writing the *DWM* comic strip regularly for seven years at this point, but my connection with it went back even further – I sold my first freelance script to the magazine in 1991. The *DWM* strip had drawn me to England, given me friends and helped me build a career. It was a huge part of my life. I was always conscious that I’d have to quit at some point, and I was always a little worried that I wouldn’t get the chance, and instead be shuffled off by an incoming editor! It never did happen, though – Clay, bless him, really wanted me to continue with the new Ninth Doctor series. But I was aware that the relationship between Destrii and the Doctor was the key factor keeping me onboard as the writer. I understood why Destrii had to go, but I also knew that following her departure, I would no longer have the same level of enthusiasm for the strip – the level that it deserved. It was time to leave.

And besides, there was another, much more important issue to address: *Doctor Who* was finally back! And thanks to the brilliance of Russell T Davies, Christopher Eccleston, Billie



Left: Martin’s designs for the Cyber-Ship’s interior.

Below: TV 60s and 80s Cybermen.

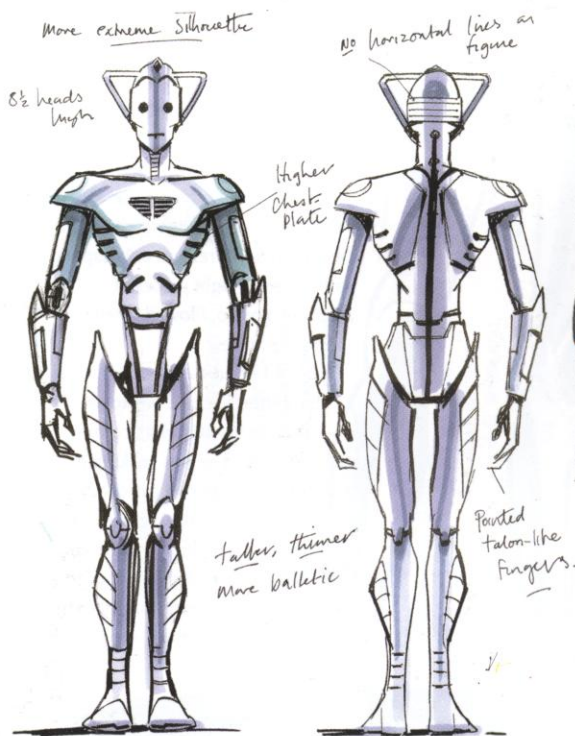


Below: more of Martin Geraghty’s many design sketches for the new Cybermen.

Piper and so many others, it was part of the public domain, the public *consciousness*, once more, just as it should be. And that meant the comic strip suddenly belonged to *everyone*.

Clay and I are editing the *DWM* strip together these days, working with a new collection of great writers, all absolutely thrilled to be typing in that “VWORP! VWORP!” sound effect. And the superb artists you’ve seen in this book – Roger Langridge, Mike Collins, David A Roach, Adrian Salmon, John Ross and Martin Geraghty – all continue to contribute their talents to the world of *Doctor Who*. They’re all fantastic individuals and I’m proud to know ‘em.

Hope you liked the book, folks. Happy trails! **SG**



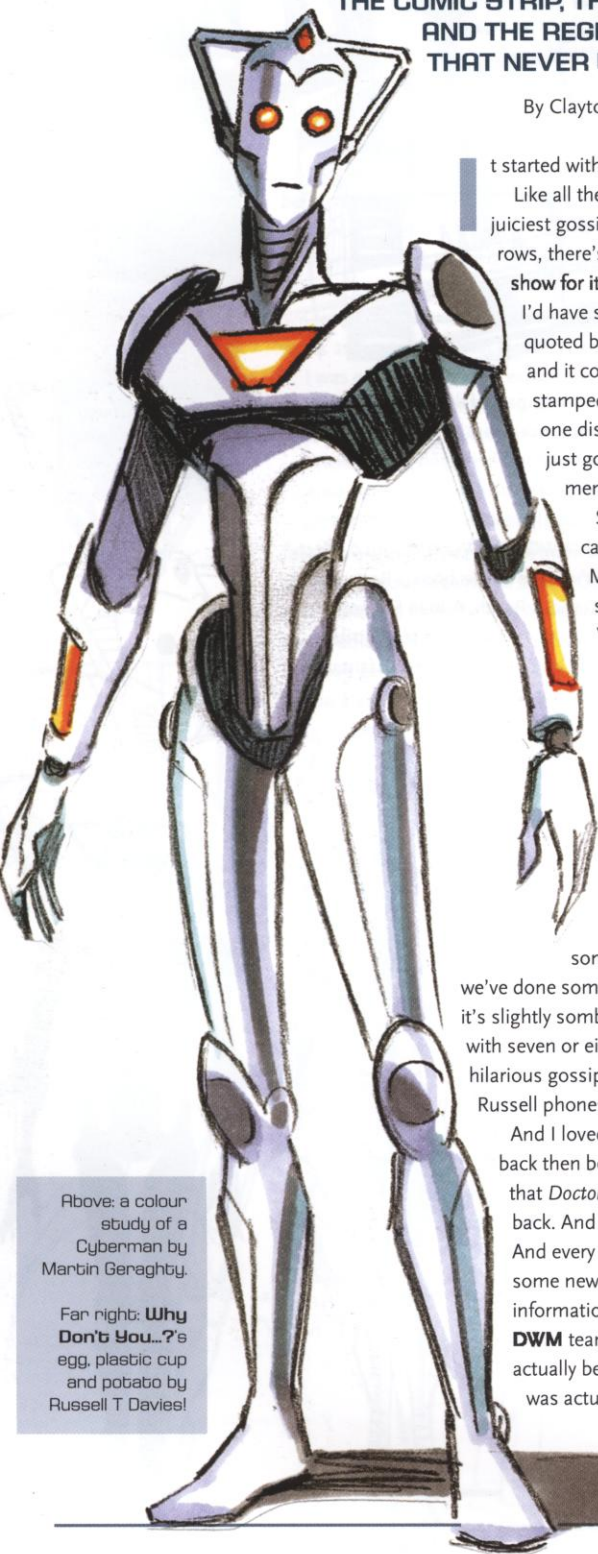
* Cybermen in techno club - they'd fit right in with the decor!

FLOOD

BARRIERS

THE COMIC STRIP, THE NEW SERIES, AND THE REGENERATION THAT NEVER WAS

By Clayton Hickman



Above: a colour study of a Cyberman by Martin Geraghty.

Far right: *Why Don't You...?*'s egg, plastic cup and potato by Russell T Davies!

It started with a phone call.

Like all the best news, all the juiciest gossip, and all the biggest rows, there's nothing concrete to show for it. If it had been an email I'd have saved it, I could have quoted bits of it to you here, and it could have been dated, stamped and *DWM* Archived one distant day. But no, you've just got my word for it. And my memory's not what it was...

So anyway, I got a phone call from Russell T Davies. Must have been, ooh, start of 2004? Spring? Whenever it was, I remember it clearly. I remember almost all of Russell's phone calls clearly, cos by the end my mouth hurts from laughing and my ear hurts from listening to Russell laugh. I get looks from the rest of the office. Unless

something's gone wrong or we've done something naughty, and then it's slightly sombre, and only capped with seven or eight pieces of hilarious gossip. I love it when Russell phones.

And I loved it especially back then because we knew that *Doctor Who* was coming back. And he was making it. And every phone call brought some new, amazing piece of information, and brought the *DWM* team slightly closer to actually believing that all of this was actually true, was really

happening. Now, three years on, we're maybe 89% sure that it is. And we still can't believe our luck.

So this was another of those calls, and we chatted and laughed and gossiped, and Russell, as he often did, talked about how much he liked the latest comic strip. He's always been a big supporter of the *DWM* strip, has Russell – he even wrote to the letters page in praise once or twice. He's actually an amazing comics artist himself, and that was how I first saw his work, although I didn't know it at the time. Back when I was a lad, I was almost as crazy about the Children's BBC summer holiday stalwart *Why Don't You...?* as I was about *Doctor Who*. A few years running I sent off for their Fact Pack, full of ideas and recipes and jokes, and beautifully illustrated, in comic strip style throughout – the mad adventures of an egg and a plastic cup and a potato battling an evil paperclip. I treasured those Fact Packs, and traced the pictures I liked best. And years later, when I met Russell for the first time, through a mutual friend in Manchester, he told me he'd drawn them. It's a small world, innit?

Anyway, back to the Phone Call (capital letters now, it's that important). As we chatted, we got around to wondering what would happen to the *DWM* strip when the series returned. As far as I know, the new series was still in the early planning stages, and everything was up in the air. One thing Russell did know was that there wouldn't be an on-screen regeneration from Paul McGann to whoever the new Doctor turned out to be, and so Russell asked me a question: would the *DWM* comic strip like to show the regeneration?

Yes, I couldn't believe it either!

For so many years the strip had been ignored, or relegated by the fans to second- or third- or fourth-best after the novels, the audio dramas, the sweet cigarette cards, etc. Despite an amazingly rich, record-breaking 40-year history, and more recently the sterling efforts of former *DWM* editors Gary Gillatt and Alan Barnes, plus the amazing scripting of Scott Gray, and the support of the cleverer end of *Doctor Who* fandom, who could see that comics weren't just 'kids' stuff', the strip never ever got the respect and recognition it deserved. And now, there we were, being asked by the man who was bringing back the show to BBC One, if we'd like to depict one of the most important moments imaginable. Being asked, bluntly, to create a part of *Doctor Who* history.

I think I said 'yes' either before or after I offered to marry Russell and have his children. It's hard to remember. It's a long time ago now.

So now settle back and read the script that might have been. And I'll see you afterwards to tell you the story behind the story. Have a hanky ready for both of 'em...

EPILOGUE



THE FLOOD - PART EIGHT

PAGE ONE

Panel 1

We open where we left off, in the vortex reactor chamber. Destrii has just watched the Doctor fall to his death (apparently). She ain't happy, oh dear me, no. In fact, she's never been angrier in her life, and that's saying something. She strikes out with the transduction rods, shattering two more Cybermen. They explode. She's screaming with fury - scary, snarling face! We can see the red energy beam still firing upward from the reactor window in the background.

DESTRII: **NO! NO! NO!**

DESTRII: **I'LL KILL YOU --**

DESTRII: **I'LL KILL YOU ALL!**

SFX: SSZRKKK!

TITLE: **THE FLOOD PART EIGHT**

CREDITS: STORY: **SCOTT GRAY**
PENCIL ART: **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
INKING: **DAVID A. ROACH**
COLOURS: **ADRIAN SALMON**
LETTERING: **ROGER LANGRIDGE**
EDITOR: **CLAYTON HICKMAN**
CYBERMEN CREATED BY **GERRY DAVIS & KIT PEDLER**

Panel 2

Overhead shot. More Cybermen are pouring into the chamber now. Destrii continues to whirl the rods around, mowing down another couple. Pieces of Cybermen - heads, limbs and assorted techno-debris - are strewn around behind her.

DESTRII: **THAT'S IT! JUST KEEP COMING. YOU SORRY SONS OF BITCHES!**

DESTRII 2: YOU MAY BE DEAD **ALREADY --**

SFX: SKRAKKKI ZHROKKKI

Panel 3

Overhead shot. Same angle as previous, but pull back further. Still more Cybermen, dozens of them, are arriving. They're circling in behind Destrii now. Impossible odds. Destrii can't win, she knows it, but she doesn't really care.

DESTRII: **BUT I CAN MAKE IT OFFICIAL!**

SFX: K-ZAAAKK!

Panel 4

Close shot of Destrii. The Cybermen have overwhelmed her through sheer numbers. The panel is filled with a confused tangle of silver hands, all clutching at her. One of them finally gets a good lick in, punching her. She cries out in pain, head knocked to one side, eyes tightly shut.

SFX: SHWOKK

DESTRII: **HUUUGH!!**

Panel 5

The fight is over. Destrii lies on the ground, dazed, grimacing, eyes shut, head down. Cybermen stand over her. The Controller descends on his floating disc in the background. Low angle, keeping Destrii in the foreground. Tilted angle, maybe.

CONTROLLER: THIS SUBJECT HAS NO FURTHER VALUE.

CONTROLLER 2: TERMINATE IT.

PAGE TWO

Panel 1

An off-panel voice is suddenly heard coming from the direction of the reactor window. The Cybermen and Controller (still on his disc) turn their heads (in our direction). Destrii (still lying on the floor) looks up and grins. Small figures.

Lettering note: Red text for the Doctor until further notice.

DOC (OP): I REALLY WOULDN'T DO THAT...

DOC (OP)2: IF I WERE YOU.

Panel 2

Reverse angle, now from the Cybermen's POV. The Doctor has risen back out of the reactor window. He's hovering in the air, inside the beam. His body is glowing a brilliant red, like a star going nova. He's never looked more powerful. His hair flows as if he's underwater, or weightless. His clothing is also moving, as if he's positioned above a big fan. He should only be rendered in outline here - ironically, he looks similar to how the Cybermen usually perceive organic beings (as seen in Parts One-Two). Arms out a bit, with clawed hands, as if he's clutching something. Legs close together, head tilted down, staring straight at us. He looks *seriously* pissed off - more dangerous, more intimidating, than we've ever seen him before. This is by far the page's biggest panel. No one else in view.

DOC: YOU WERE **RIGHT**, CONTROLLER... I **AM** JUST A "FRAIL, DELUDED ANIMAL"...

DOC 2: BUT I'M ALSO A **TIME LORD**.

DOC3: MY RACE WAS MAPPING OUT THE **ROUTES OF ETERNITY** WHEN YOUR PLANET WAS A PILE OF CHEAP **COSMIC DUST**. WE'RE THE **GUARDIANS OF HISTORY --** AND YOU'VE JUST GIVEN ME **ACCESS TO THE ULTIMATE SOURCE** OF OUR **POWER!**

DOC 4: **BAD MOVE.**

DOC 5: THE **SPACE/TIME VORTEX** IS **PASSION AND WONDER AND JOY**. IT'S MY **HOME!** HOW **DARE** YOU TRY TO **TRAP** IT!

Panel 3

Close behind the Doctor now. All we can see of him is a massive red hand in the foreground. The Controller is much further back (facing us), suddenly looking quite puny. He holds up a hand, as if trying to ward off the angry god in front of him.

CONTROLLER: THIS... IS IMPOSS--

DOC: OH, **SHUT UP!** YOU'RE LIKE A **BLIND MAN** TELLING ME HOW USELESS **COLOUR** IS! YOU'RE

SO FINITE IT'S PATHETIC!

DOC 2: YOU'VE **ANGERED** ONE OF THE **PRIMAL FORCES OF REALITY**, CONTROLLER. BUT THAT WASN'T YOUR **BIGGEST** MISTAKE...

Panel 4

Close shot of the Doctor. His body is channeling the energy of the vortex reactor. With a gesture he releases it into the ship in an explosion of raw light. He throws both of his hands forward, arms outstretched. Snarling, head tilted down, but looking straight at us - still very scary. Big foreshortened hands, gesturing with splayed fingers. He still has all the injuries the Controller inflicted to his face.

DOC: YOU'VE ALSO **ANGERED ME!**

SFX: ZZZ-KRAZZZZZZZZ!

Panel 5

A huge wave of swirling red energy is sweeping across the room, hitting the Controller first. He's knocked back, thrown off his disc. He throws up his arms. Clawed hands. Destrii and the other Cybermen (over on panel right) are behind the Controller - the wave hasn't hit them yet. Panoramic panel.

CONTROLLER: NO...

CONTROLLER 2: WE WILL SURV--

PAGE THREE

Panel 1

Extreme close-up of the Controller. The vortex energy takes effect. His face is breaking apart in the blast. Pieces go flying off. His eyes are melting - he almost looks like he's crying. His mouth-slit is cracking apart. Panoramic panel.

CONTROLLER: **IIIIIAEEEEEE!**

Panel 2

The other Cybermen in the room follow suit. They're staggering around, disintegrating/melting. Destrii is unharmed by the energy. She's crouching low, ready to move if she has to. She's looking around at all the destruction, awestruck. Panoramic panel.

* Nasty cyber-conversion scene - people stripped of their skin - muscles exposed - still

1ST CYBERMAN: **AAAEAAAA!**

2ND CYBERMAN: **EEEEIIIEEEEE!**

Panel 3

Cut to elsewhere on the ship – the tall intersection area we saw in Part Six. The vortex effect is catastrophic – it's hitting the entire craft. Cybermen are tumbling off walkways. Explosions. The ice palace is turning to hell – it's looking like one gigantic lava lamp. Low angle, looking up to the ceiling. It isn't just the Cybermen that are dissolving – the ship is as well, along with all their equipment. Gliders are decaying too. A Cyberman in the foreground is tumbling toward us head-first, arms out. Think of the destruction of Pompeii or, if you want to get classical, the death of Krypton in the first Superman movie. Biliing panel, lots of depth, please!

SFX: KRAKOOOM!

SFX: THR-CHAMM!

SFX: SHKRAAAM!

Panel 4

Back to the reactor chamber. Destriil and the Doctor are now alone. Destriil looks up at the Doctor, absolutely thrilled. He's concentrating, eyes closed. Fists clenched. He's struggling to maintain the power flow now. Many beams of red energy are dancing off him, curling off in all directions.

DESTRII: YOU LOOK **AMAZING!** ALMOST AS COOL AS **ME** WHEN I WENT ALL BIG AND GLOWY!

DESTRII 2: IS THIS WHAT YOU MEANT BY **REGENERATING?**

DOC: NO... NOT QUITE... BUT I D-DON'T THINK I HAVE MUCH...

DOC 2: OH... HANG ON A MINUTE...

PAGE FOUR

Panel 1

Cut to New York (Statue of Liberty in background). Crowd scene. The clouds have disappeared. Blue skies visible. A few quiet, hopeful faces – still lots of fear too, however.

People still clutching each other.

BOX (IZZY): As quickly as they were born, the clouds died. The skies cleared. We stared up, not quite daring to hope.

BOX (IZZY) 2: A gasp went around the world.

Panel 2

A shot of Earth in space, seen in all its beauty. The Doctor's face, even larger than the planet, is superimposed over it. Symmetrical shot of him, head tilted up a bit, eyes closed. He looks calm. A nice symbolic shot.

NB: The Doctor's face should be drawn on a separate layer, like the invisible Cybermen pics done in Parts 1-3. Or maybe use a photo of the Earth?

BOX (IZZY): Perhaps he heard it.

BOX (IZZY) 2: With his consciousness expanded, he took a moment to turn it in our direction...

Panel 3

Cut to Rome (you guessed it – the Colosseum in the background). Still another crowd scene – sorry, Martini! People looking up, awestruck, as they hear the Doctor. Others are already celebrating hard, like only the Italians can. Couples are kissing, swinging each other around. People cheer, throw up fists, toss their caps into the air, etc.

BOX (IZZY): His voice was a warm breeze, softer than any whisper. Everybody heard it, in every language. Five little words...

BOX (IZZY) 2: "Relax. It's over. You're fine."

Panel 4

And **Izzy** is finally revealed, standing on a street in Rome. Waist-up shot. She's looking up, smiling gently. Eight years have passed for her, since she left in *Oblivion*. She is now 26, but shouldn't look too different – she has to be instantly recognisable. Her hair is still in the same style (for the sake of recognition) but the two strands are no longer dyed. She's dressed maturely – a suit jacket and nice shirt. People are celebrating behind her. Good-sized panel.

BOX (IZZY):

I had travelled with him, years ago. There had been times since when it had all seemed like a daydream, but I always held onto the truth.

BOX (IZZY) 2: So I and a few others – a lucky few recognised him.

BOX (IZZY) 3: We remembered the courage he had shown...

Panel 5

Cut to **Max Edison** in Stockbridge. Not looking terribly different from *Endgame*. Still in his classic beret. Church clock in the background. He looks up in wide-eyed awe. Panels 5-7 should all be the same size.

BOX (IZZY): The dreams he had inspired...

Panel 6

Cut to rotten old North. He's standing on Vauxhall Bridge, looking up, frowning. He's rubbing his jaw, where the Doctor bopped him. A glimpse of the M16 building behind him.

BOX (IZZY): The lessons he had taught...

Panel 7

And we end with the lovely **Grace Holloway**, not looking very different at all (only three years have passed for her since *The Fallen*). A classic San Francisco backdrop behind her – steep hillside street with cable car in the background. She looks up, smiling sadly. People celebrating in background.

BOX (IZZY): The love he had offered.

BOX (IZZY) 2: We all thanked him...

PAGE FIVE

Panel 1

Back to the cyber-ship. The reactor window has closed, the beam shut off. The glow around the Doctor is nearly gone. He's falling to the ground (but is still in the air here), exhausted. Pieces of residual energy come off his body as he drops, head down. Destriil running toward him in the background, alarmed.

BOX (IZZY): And we all felt him go.

DESTRII: **DOCTOR!**

Panel 2

Destriil picks up the Doctor, easily supporting his body. We can't see his face here – it's slumped forward. Destriil looks very worried – wide-eyed. Low angle.

DESTRII: **HEY! TALK TO ME! WHAT JUST HAPPENED?**

DESTRII 2: WH-WHY ARE YOU...?

Panel 3

Close-up of the Doctor. His skin is mottled, as if he's dehydrated. His eyes are drooping. He looks like hell. The time winds have burned up his body, leaving it a withered shell. Destriil's hand is cradling his head.

Lettering note: Normal black text for Doctor now.

DOC: COULDN'T CHANNEL VORTEX... FOR LONG...

DOC 2: DESTRII... LISTEN... I'VE TRIGGERED A TEMPORAL MELTDOWN...

DOC 3: OLDEST ELEMENTS IN SHIP... WILL DISINTEGRATE FIRST... WE'RE NEWEST ADDITIONS... BUT WE STILL DON'T HAVE LONG...

DOC 4: TARDIS...

Panel 4

Cut to another area of the Cyber-ship. Destriil is running, carrying the Doctor (now unconscious). They're in the background of the scene. Small figures. All around them is chaos. Cybermen stagger around. They are melting into the walls and floors, which are now glowing red. More explosions. Very apocalyptic. Major panoramic panel. Tilted angle.

SFX: CHA-KROOM!

SFX: THRACKA-CHAAM!

CYBERMAN: **AAIIIIIEEEEE!**

Panel 5

The TARDIS comes into view. It's where we left it in Part Six. Destriil (in full-figure back-shot) runs toward it, full-tilt. Another explosion close

winds? Perhaps, it only briefly. He can manipulate them to a small degree -

by it. More dying Cybermen, now writhing on the floor.

SFX: CH-KRAAZZI

PAGE SIX

Panel 1

Inside the TARDIS control room now. Destrii running through the doorway with the Doctor, backlit by all the chaos. She looks very determined. Low angle, tilted.

DESTRII: **RELAX, DOCTOR, I'VE GOT EVERYTHING PLANNED...**

Panel 2

Destrii gently places the Doctor on an ornate couch. He's fading fast. Console close by in background.

DESTRII: I'M GOING TO GET YOU TO THAT **HOSPITAL** YOU TOOK ME TO -- **THEY'LL** FIX YOU UP...

Panel 3

Destrii is now at the console. She hits the main switch, still determined. Foreshortened hands. Low angle.

DESTRII: JUST HOLD ON...

SFX: ZHREEEP

Panel 4

Back outside, in the doomed Cyber-ship. The TARDIS whorps away. Semi-transparent here. A melting Cyberman staggers past in the foreground. Another explosion - debris rains down. Tilted angle.

SFX: SHRAKK!

SFX: VWORP VWORP

Panel 5

Exterior shot of the Cyber-ship, now bright red, in the stratosphere. It's exploding, sending off huge fragments of molten debris. So long, suckers! Biggest panel of the page, of course.

SFX: SHKROOOOM!

PAGE SEVEN

Panel 1

Back inside the TARDIS. A close shot of Destrii's hands hovering over the confusing mass of controls on the console. Where to start? She's frozen in indecision. (If only he'd shown her the fast-return switch!) POV shot.

DESTRII: WAS IT **THIS** ONE? OR... OR DID HE MOVE **THAT** FIRST?

DESTRII 2: HOW DID HE **NAVIGATE** THIS THING?

DESTRII 3: I...

Panel 2

Pull back for an overhead shot. Destrii looks up and screams at the TARDIS, her face creased in anguish. She slams a fist down on the console.

DESTRII: **I CAN'T REMEMBER!**

DESTRII 2: **TARDIS! COME ON, HE'S DYING!**

DESTRII 3: **HELP ME!**

Panel 3

Destrii returns to the Doctor's side. Anxious. She's close to him, on her knees. She looks seriously upset, although no tears are falling. She grips one of his hands with both of hers. She leans in close to his face. He's still unconscious.

DESTRII: DOCTOR... **PLEASE** WAKE UP... Y-YOU HAVE TO SHOW ME WHAT TO DO...

DESTRII 2: I D-DON'T... I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S **HAPPENING** TO ME... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I **AM** ANYMORE... THERE'S ONLY **ONE** THING I'M SURE OF...

DESTRII 3: I CAN'T LOSE YOU...

DESTRII 4: SAY **SOMETHING**... PLEASE...

Panel 4

Very tight shot. All we can see is Destrii's mouth and the Doctor's (opening slightly in the

foreground). His lips are curling up in a weak smile. Destrii's mouth is opened a little in surprise.

DOC: TWO WORDS...

DOC 2: "BREATH MINTS"...

Panel 5

Pull back for full-figure shots of the Doctor and Destrii. The Doctor's eyes are half-open. He smiles at her. Holds her hand. Focus on him, natch. He has no energy left. He can barely turn his head (slightly) to her. Don't bother with backgrounds here - it'll be more effective if they're framed in darkness. Major panel of the page.

DOC: IT'S ALRIGHT... DESTRII...

DOC 2: YOU GOT ME BACK TO THE TARDIS... THAT'S ALL I NEEDED...

DOC 3: NO POINT... IN BEING SCARED... YOU'RE CHANGING... THAT'S ALL...

DOC 4: I KNOW IT HURTS...

DOC 5: I KNOW IT'S FRIGHTENING...

PAGE EIGHT

Panel 1

Extreme close-up of the Doctor's right eye. The lid droops down...

DOC: BUT CHANGE... IS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT...

Panel 2

Same angle as panel 1. The Doctor's eye has now closed completely.

NO COPY

Panel 3

Destrii lets his hand go. She's seen enough death in her life to recognise it now. The Doctor is gone. She looks close to tears, her face creasing up again. Mouth trembling. The Doctor's still face is in profile in the foreground. Shadows, please!

NO COPY

Panel 4

And now it starts... The Doctor's face is

suddenly covered by a swirling halo of blue-white light. We're directly above him here. Destrii not in sight. Panels 4-7 are all on one tier - tall and thin.

Lettering note: SFX here runs across the bottom of panels 4-7.

SFX: SSSHH

Panel 5

Same angle, but moving closer in. Shafts of light are now streaming out from his face.

SFX: HHHHHZZZ

Panel 6

Even closer. The light is growing even more intense, like upping the contrast levels on a photo - only a few lines to indicate his eyes, nose and mouth are left now. He could be anyone underneath all of this...

SFX: ZZZZZ

Panel 7

Back to Destrii. She draws back, utterly stunned by what she sees... The Doctor's face (in profile) is big in the immediate foreground, at the bottom of the panel. The energy is dying down, but we still can't see his face - he's a glowing silhouette. Nose seems a bit bigger, maybe...

SFX: ZZZZHHH

PAGE NINE

Panel 1

Full-page, overhead shot. The Eighth Doctor is gone forever. He's been replaced by someone else - a broad-faced man with short dark hair, beaky nose, sticky-out ears. The Doctor's clothes seem a bit tight on him now - he's popped a couple of buttons on his waistcoat, and his arms seem a little too long for his sleeves. A few tiny glowing fairy-trails of energy still float around him. Stay tight, focused on his face - a waist-up shot of him here.

Destrii (only in partial view - she's mostly cut off by the edge of panel left) looks down at the stranger. He's sleeping peacefully - he looks quite innocent. She holds out a tentative hand...

DESTRII: DOCTOR...?

BOX: **NEVER THE END...**

but the effort this takes destroys his body. He glows like a god!

* The Cybermen have chosen the early 21st century because it's one of the most fear-

Blimey. Well, that was good wasn't it? And you're probably thinking something like "You idiots! Why didn't you use that? Why-why-why?!" And there's a part of me that's thinking that too. But remain seated, put down your green-ink pens, and I'll tell you a tale...

The first thing to make clear was that the comic strip, and **DWM** as a whole, had existed in a blissful vacuum for many years. Between *Doctor Who* ending on telly in 1989 and the announcement of its return in 2003 (with the blip of the TV Movie in between), we'd pretty much been left to our own devices. The strip had experimented with telling stories involving past Doctors for the early years of the 1990s, and then had seized on the opportunity presented by the Paul McGann pilot and created a whole world of adventures for the 'current' incarnation. And all was comfy in our quiet Kent backwater.

The first hint of possible changes to come was the arrival of BBCi webcast drama *Scream of the Shalka*. It was an internet cartoon sort of thing, starring a Count Duckula-esque Doctor voiced by Richard E Grant, and it came with a lot of press releases announcing him as the BBC's 'official' Ninth Doctor. With possible books planned, further internet adventures hinted at, and a DVD of the story slated for release, we were half-expecting a phone call firmly suggesting that we adopt the *Shalka* Doctor in the **DWM** strip. I think we even had an email from author Paul Cornell offering to write one.

This would obviously have thrown a spanner in the works of our Doc/Destrii plans (Sophie Okonedo's casting having already nixed Destrii's braids), so we were feeling a bit jittery about what the future might bring. And then, one day in September 2003, *everything* changed...

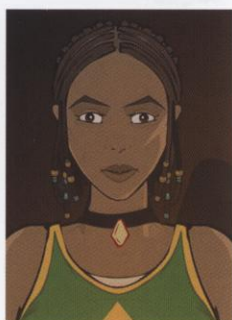
With Russell T Davies' brand new series announced, the *Shalka* project was quietly shunted away, but we were still left with an uncertain future for the **DWM** strip. So, with whatever snippets we could glean from Russell at this very early stage, we drew up some plans, thought up some stories, started to plan how the Eighth Doctor's era should end. And I should point out, and underline it, and use a fluorescent yellow highlighter pen on it too, that we had *no idea* what this brave new world of *Doctor Who* would be like. None at all! We couldn't have imagined epic battles, families, declarations of love and stolen kisses. All we had to go on was the old stuff, and our Eighth Doctor. And we got it a bit wrong.

You see, we thought we could probably happily trot along with the Ninth Doctor and our own, unique, comic strip companion. Just as the **DWM** strip had been doing since the start: John and Gillian, Sharon, Gus, Frobisher, Izzy... and now, after Scott's erudite pitch to me, Destrii. The first inking we had that we might be in trouble here was when Billie Piper was cast. This was a big deal. This was a famous lady. And then filming started, and the paparazzi went crazy, and we got sent the first couple of scripts for Series One. And Rose was important. Very very important. And then in early August I attended a *Doctor Who* 'open day' thing at BBC Wales, and in his speech, Russell made it quite clear: this show, this twenty-first century *Doctor Who*, had *two* leads.

So where did that leave us? We weren't sure. All we could really do was make sure *The Flood* was flexible enough to expand or contract depending on when Series One launched (and that was by no means clear – it could have been January, or April, or even the Autumn), and then scrabble around and guess what would – what *could* – come next for the strip. But both Scott and I knew, deep down, that our plans for Destrii might well have to be abandoned. And that made us worry about the whole regeneration thing. If we needed to use Rose in the strip, would we have to kill off Destrii too? Would that just make that final episode too much of a bummer? So Scott, bless him, sat down and wrote two versions of the final episode of *The Flood*. One where the regeneration happens, one where it doesn't. Both of them brilliant. And we sent those off to Russell T Davies, with a heartfelt letter from Scott (well, from us both, really) laying our cards on the table and explaining what we'd like to do with the strip.

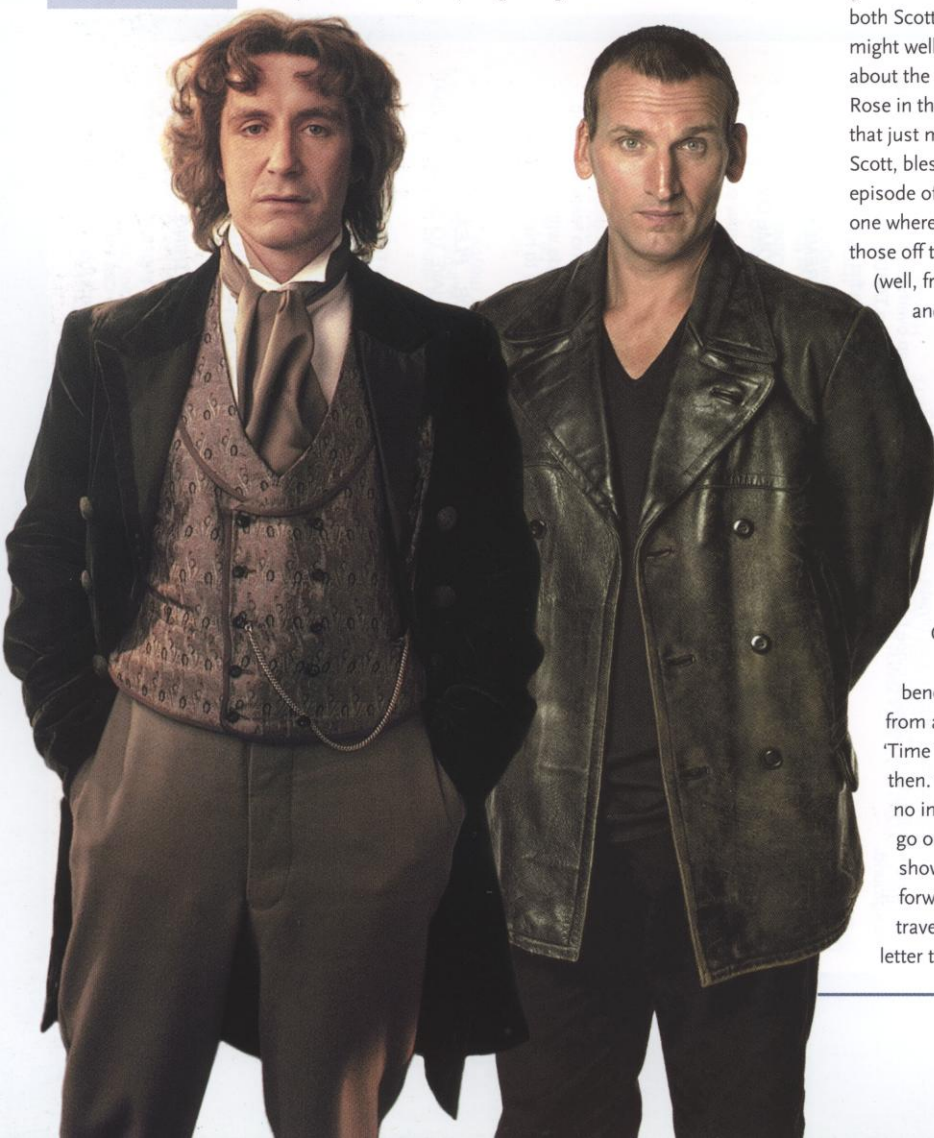
The gist was that we felt we could avoid the curse of other TV tie-in strips which often got tangled up in tortuous continuity with the parent series – and do remember how tangled the original series of *Doctor Who* got during the 1980s – and tell stronger stories with our own, original companion, rather than Rose who, as a TV character, was indestructible in any spin-off story, be it a comic strip or a book. So we proposed to carry on with Destrii, and do a 'Ninth Doctor: Year One' series of stories, set before the TV series.

And yes, we see the catch now. We realise with the benefit of hindsight what the Doctor had just escaped from and how much it had affected him, but words like 'Time War' and 'Bad Wolf' didn't mean anything to us then. We had no idea how the season would pan out, no inkling of the emotional journey both leads would go on. We were innocents! We were also worried about showing a regeneration one month, then leaping forward to the Ninth Doctor and Rose already happily travelling together the next. Here's a snippet from our letter to Russell:



Above: Allison (Sophie Okonedo) from *Scream of the Shalka* and Billie Piper as Rose Tyler.

Below: Paul McGann and Christopher Eccleston.



driver coas of humanity's history - blind, unthinking hatred & terror permeate every

We're thrilled that you've given us the opportunity to do a regeneration story, and we've tried to come up with something worthy of it. But a regeneration is all about continuity – passing the torch from one Doctor to the next. The eras overlap, and there's always someone in the TARDIS left gasping. This time it's Destrii...

After reading your first script, it's clear that a lot of time has passed for the Doctor before we see him on-screen. He's seen Kennedy assassinated, survived Krakatoa, saved a family from the Titanic. He's fought in a huge galactic war and seen his world die. I'm not suggesting we actually show any of that in the strip, but it's out there – an untapped secret history for the new Doctor. That's what we want to exploit.

We're proposing a 'Ninth Doctor: Year One' strip. It'd be a run that shows how the character comes together – finds his look (we can do so many fun little things – when he gets his leather jacket, it can be brand-new and shiny!) and acquires his new attitude to life, the universe and everything. We'll have two travellers, the Doctor and Destrii, both cut off from their worlds, both wearing new faces, trying to make fresh starts. Two aliens moving through history, observing the world from an outsider's perspective. They love Earth, and are ready to die to defend it, but are often frustrated and angered by humanity.

Enclosed, you'll find two different versions of The Flood Part Eight. One has the regeneration taking place, the other wraps everything up and shows the Eighth Doctor and Destrii walking off into the sunset. We're hoping you'll go for the regeneration ending, of course, but to make it meaningful for everyone (us and the readers), we will need to carry on with Destrii.

And Russell T Davies, busiest man in the world, read everything we sent him, and wrote us back the most beautiful four-page letter. Full of understanding, and warmth, and clever ideas, and love for the **DWM** strip.

And he said no.

And this was our eye-opener. Because our cosy little cottage industry was now a fully-fledged brand. It was a major, multi-million pound BBC One series, with clever people at the helm, and we were short-sighted to think we could cling on to what had gone before. We had a whole new potential audience, and we should be disentangling ourselves from our safety nets and trying to engage them. Here's some of what Russell said:

To stop any suspense: The new comic strip will have to include Rose. Continuity will have to jump to present-day TV-compatible Ninth Doctor and Rose-time.

You hate that. I completely understand. Utterly. You know me, I get this stuff, I love this stuff, I think the comic strip is wonderful, and has been unique and inventive since 1996. It will be unique and inventive again. We've just got to work out how!

But as I talk you through the reasons, let me just make two things clear. First, for all my love of the strip, I absolutely believe that Rose has to feature; that's not corporate-speak, I have no BBC hat! And neither is it because I invented her. I really believe it. It's a good call. And second, and much more simply, I did wonder about my own judgement, so as a test, I rang up lovely Julie Gardner, and mooted a Ninth Doctor Year One. And the second I said that Rose wouldn't appear, she said "Absolutely not." No hesitation. And she just proved my instincts.



It's the image. The icon. The Doctor and Rose. That IS the series. And **DWM** is the series. And the comic strip is the series. I can rationalise this on many many pages, but I absolutely trust my gut instincts.

Of course it presents problems. But without getting romantic, I think this is the history of the strip. The whole series, in fact. A history of bumps and setbacks and accidents and emergencies, and even idiocies, through which creative people keep working, and come up with something new and clever. The strip's had the maddest history ever! John & Gillian – then bang, Jamie appears, and disappears, then the sudden hyper-reality of a well-drawn Sarah Jane Smith, then Sharon ages four years cos obviously someone doesn't like her, then Peri flickers in and out of existence, not to mention Benny, and a bloody penguin! Changes, reversals, experiments, failures, successes, I love 'em all. I think it's exactly that convoluted history that makes real fans of us.

Now, we're heading for another bump. Wham, Rose will be there. And yes, time will have passed, and the Doctor's suddenly the last of the Time Lords, and the Daleks killed his people, and onwards they will sail.

And we couldn't argue with a word of that. He was absolutely right. We had a new challenge ahead of us, and a new era for the comic strip to embark upon. But we now had one big problem: the regeneration.

Above: Martin's initial studies of the new Destrii.

Below: Sharon from the early **DWM** strip.

Bottom: the original (cramped) Doctor-going-ballistic moment!



shot, grinning - she's not leaving him - they're



Above: the original Cyber-destruction scene.

Below: The Ninth Doctor's fiery TV regeneration.

If you find yourselves inching towards your green-ink pens again by now then think about this. These are the rules we now had to abide by:

- 1) We couldn't show Christopher Eccleston as the Doctor in the strip before he appeared on television.
- 2) Chris' Ninth Doctor had to be accompanied by Rose in all his comic strip appearances.

Do you see the snag there? If we printed the last episode of *The Flood* before *Rose* aired, we couldn't show Chris' face. Paul McGann's Doctor would have to regenerate into someone unseen. If we printed it after *Rose* had aired... well, we still couldn't, as the Ninth Doctor and Destrii travelling together, even for a panel or two, was a big no-no.

It also felt like cheating the readers. As Scott had said in his letter, one of the most important things about a regeneration is what happens next, how does the Doctor deal with the change? And also, how does it affect those around him? *The Christmas Invasion* is a brilliant example – it's the story of how Rose copes (or doesn't) when her best friend changes

his face. Even if we could show Destrii leaning over the Ninth Doctor's prone form, we couldn't go anywhere with it afterwards. We'd leave everybody hanging...

Hence the other ending Scott had penned for *The Flood*. It was heartbreaking even to suggest it, and I was terrified that, after such a generous offer, Russell would feel really put out that we were even thinking of backing out of the regeneration, but if we were going to end such a long-running era of the **DWM** strip, we felt we had to be true to its characters first and foremost.

Russell, of course, had a cunning suggestion of his own...

Scott, version A of Part Eight is SUPERB. I cried. I really did. Izzy! And then oh, you bastard, Grace Holloway, with a sad smile. Absolutely beautiful. It would break my heart to settle for version B. Bless the cows, but I love the drama! Doesn't this provide us with a great opportunity to get inventive?

(And listen, my lovely boys, I'm about to start inventing nonsense on the spot here, but just cos I'm the Doctor Who

has no threat. No, that isn't logical.
He's always a threat!

Big Cheese Man, that doesn't mean this is dictation, you can junk all of this. I'm just improvising.)

But let's say the Doctor's regenerating, yer full and complete version A... until the last page. It doesn't resolve. No Chris Eccleston face, just the awful, vivid, boiling light-face. He throws himself into the TARDIS and Destrii clings on for dear life and the blue box spins out of control cos his head is burning...

And we end up with 3 or 4 issues with a regenerating Doctor. I mean, literally, he can walk around and talk and still wears the old frock-coat, but his head is a yellowy-reddy burn, like the Dread Dormammu in Doctor Strange. A regeneration gone wrong, big time. Trying to find help. With Destrii at his side. And around that, a brand new adventure...

That new story will, sadly – look, I'm sorry! – have to find a way to park Destrii. I'm sure you will come back to her. And as he finally regenerates, beautifully coinciding with our transmission date, the Ninth Doctor sails off...

And wham, next month, there he is with Rose. We skipped a war. We'll come back to it...

Anyway, the old Dormammu idea is just a thought. But it's brand new. It's a whole new way of approaching a regeneration (you've pulled every other trick!). Otherwise, we can use version B and keep Paul McGann going for a few more months, but I'm just responding to your script. What you've written in The Flood really is an ending. And a perfect one. I'd hate to lose it.

He's a clever one, that Davies, isn't he? And so then we talked. Me, Scott, Tom, we talked and talked, wrangled it this way and that, trying to decide what was best. And I was determined, *determined* not to throw away the opportunity that Russell had given us. We'd been offered the regeneration! We *could not* throw it back in his face.

And then, the more we talked, the more we pondered, the more we couldn't find a solution to please everyone, the more I realised how much these characters, the strip, meant to Scott. I couldn't let him down either. And the characters we'd created in the strip deserved a proper send-off too. And that became the most important thing to us all. And so, Scott wrote back to Russell. I couldn't do it. I was rolled up in a foetal ball in the corner muttering 'we turned down the regeneration' and crossing myself...

Clay and I have had a chance to talk over a few future plans for the strip now. It's been a difficult decision, but we've decided to go with the second ending to The Flood – the upbeat one with the cows. Yes, a regeneration would have been thrilling, but... the time-gap between the story ending and the TV series starting... Christopher Eccleston's face not being available for the final page... not being able to show Destrii and him together... it just wouldn't work. A regeneration is a game of two halves. Planet of the Spiders needs Robot, Logopolis needs Castrovalva, and... yes, I'm actually going to say it... The Caves of Androzani needs The Twin Dilemma. For The Flood to have worked as a proper, true-blue regeneration story, we would had to have seen Christopher Eccleston waking up in Paul McGann's TARDIS, wearing his clothes, and making Destrii's jaw hit the floor. Nothing less would have sufficed. The planets just weren't in alignment this time.

Also, on a personal level, I really, really, really didn't want to write Destrii out in some sad little two-parter.

She's my baby! She deserves a happy ending every bit as much as Izzy, so that's what we're giving her and the McGann Doctor. They're getting a triumphant send-off, walking into the sunset, into our imaginations. It's the classy thing to do!

And Russell, bless him, supported us in our decision. And he didn't resent the cows. And he didn't hold a grudge about us backing out of the regeneration either. Unless he's hidden it really well and I should watch my back once this Graphic Novel hits the shops. Oh, it's a frightening thought isn't it...?

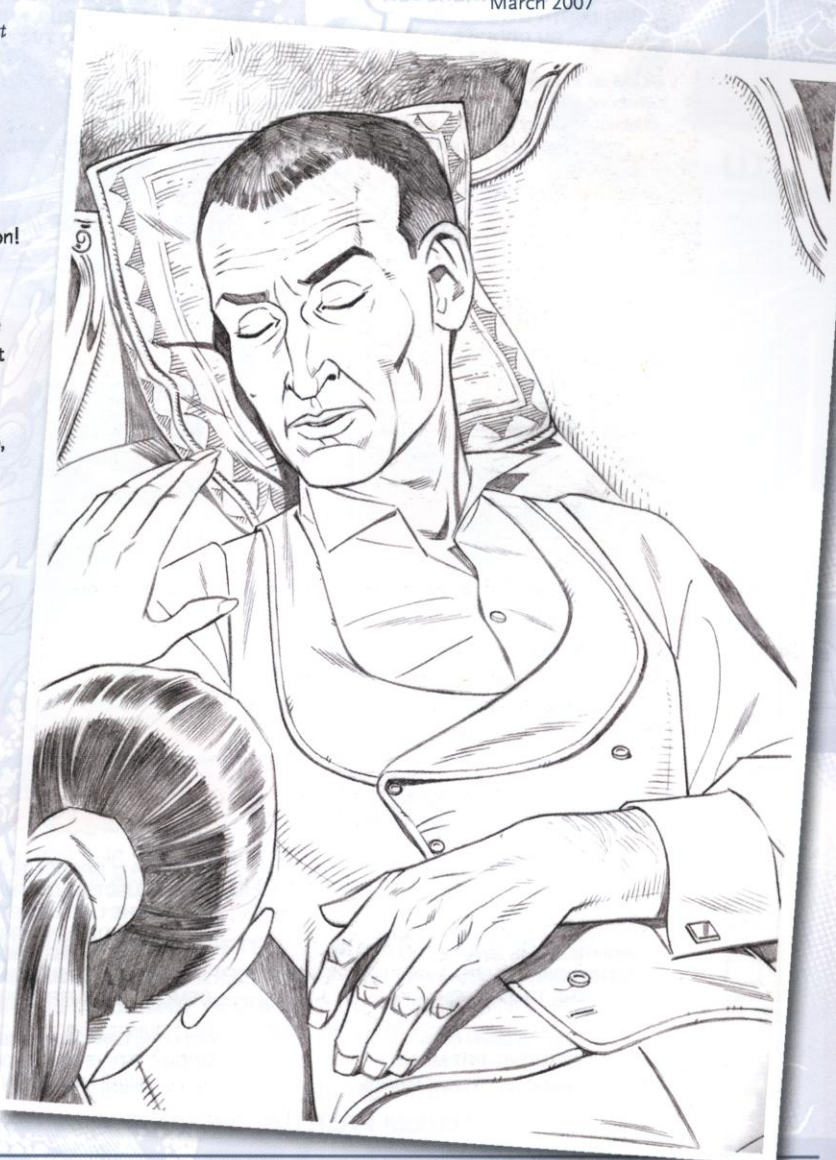
So the Doctor and Destrii walked off to new adventures, the readers dried their eyes, and the strip went on, picking up the Ninth Doctor and Rose along the way. And Russell was quite right – our fears proved unfounded, it was all just as much fun as before, and two years down the line it's the Tenth Doctor and Martha who are settled into the pages of DWM, having rollocking adventures that even the TV show's generous budget would have trouble realising. And with more than double the number of readers we had prior to the show's return, dontchaknow!

And that's the end of this story, and this graphic novel, and the Eighth Doctor's comic strip adventures. Aw, don't you just love happy endings?

Clayton Hickman
March 2007

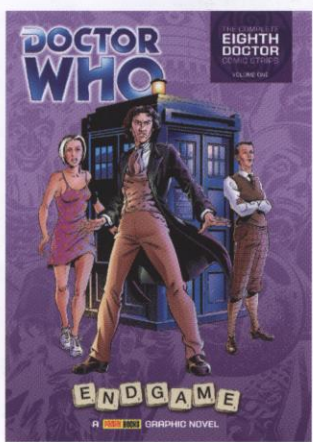
Below: the Dread Dormammu, by comics legend Steve Ditko!

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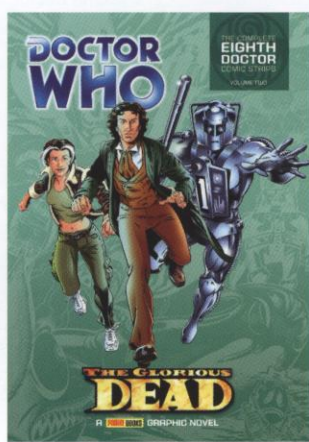
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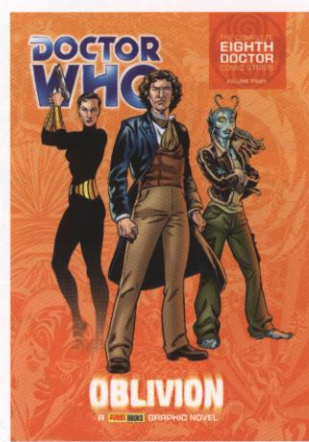
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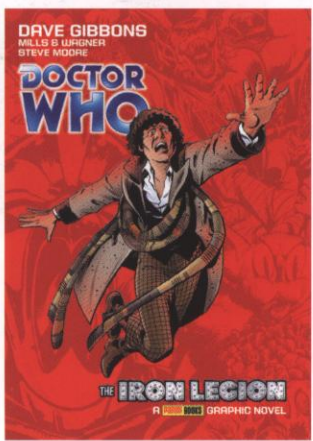
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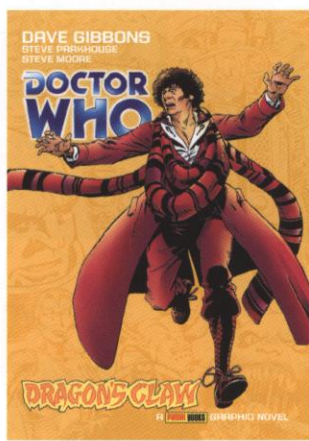
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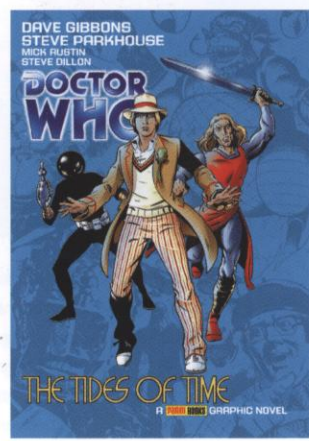


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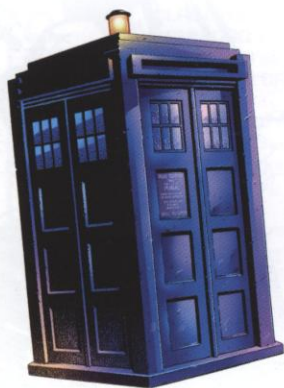
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ABOUT THE AUTHORS

SCOTT GRAY wrote and illustrated comic stories for **RAZOR MAGAZINE** in his native New Zealand. In 1991 he sold a comic script to **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** editor John Freeman. He promptly packed his bags and arrived in the UK just as the British comics industry imploded like a wet balloon. He became **DWM**'s assistant editor and was the comic strip's regular writer between 1998 and 2004. Gray is now the editor of Panini Comics' **MARVEL COLLECTORS' EDITION** line. He and artist Roger Langridge collaborate on Marvel Comics' **THE FIN FANG FOUR**.

MARTIN GERAGHTY was four when he first started drawing *Doctor Who* monsters in crayon on scraps of paper, and nothing much has changed in the intervening 33 years. His first comic strip was commissioned by John Freeman in 1992 for Marvel UK's short-lived **OVERKILL** comic – so short-lived, in fact, that it folded before Martin's first finished strip could be printed in it! His **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** debut came in 1993 with *Bringer of Darkness* for the Dalek-themed Summer Special, and he's been proud to have been the regular artist for most of the Eighth Doctor's comic strip tenure. He still pops back to **DWM** now and then to illustrate further adventures for the Tenth Doctor. Away from comics, Martin works in the advertising industry and, yes, he is ashamed of himself.



ROGER LANGRIDGE is another New Zealander, who has lived in London since 1990. During this time he has worked for most of the major comic book publishers in the English-speaking world, his biggest critical success to date being his strip **FRED THE CLOWN**, which has been nominated for several major comic awards. Apart from his own characters, he has also worked on properties as diverse as **BATMAN**, **BIZZARRO**, **JUDGE DREDD**, **THE FANTASTIC FOUR**, **SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS**, **STAR WARS** and **THE FIN FANG FOUR** (with Scott Gray). He was bemused to find himself being asked one day if he would like to draw the comic strip commemorating *Doctor Who*'s 35th anniversary, as he'd only ever seen half a dozen episodes and didn't even watch the TV Movie all the way through! Undeterred, Scott Gray gave him a crash course that was to turn into an eight-year relationship with the magazine which, in one capacity or another, continues to this day. Find him on the web at <http://www.webcomicsnation.com/rogerlangridge/>

JOHN ROSS started working for Panini in 1996, drawing **MASKED RIDER** and **ACTION MAN** along with covers, posters and, latterly, strips for **SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN**. Numerous other comics for Panini came and went but **ACTION MAN** paid the bills for nine long years. He also managed to squeeze in quite a few covers for Panini's Marvel US reprint titles and the odd story arc in **DWM**. Whilst working on Action Man, John worked for lots of other companies, contributing to the **GOOSEBUMPS** strip in the BBC's **FBX** comic and also strips in the BBC's **ROBOT WARS**. More recently, he worked on **JACKIE CHAN ADVENTURES** for Eaglewood for all its 80 issues and drew the **DOCTOR WHO** strip in the first six issues of Fabbri's **DOCTOR WHO – BATTLES IN TIME**. John is currently the artist for the BBC's **DOCTOR WHO ADVENTURES** strip.

ADRIAN SALMON recalls breaking down the doors to comicdom with **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE**'s **THE CYBERMEN**, whilst simultaneously tackling **JUDGE KARYN** for the **JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE**. He then spent numerous years drawing Rugaris, superheroes and Action Man's garage for various Panini Comics titles. **DWM**'s editor Gary Gillatt recalled his cyber debut and put him to work illustrating *The Time Team* – a lifelong project. Finally the computer age caught up with Salmon and he forged a career as a comics colourist – primarily on the **DOCTOR WHO** comic strip and various superhero titles for Panini. He then retired for a while and drew a graphic novel – **THE FACELESS: A TERRY SHARP STORY**. He continues to draw *Bernice Summerfield* CD covers for Big Finish and provides colours for the ongoing **DOCTOR WHO ADVENTURES** comic strip for BBC Magazines.

ANTHONY WILLIAMS has been drawing for over 15 years, with his career including stints drawing the monthly adventures of such icons as **SPIDER-MAN**, **SUPERMAN**, **BATMAN** and **THE H-MEN**. He also provides artwork for a huge range of licensed characters, from Ronald McDonald to Jackie Chan. His work has featured in many national and international advertising and marketing campaigns, and he has also provided concept illustrations and storyboards for TV, film and animation, including several episodes of Series One of the revived **DOCTOR WHO** series. For more information see his website at <http://comicstripper.co.uk/>

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